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INDEPENDENCE HALL.

WASHINGTON;

OR,

THE REVOLUTION

A DRAMA

Founded upon the Historic Events of the War for American Independence

BY

ETHAN ALLEN

IN TWO PARTS. EACH PART, FIVE ACTS

PART FIRST: From the Boston Massacre to the Surrender of Burgoyne

PART SECOND: From Valley Forge to Washington's Inauguration as President of the United States

PART SECOND

F. TENNYSON NEELY

PUBLISHER

CHICAGO NEW YORK

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J. L. Quirk
6-26-56

TO THE FRENCH PEOPLE,
WHOSE ANCESTORS SO NOBLY SUSTAINED
CHARLES GRAVIER COUNT DE VERGENNES,
THE GREAT MINISTER OF FRANCE,
IN HIS FIRM DEVOTION TO THE CAUSE OF
AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE,
AND HIS UNSHAKEN FRIENDSHIP FOR WASHINGTON
AND HIS COMPATRIOTS,
THROUGH ALL THE TRIALS OF OUR REVOLUTION,
THIS SECOND PART IS
RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED BY
THE AUTHOR.

NEW YORK CITY, January 14, 1896.

COLONEL ETHAN ALLEN, New York City.

MY DEAR COLONEL: On account of the accumulation of orders for the second part of your drama of the Revolution, it is very desirable to issue the work at the earliest moment. Accordingly I beg of you to permit a departure from the style of the first part, and that you consent to leaving out the illustrations which, after all, are not required, and the general opinion seems to be that the illustrations in the first volume have been inappropriate. This work does not require illustrating, being sufficiently interesting and dramatic in itself to command the attention of the reading world.

With congratulations on the success of the first part, which has now reached its fourth edition,

Believe me, very sincerely yours,

F. TENNYSON NEELY.

NEW YORK, January 15, 1896.

F. TENNYSON NEELY, ESQ., New York City.

MY DEAR SIR: I have yours of yesterday, and am pleased to say that the position you have taken meets with my approval. You are the better judge, and if of the opinion that it is wiser to print this second part without illustrations, I have no objection to offer. I am very willing to see my work placed before the public without depending upon illustrations to add to or detract from its value, if it has any.

Thanking you for the compliment expressed in your letter, I remain,

Faithfully yours,

ETHAN ALLEN.

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PERSONS REPRESENTED.

AMERICANS:

GEN. WASHINGTON.
GEN. NATHANIEL GREENE.
GEN. WAYNE.
GEN. KNOX.
GEN. ARNOLD.
GEN. GATES.
GEN. CONWAY.
GEN. MIFFLIN.
COL. MORGAN, afterward General.
COL. CHRISTOPHER GREENE.
COL. CAMPBELL.
COL. MARION, afterward General.
COL. SUMTER, afterward General.
CAPT. JENNINGS, American, } Cousins at Eutaw Springs.
CAPT. JENNINGS, English, }
LIEUT. THOMAS CARROLL, afterward Colonel.
LIEUT. EDWARD MOULTRIE, afterward Colonel.
BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.
HENRY LAURENS.
JOHN ADAMS.
JOHN JAY.
WILLIAM DOUGLASS.
ROBERT R. LIVINGSTON, Chancellor.

ENGLISH:

GEORGE III., King of England.
LORD NORTH, his Prime Minister.
LORD WEYMOUTH, his Secretary of State.
LORD GEORGE GERMAIN, his Secretary of State for the Colonies.
GEN. HOWE.
GEN. CLINTON.
GEN. CORNWALLIS.
GEN. LORD RAWDON.
COL. TARLETON, at first Major.
MAJ. MONCRIEF.
MAJ. ANDRÉ, at first Captain.
CAPT. LOFTUS.

FRENCH:

LOUIS XVI., King of France.
COUNT DE VERGENNES, his Minister for the Colonies.
LAFAYETTE, General in the American Army.
COUNT DE ROCHAMBEAU, General in the American Army.
COUNT DE GRASSE, Admiral of the French Fleet in the service of America.

GERMANS:

BARON STEUBEN, General in the American Army.
BARON DEKALB, General in the American Army.

Females: Marie Antoinette, Queen of France; Martha Washington.

Unnamed Persons: The Herald and Bugler at Red Bank; First, Second, Third, and Fourth Comrade at Valley Forge; First,

Second, Third, and Fourth Soldier at Valley Forge ; First, Second, Third, Fourth, and Fifth Speaker, and First and Second Female at Philadelphia ; First and Second Old Man, and First and Second Woman at Wyoming ; Aid and Courier from Gen. Sullivan to Washington at White Plains ; First, Second, and Third Female and Waiter at Fraunce's Tavern ; Aid to Wayne at Stony Point ; Aid, Scout, and Orderly to Col. Campbell at King's Mountain ; Aid to Gen. Morgan at the Cowpens ; Sergeant to Cornwallis on the James River ; Aid and Courier to Gen. Greene at Eutaw Springs ; Couriers to Washington at Mount Vernon ; Couriers to Washington at Yorktown ; Physician to the King of France ; First, Second, Third, Fourth, and Fifth Commissioner at Mount Vernon ; Servants at Mount Vernon ; Officers, Soldiers, Countrymen, Citizens, Women, and Children.

WASHINGTON ;

OR,

THE REVOLUTION.

PART II.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *The ramparts of Fort Mercer at Red Bank, on the Delaware River below Philadelphia,*[1] *with space in front. Time: October* 22, 1777.

Enter a Hessian officer as a HERALD, *and a bugler.*

HERALD—Sound a call, that these men appear and hear us, before we strike.

[*The bugler blows a call;* COL. CHRISTOPHER GREENE, *in command of the fort, appears upon the rampart.*

[1] The army of Gen. Howe, after the Battle of Brandywine, under Lord Cornwallis, had entered and taken possession of Philadelphia, September 26. [See Scene II, Act IV, Part I.] Fort Mifflin was on Mud Island, and Fort Mercer on Red Bank, close together and on opposite sides of the Delaware River, seven miles below Philadelphia, and between Philadelphia and the mouth of the Delaware, or the ocean. The possession of these forts by the Americans blockaded the Delaware, and made the position of Howe in Philadelphia untenable. Admiral Howe, on October 6, with his fleet, had reached the mouth of the Delaware, but could not advance to Philadelphia because of these forts. It was a vital necessity for Gen. Howe to capture these forts, and it was equally vital for Washington to retain them. Col. Donop, with a large force of Hessians and artillery, was intrusted with the duty of reducing Fort Mercer, at Red Bank, on the east side of the river, or Jersey shore. This he undertook to do

GREENE—What means this noisy summons?[1]

HERALD—Listen, bold traitor, and you shall know. I bring to you life, with years of rest under Britain's gracious sovereign, if you obey ; and a promise to enrich the fields around us with your corporal substance, if you refuse. Surrender the fort upon which you stand, with all its garrison, to my commander. And know the gentleness of this direction, since he holds the force to take it, whether you will or no. Col. Donop, upon your answer, will peacefully enter your ramparts, with banners lazily flapping in this autumn's sun, or do so as he may

October 22, 1777 [when the first scene opens of Part II], and he was repulsed and killed. Burgoyne had surrendered at Saratoga five days before (October 17), but the news had not reached so far as Philadelphia, although a courier from Putnam (Gates did not deem it necessary to send a report) was then on his way to Washington with the glorious news. The victory at Fort Mercer followed in a few days, and, with that from Saratoga, made an hour of great elation in the American camp. Washington was now more firmly resolved than ever to hold these two forts on the Delaware, because to do so was to drive Howe from Philadelphia, as he had in March, 1776, driven him from Boston. Howe prepared for a second effort, with naval and military forces, and Washington called upon Gates to return to him at once his soldiers, which he had sent to Saratoga, and now no longer needed there. It was a moment of supreme importance to Washington and the cause. Gates not only refused to send Washington his needed re-enforcements, but Congress interfered, and told Gates he need not do so. They came at last, but not till December, and ten days too late. On November 16 Howe began this second effort, and after four days of struggle both forts fell to overwhelming forces, and, the obstructions to the Delaware removed, the British were now secure in Philadelphia. The most daring and desperate defense known to history was made in this last struggle by Col. Christopher Greene of Rhode Island, Col. Samuel Smith of Maryland, Maj. Simeon Thayer of Rhode Island, and Maj. Fleury of the French.—(*Condensed*) "*History of the United States*," *John Clark Ridpath; also, George Bancroft.*

Could these forts be held by the Americans, the communication between Howe in Philadelphia and his fleet would be severed, and Howe would be compelled to leave Philadelphia.—"*History of the United States*," *Richard Hildreth.*

[1] Col. Christopher Greene, from Fort Mercer, saw an officer approaching with a flag of truce, and accompanied with a drummer. Greene ordered his men to keep out of sight. The drummer [the author uses a bugler] sounded a parley. The officer then demanded a surrender, with threats of no quarter if refused. Greene gave his

appoint the hour, after savage conflict. Be reasonable. Encourage not the arrogance that contemns authority, the corner stone of states. Throw off as vile the thought of independence, which has brought you to this pass of danger, and resume in safety your long-neglected duty. In my hand I bear a pardon for your foul offenses. A free gift; and priceless as life-repairing sleep, as you shall know if you lie with it upon the bed of quick repentance. Reject my favors, which I proclaim as the voice of England's patient King, and charge yourself with the fell disasters following. Do not compel me—advancing here on such gentle mission—to depart with your refusal. If so, speedily shall those return to enforce where now I plead. The merciless sword in front, and high-crested ships behind, destruction will look down with pitiless eye over land and river. Coming then with power to crush, and all too late for healing the breach now made, my chief, to weapons drawn from ready arsenals, in addition may turn against you those twin terrors of dreadful war, slow hunger and creeping fire. What say you?

GREENE—You should have saved for this noisy bugle the wasted wind; and yourself the trouble of this speech. Take my defiance to those who sent you.[3] The thought of independence, which you bid me abjure, shall nerve my arm to resist tne blatant threatenings of your royal master. Tell Col. Donop, that no banner which he bears shall cross these battlements without meeting the withering hail of unerring guns. The fields around us—if enriched at all—shall be so by the foreign hirelings, sold for this danger, with the others they encounter. Slavish vassal from a slavish state, and chattel of Eng-

defiance. The flag and officer rode off.—"*Life of Washington,*" *Washington Irving.*

A Hessian officer drew near the fort with a flag and a drummer. The officer insolently proclaimed: "The King of England orders his rebellious subjects to lay down their arms; and they are warned, that if they stand the battle no quarter will be given." Col. Greene replied: "We ask no quarter, nor give any." The officer and drummer withdrew, and the attack [of Donop] at once began.—"*Field Book of the Revolution,*" *Benson J. Lossing.*

[3] See Note 2.

land's King, know this from me: You confront those whose allegiance is given to no man of mortal mold, but to the recorded will of the majority. The times are charged with great changes, and we are here to help them on. From this high eminence I look down to you; and thus positioned, typify the end we strive for: to place the man above and the juggling prince below. Go, teach this to your chief; if he comprehends, let his powers dissolve, in just tribute to our exalted motives, which, in the years to come, hold for him a blessing as surely as for us. Failing to comprehend, let him dash himself to death upon this rock of liberty, which we and all true men defend! You have my answer. [*All retire.*

SCENE II. *Philadelphia. Headquarters of Gen. Howe. Time: October* 23, 1777.

Enter GEN. HOWE *and* GEN. CORNWALLIS.

HOWE—Repulsed! Repulsed at Red Bank! An assault by land and water hurled back! Donop dead! And nearly five hundred officers and men killed and wounded![1] Two ships of the line burned and the Admiral stayed![2] This is a sad report, my Lord Cornwallis—Red Bank was yesterday a red bank indeed to us.

CORNWALLIS—It was unexpected.

HOWE—All things here are unexpected. From the day I set foot upon this soil till now, our adversary has been underestimated.

[1] [See Note 1, Scene 1.]
At a quarter before five [on October 22], under the protection of their artillery the British rushed forward. Donop, the officers of his staff, and more than half of the other officers were killed or wounded. The assailants (repulsed) fell back under the protection of their reserves. Over four hundred were killed or wounded.—*Bancroft.*

[2] The *Augusta* [the attack was by water also], a British ship of war of sixty-four guns, and the *Merlin*, frigate, grounded. The *Augusta* was set on fire by red hot shot from the American batteries, and the *Merlin* was burned.—*Bancroft.*

CORNWALLIS—Man for man, they are without superiors.

HOWE—Burgoyne! I have no tears to shed for him. His army by this time eat the bread of prisoners and he does too. So audacious ambition has its fall.

CORNWALLIS—Is it true that Burgoyne has surrendered at Saratoga?

HOWE—It is true that he has lost. And hourly we may expect report that Washington has the disposal of him, and of his army too, as the chattels of war.[3]

CORNWALLIS—It was a grave error to supersede tried commanders.

HOWE—This was Germain's work. He planted, and the crop is thorns; which I hope may prick him to the end. I have asked leave of the King to resign. I am tired of this service. What laurels are here to win others may gather.[4]

CORNWALLIS—The army will feel a pang of grief when you depart.

HOWE—But to present troubles. It is necessary that we open the Delaware, even to the sea. Because of this defeat, my brother, the Admiral, with his fleet, is still shut off from us.[5] Philadelphia is a prison without this outlet.

CORNWALLIS—The country around is fertile; and our men are brave.

HOWE [*with impatience*]—Our foragers themselves would starve with Washington between them and the housed corn. We are here, rats in a trap. Vainly may we bite the wires of the cage, unless conditions change. Again we must assail; and assail with all our power. Clinton has orders to send on six thousand from New

[3] The rumor of Burgoyne's surrender was in the American camp near Philadelphia [October 23, 1777]. A few days after the fact penetrated the British camp.—*Bancroft.*

[4] This was the moment chosen by Howe to complain to Lord Germain; to ask the King's leave to resign his command; and to report that there was no prospect of terminating the war without another campaign and large re-enforcements.—*Bancroft.*

[5] See Note 1, Scene 1.

York. To abandon the forts on the Hudson, useless now to us. We will gain this Fort Red Bank or Fort Mercer, by whatever name called; yes, and all its fellows, which impede to us the Delaware from here to ocean tide, though it takes every gun of England. Once more cry forward, and every man to his place, face to the foe, until obstructions fall.[6] [*All retire.*

SCENE III. *York, Pennsylvania. Committee Room of the Congress of the United States. Time: December* 1, 1777.

Enter HENRY LAURENS, *President of Congress;* JOHN ADAMS, *Member of Congress;* LIEUT. THOMAS CARROLL, *bearer of dispatches from Washington, and* LIEUT. EDWARD MOULTRIE, *bearer of dispatches from* GEN. GATES.

ADAMS [*to Laurens*]—Two heralds halt us here; but they sing in different strains.

LAURENS—He from Gates and Saratoga is so lofty in his song that, all absorbed, we hear not the evil in the other's notes. The surrender of Burgoyne and all his army![1]

ADAMS—Red Bank captured, after all! So the other herald sings. Greene repelled the assailant in October last, and Thayer admits him in November. Fort Mercer and Fort Mifflin both in ruins. They were to us as guardian angels; and now are lost!

LAURENS—The Delaware is open to the enemy, and in Philadelphia he rests secure. A desperate defense has

[6] To open the Delaware River to the sea (an absolute necessity), Howe concentrated his forces. He ordered Sir Henry Clinton to abandon the Hudson River and to send to him in Philadelphia (to clear the Delaware), six thousand more men.—*Bancroft.*

[1] Gates sent to Yorktown [York, Pennsylvania, the place of Congress was called also Yorktown] a messenger to Congress [Wilkinson] reporting his victory at Saratoga. His courier was so long on his journey that, when his reward of a sword was discussed in Congress, Dr. Witherspoon—a shrewd Scot—said, "I think ye'll better gie the lad a pair of spurs."—*Irving.*

just been made by Major Thayer; so Washington advises, but courage bowed to superior numbers.[2]

ADAMS—And so it will ever be while Washington commands. Again we are fabiused into disaster. Can we compel this man to fight, and so have one chance to win? Heaven grant we can![3]

LAURENS—A dangerous compulsion. Here in Congress we have urged Washington to assault Philadelphia. Public opinion joins in our clamor. A dismal howl is this to a commander not able to comply, and injurious if he yields to ignorant brawling, against his judgment.[4]

ADAMS—He never wins who is ready with excuses.

CARROLL [*with great warmth*]—I will not hear my chief traduced, when gross injustice feeds the accusation. Here we meet as citizens, and my opinion outvalues that of any man who, less than I, mingles truth with impulsive language. Washington has been ever watchful for holding the Delaware. When in October Greene plucked Red Bank back from the dragon-jaws of war, he rejoiced with him whose joy was greatest. Then came the struggle to keep what we possessed against the next assault. With unerring judgment—ever nicely trained against approaching evil—he knew that guns on land

[2] On the 10th of November the British [the second effort] had completed their batteries for the reduction of Forts Mercer and Mifflin, on the Delaware. Col. Smith, at Fort Mifflin [on the Delaware, nearly opposite Fort Mercer], being wounded, Major Simeon Thayer of Rhode Island took command. He made a desperate defense, but was overwhelmed, and this fort was surrendered, November 16, 1777. And on the 20th Fort Mercer yielded, attacked by land by a large force under Lord Cornwallis, aided with a fleet of ships.—*Bancroft.*

[3] When Greene had repulsed Donop in October [the first attempt], "Thank God!" said John Adams, "this glory is not due to Washington, or idolatry would have been so excessive as to endanger our liberties."—*Bancroft.*

It was due to Washington, all the same.

[4] While in camp at White Marsh [November, 1777] it was stated to Washington that his own reputation and that of the army, in the opinion of Congress and public expectation, required him to attack Philadelphia and the whole line of redoubts. Washington was opposed to this mad enterprise.—"*Life of Washington,*" *John Marshall.*

and water would again speak for the surrender of those obstinate and now reddened battlements.

LAURENS—I follow you, Lieutenant, with the greatest interest. Speak freely.[5]

CARROLL—What did you—you who are here in Congress—to aid my chief? You gave him back not a single soldier, even of his own line; not a man of those whom he had sent to Gates to help him win that chaplet in Saratoga. Gates made to his chief no report of his battle, but left him to hear of it, as the birds might sing the tale to his listening ears. In this contumacy Gates was safe from your reproof. You forbade Washington to recall his men from the North without the consent of this subordinate. The few devoted heroes who were permitted, by your oversight, to linger near, were emaciated from pinching hunger.[6]

ADAMS—This is an arraignment of Congress, and not to be permitted.

LAURENS—We are not in session, and this Lieutenant

[5] Congress, in 1777, selected Henry Laurens of South Carolina as President, to succeed John Hancock, and Congress shortly after appointed Gates President of the Board of War.—"*History of the United States,*" *Frederick Butler, A. M.*

[6] After Burgoyne's surrender [October 17, 1777], no troops were returned by Gates to Washington, not even Morgan's corps. Alexander Hamilton was sent North to demand them. [Washington wanted them to protect Forts Mercer and Mifflin.] Gates detained a large part of his army in idleness. He neglected to announce his victory to Washington. Congress directed Gates to recover the forts on the Hudson. Washington had regained them already by compelling Howe to leave them. [See Note 6, Scene 2.] Congress forbade Washington to order from the Northern army more than twenty-five hundred men, and even these upon consulting Gates. It was even attempted in Congress that Washington should not detach any troops without consent of Gates, and Sam. Adams, John Adams, and others voted for this. Precious time was wasted by this interference of Congress, and the forts of the Delaware fell. [Quickly re-enforced, Washington, holding these forts, would have driven Howe away, for want of an open waterway to provision his army.]—*Bancroft.*

"I am exceeding anxious to hold Red Bank," writes Washington, "but the withholding of my troops has embarrassed all my measures."—*Irving.*

has the right to speak. Go on. Moreover, he is embassador from Washington, and we may with profit listen.

CARROLL—Congress ordered Gates to recover the forts upon the Hudson. Behind this was concealed the excuse for keeping back re-enforcements, which Washington so much craved. These forts in the North were already regained by Washington in his far-reaching plans. Howe abandoned them as useless; and fortunate it was for him,—oh, happy General!—that no meddlesome Congress could trip him. Howe called from Clinton his surplus thousands; with these, Cornwallis, on that fatal November day, walled off from hands too few and feeble to assist these coveted guardians of the Delaware, Fort Mercer and Fort Mifflin. The fall of both is chargeable to Congress, who left Washington naked of power with which to keep them.[7]

MOULTRIE—Before I left the North—the camp of Gates—Hamilton was there for troops, as a special courier from Washington. Hence, I am a witness to what is set in this indictment, drawn by Lieut. Carroll.

LAURENS—Adams, here in Congress we must sheath the weapons carried by some of us for Washington's humiliation.

ADAMS—I have no such weapons to sheathe.

LAURENS—The bitter criticism; the baseless accusation; these, to a faithful man, are sharper than cutting steel. Do you wear such weapons? You may answer. Will future generations ever know how many, in this very Congress, have been and are so armed?[8]

[7] Washington, anxious to save the forts on the Delaware, had ordered Gates to send back his troops from the North. [Troops sent to him by Washington before Saratoga's battle.—See Scene 3, Act IV, Part I.] That officer, no doubt willing to see his rival unsuccessful, paid no heed to orders.—*Lossing.*

The British were rendered secure by the possession of the Delaware.—*Bancroft.*

After the loss of Red Bank the delayed troops arrived. "Had they arrived ten days sooner," wrote Washington, "I could have saved the forts [Mercer and Mifflin] and driven Howe from Philadelphia as he was driven from Boston."—*Irving.*

[8] "I was sitting alone with my father" [John Jay], said his son,

ADAMS—Our civic duties do not suffer and have not, though we sometimes peer into the camp. If the military would catch an example from the civil authority, more cheerful deeds of arms would be to the credit of the state.[9]

LAURENS—In this, the discharge of civic functions, we stand acquitted, while malicious accusation dies. Here let us stand. We offset the loss of the Delaware—the dates almost colliding, or would do so, if time were substance—by a plan of union that gathers this people into one consolidated State. A great, a noble work.

ADAMS—The "Articles of Confederation and Perpetual Union" submitted to the States, when by them adopted, will be worth a general battle won.[10]

LAURENS—It will give a purpose. It will give us a nation to defend. It may not be perfect in all things; but it is the first step.

ADAMS—Experience give us wisdom safely to take the second! And now to work. Excuses, however plausible, will not acquit us for inaction.

[ADAMS *and* LAURENS *retire.*

MOULTRIE [*with enthusiasm*]—Carroll, you have lost none of your old-time audacity. Flouting touchy Adams here, I thought we were again in Princeton, and you up on charges. Old chum, I could hug you for what you said.

CARROLL—It was the truth. And there are times when the truth is needed; else we are undone. Did the old man wince?

"when he suddenly remarked, 'Oh! William, the history of the revolution will never be known. No one now alive knows it but John Adams and myself.' Surprised, I asked him to what he referred? He replied, 'The proceedings of the Old Congress; those against Washington; from first to last there was a bitter party against him.'" —*Irving.*

[9] In the British House of Lords Congress was scoffed at as "a vagrant horde." Congress at Yorktown resumed its work of Confederation of the States.—*Bancroft.*

[10] On the 15th of November, 1777, "Articles of Confederation and Perpetual Union" were adopted by Congress and submitted for approbation to the several States.—*Bancroft.*

MOULTRIE—His bald but venerable pate crimsoned, and then turned white again. You struck him hard.

CARROLL—And I'll do the same thing again, if chance brings it round. Moultrie, we have been boys together, and eaten the bread of college life from the same platter. You will believe me when I tell you, that at this moment our Washington is the sport of cunning traitors, who would unhorse him.

MOULTRIE—You are his aid, and should know. Where are such villains found?

CARROLL—In his own camp. Here in Congress too. The very air is charged with disloyalty to him.[11]

MOULTRIE—Tom! A saint would tremble from fits of rising rage, knowing this. Washington, to the army, is guide, defender, friend. Since this war began, privation has fixed for him in every step a thorn. Yet he marches onward, while hope comes trooping after, in long lines of limping but willing soldiers. He is the sun that diffuses around us the only light we see and the warmth we feel. Shall his burdens be augmented by jealous feuds, which sting sweet confidence to death?

CARROLL—Your heart shows in your indignation, and both are honorable. Listen! You know of Conway?

MOULTRIE—I know the name. One of the French contingent?

CARROLL—The same; but so unlike the rest. This man is all that they are not—for they are true. A conspiracy, I use the word advisedly, has been hatched in camp, to drive Washington into retirement. They would put Gates in his place.

MOULTRIE—So would the rushlight, in a gloomy night, stand for the brilliant sun. Who are abettors to this knave?

CARROLL—Mifflin is conspirator of the second rank. Others follow with less offense. Conway aspired to be a Major-General, as had DeKalb and Lafayette. Washington opposed. In July last, Congress—this Congress that now presumes to order Washington how and when to attack the enemy—created a Board of War. Against

[11] See Note 8.

the protest of Washington, Conway was in October last placed here, with opportunity for evil. This man wrote to Gates denouncing Washington; and more: foreseeing that his rising favorite would be selected as president of the board, and so shield him, he was bold enough to defy our chief with mouthing insolence. All because Washington, informed of his slanderous criticism, so wrote to him. Mifflin was already on the board; thus promoted, though in neglect of duties as Quartermaster-General—in these words Washington accused him: he had made the army suffer. Do you mark me? The army starved, that these men of petty inches on the scale of merit might work their plans.[12]

MOULTRIE [*in excitement*]—Excuse me, Tom, that nervously I finger the hilt of this trusty sword while listening.

[12] Gates, with Conway, one of the French contingent, and Mifflin, now leagued against Washington to put Gates in his place. Congress in October had created a Board of War of five persons. Conway asked for promotion. Washington opposed this. Conway wrote to Gates [still at the North], "Heaven has been determined to save your country, or a weak general [Washington] would have ruined it." Others followed in this correspondence, and all did not scruple to speak of Washington with contempt. Joseph Reed of Pennsylvania, wrote: "This army has yet gathered no laurels; I perfectly agree in the sentiment which leads to request your assistance." [That is, to take the place of Washington]. On the 7th of November, Mifflin, leaving his office of Quartermaster-General,—of which he had neglected the duties,—yet retaining the rank of Major-General, was elected to the Board of War. Washington [being informed] sent to Conway his knowledge of his attack. Conway saw Washington, justified his attack, made no apology, and reported his defiance to Mifflin and Gates. Sullivan favored Conway to Congress as Inspector-General. "If the office of Inspector-General," wrote Sullivan, "were given him, our army would soon cut a different figure from what they now do." Wayne, November 11, 1777, expressed himself in favor of the cabal, and gave his purpose "to follow the line pointed out by Lee [Charles Lee], Gates, and Mifflin." Conway, seeing that Gates would be President of the Board of War, resigned from the army November 15, 1777. Lovell of Massachusetts now joined in the denunciation of Washington. Writing to Gates, November 17, 1777, he said: "Washington will fall with a mighty torrent of public vengeance. How different your [Gates'] conduct! This army will be totally lost unless you come here and collect those who wish to fight under your banner."

CARROLL—Sullivan, the ever faithful, urged that Conway—pushing his foul front still higher—be appointed Inspector-General. The Board of War already in the grasp of malcontents, now it is all important to control other commanding functions of the army. This their aim. Wayne—let us trust that ignorance excuses for him much that I recount—threw in his favor for the crafty conspirator. Lovell and Reed, who sing the siren song of Congressional hostility, did the same. To such length did untamed effrontery go, that Mifflin at last resorted to the quill, and Gates was informed that Conway had defied Washington. Gates called his act—this act which ought to arouse revolt wherever told—the dignity of a virtuous gentleman.[13]

MOULTRIE—And all this time has Washington been passive?

CARROLL—Aye! As I suspect,—for he gives no sign by word or act of injury,—passive as the lion that knows his power and how to use it.

MOULTRIE—We shall see. I am from Saratoga, bearing dispatches. I know this Gates, this would-be rival. As his aid I am his intimate. When the tide turns, he will not face the danger, but will crawl away from it in a zigzag course, that befits his nature.[14]

November 27, 1777, Congress made Gates President of the Board of War. [The conduct and position of Washington was subordinate to these men.] Lovell again wrote Gates: "Good God, what a situation we are in!" and said, "Washington has fabiused us into this position." Gates wrote to Conway, November 28, and called him "a virtuous soldier," for defying Washington. December 13, 1777, Conway was appointed by Congress Inspector-General, and made independent of Washington, and under the Board of War. The effort was to compel Washington to resign.—*Bancroft.*

"My enemies take an ungenerous advantage of me," wrote Washington, in regard to the Conway cabal. "They know I cannot combat them without exposing secrets it is of the utmost importance to the country to conceal."—*Marshall.*

[13] See Note 12.

Gen. Charles Lee, then a prisoner in New York, through letters, invited Gates, Mifflin, and Conway to oppose Washington and compel his resignation.—"*Battles of American Revolution,*" *H. B. Carrington.*

[14] When Gates came to know that his plans were exposed to Washington, he straightway fell to making excuses, apologies, and protes-

CARROLL—I am your echo. We shall see.

[*All retire.*

SCENE IV. *Tent of Washington, in the American Camp at White Marsh, near Philadelphia.*[1] *Time: December* 8, 1777.

Enter WASHINGTON, COL. MORGAN, *and* LIEUT. CARROLL.

WASHINGTON—Thus closes the encampment here, and upon White Marsh we ring the curtain down. Now for Valley Forge and our winter home! Lieut. Carroll, you are welcomed back from Yorktown. We have appeased, I hope, the clamor of an impatient people, by this offer of battle. Col. Morgan, the enemy here tested the fire of your rifles, and to-day retire to Philadelphia. Happy would Burgoyne have been could he have so fallen back from your unerring aim at Saratoga.

CARROLL—At Yorktown Congress leads, and the populace follow, in this demand for a clash of arms. Both plan the fight as it should be, around their festive tables. They think that we should assault the city near us, though defended by twenty thousand soldiers and high redoubts. With only seven thousand men behind you, they surely estimate your quality as Commander to be worth all the deficiency in numbers, and so make equal combat.[2]

WASHINGTON—It would be a mad enterprise, and hence to be rejected. When, four days ago, with all the pomp of easy conquest, the British appeared before us here, in lines many thousand strong, though two to one against us, I was hopeful for an engagement. The enemy

tations as the conspiracy fell. [See *post.*]—"*The American Revolution,*" *John Fiske.*

[1] In November, 1777 [after the affair at Germantown], Washington had selected White Marsh for temporary encampment.—*Bancroft.*

[2] November 28, 1777, Congress, by a unanimous resolution, declared in favor of carrying on a winter's campaign with vigor. [At that time Washington's army was naked and starving.—See Note 4, Scene 3.]—*Bancroft.*

refused this favor. At Edge Hill yesterday, Col. Morgan, they encountered you; and frightened, fled.[3]

CARROLL—Had this fear-compelling rod been in our hands for earlier use, the foe might not be, as to-day he is, housed in the Capitol of the Nation; or else be there for sure capitulation.[4]

WASHINGTON—Not into the past, but into the future be fixed our gaze. The setting sun has ended opportunities; but the rising sun renews them. Before us lies the field for the correction of errors gone. Winter quarters now become the absorbing question. Since this excludes other thoughts, you will excuse me for yielding to this duty. [WASHINGTON *bows and retires.*

MORGAN—But newly arrived upon this scene, I am poorly equipped with knowledge of it. Some meaning lurks within those words of Washington, that "before us lies the field for the correction of errors gone."

CARROLL—A volume of meaning! Enough to tip the pen which correctly writes it, with immortality. Tragedy and pathos are the depths which his words sounded. Those "errors gone" make up a campaign of infamy to him, which lesser men would have resisted, even to the peril of the State. Not so with this man, who seems to move above all hurt from the meanness of little men. He shows no wound, where others would be slain.

MORGAN—Wherein lies this hinted wrong to Washington? And needless, I may swear! Any deed of injury to him, while still hot with malice, should be overtaken by speedy punishment.

CARROLL—When General Howe, through yonder avenues, entered Philadelphia, that place was to him a prison. A prison, bolted and barred on every side, unless the open ocean floated argosies to his relief.[5]

[3] December 4 the British, fourteen thousand strong, marched against Washington at White Marsh. Washington, to appease clamor, was anxious for an engagement. Morgan's riflemen and the Marylanders under Gist had a sharp attack with the enemy at Edge Hill, when they retired to Philadelphia.—*Bancroft.*

[4] See Note 1, Scene 1, and Note 6, Scene 3.

[5] See Note 1, Scene 1.

MORGAN—I can understand this ; and have wondered that strategy did not make the tides his enemy.

CARROLL—Such was the purpose of Washington. Who thwarted him? A meddlesome Congress, aiding and abetting jealous military subordinates. Col. Morgan, had you and others entered the conflict here when first demanded from the North, we had not found to-day in Philadelphia a victorious foe, so well provided.

MORGAN—In all things, I obeyed orders as they came.

CARROLL—Surely. No one imputes blame to you. But upon those who had the power to hold you in the North, and did so, should rest a load of censure.[6]

MORGAN—Is this the infamy which lies hidden in the words of Washington, referring to "errors gone"?

CARROLL—You have hit my meaning. The "tragedy" is in the lives sacrificed without advantage, to hold the Delaware ; and the "pathos" in the suffering patience of our abused chieftain.

MORGAN—A blunt soldier, unskilled in the tricks of cunning men, will you help my dullness to a better understanding?

CARROLL—The Delaware was the liquid link between Philadelphia and the outer world. To hold this river in our grip, was to drive the Briton to his ruin, since upon its silvery tide came the subsistence for his army. Fort Mifflin and Fort Mercer on either side, and between the city and the sea, were the Cherubim whose flaming swords secured to us its waters. It was the struggle of giants, one to hold, the other to possess. Washington was left without the force to cope with Howe. Gates, wickedly disobedient to his Chief, and upheld by the civil powers, kept you in the North ; and other troops as well, which, if here when needed, were a nation's ransom.[7]

MORGAN—My wonder is that our General is so patient. The "errors gone" have now a sorry meaning.

CARROLL—We will join the troops. [*All retire.*

[6] See Notes 6 and 7, Scene 3.
[7] See Note 1, Scene 1, and Notes 6 and 7, Scene 3.

SCENE V. *Valley Forge. American Camp near Philadelphia.*[1] *Long rows of huts and tents. Snow covers the ground. Time: January* 28, 1778.

Enter a company of soldiers. Ragged and emaciated, with arms in their hands; they slowly march across the stage. [*Exit all.*

Enter GEN. THOMAS CONWAY *and* GEN. THOMAS MIFFLIN.

MIFFLIN [*with indignation*]—I will go no further in this business. This sight of starving troops appalls me.

CONWAY—Only a sudden spasm.

MIFFLIN—It is rather an awakened conscience which has slept, much, oh, much too long!

CONWAY—Conscience is the slave of him who is worthy of revenge.

MIFFLIN—I have no revenge to gratify.

CONWAY—I have; and you agreed, and are promise-locked with me to feed it. I hate this man Washington. He stood in my way to higher honors.[2]

MIFFLIN—Yet Congress made you a Major-General? And afterward, to this added—though its duties you have omitted—that of Inspector-General of this army; so following advice of mine, as a member of the Board of War.

CONWAY—What I am, is in spite of Washington. His chagrin at this thrills me with satisfaction. There is much more to do.

MIFFLIN—Further I decline to go. Conway, until within a period much too short to heal the wounds my foul neglect has given, I was Quartermaster-General of this army. As I did link my deeds with base or

[1] December 19 Washington reached Valley Forge from White Marsh. Huts were constructed by the soldiers from the woods. Hundreds of soldiers made the march with bare feet, and the pathway of the army could be traced over the snow stained with blood. —*Lossing.*

[2] See Note 12, Scene 3.

honest purpose in performance, these soldiers either feast or starve! They starve; and in this, proclaim in proof most damnable which quality controlled when I did act as their purveyor.[8]

CONWAY—Well, let them starve, pinch, and shrivel with cold and want until Gates takes this man's place. To drive Washington to his Virginia home is what I aim at.

MIFFLIN—And to do this you have led me on to play the part of executioner to these uncomplaining heroes. Fiend! my sword, here, here, and now, shall speak for my reformation.

[*Draws his sword as if to attack* CONWAY.

CONWAY—Put up your sword, rash man! More troops approach. We must not be seen in controversy. Behind this tree. [*Both take a position in the rear.*

[8] December 23 Washington replied to Congress, who were still urging an aggressive campaign, "laying deserved blame upon Mifflin for neglect of duty as Quartermaster-General"; and added, "for want of a two days' supply of provisions, no opportunity of advantage against the enemy can be taken, because of this obstruction. Men are confined in hospitals for want of shoes. We have this day three thousand men in camp unfit for duty because barefooted and naked. Numbers are obliged to sit all night by fires. I can assure the gentlemen [Congress] that it is much easier to remonstrate in a comfortable room than to occupy a cold, bleak hill, and sleep under frost and snow, without clothes or blanket. From my soul I pity the miseries which it is not in my power to prevent."—*Bancroft.*

At Valley Forge three thousand men were unfit for duty because barefoot and naked. The whole force of Washington was eleven thousand, and of the British in Philadelphia twenty thousand.—"*Life of Washington,*" *Jared Sparks; and Lossing.*

At Valley Forge the soldiers starved and froze. Yet at this very time quantities of stockings, shoes, and clothing were lying in different places on the roads and in the woods, perishing for want of transportation. [Mifflin's neglect while engaged in the cabal.] —*Irving.*

Washington closed the year 1777 as one of the most trying of his life. He contended against the enemy, treachery against himself, and a meddlesome Congress. All this while, during the year, he had planned against Burgoyne in the North, and Admiral Howe upon the ocean.—*Irving.*

The neglect of Mifflin lost Washington rare opportunities against the enemy.—*Carrington.*

Enter a company of soldiers; armed, ragged and stricken with poverty. A dead comrade is borne upon a litter; and two of the others following are supported as they march.

FIRST COMRADE—Set down the corpse. The grave is still a good half mile away. Unless we rest here, he will not rest there; for we've not the strength to bear him.

SECOND COMRADE—And what we have must be reserved for sterner work, not wasted on the dead.

THIRD COMRADE [*one of the two supported*]—Men, I am less burdensome than he. Give me credit now. I do my duty to the last. See! See! I walk to my own funeral. I feel it; I shall not return. This march is my last. [*About to fall, he is supported.*] Quick! Quick! On! On!

FIRST COMRADE—No. No. Williams, not so bad as that. We all know what it is to famish. True! True! But you, and I, and the rest, have one campaign left in us still, for Washington. Three cheers for Williams. Hip, hip, huzza! [*All feebly cheer.*

FOURTH COMRADE [*the other of the two supported*]—It is so cold! [*Draws his scanty clothes about him.*] For three days I have not tasted meat. Nor you; nor you, Jones; nor any of us here. What of it, men? What of it? We shall pull through. We must. Our country demands it, and Washington—no; we must not die. We will not, till the end is won which calls us here in arms. [*Straightens up and assumes a martial air.*] I was at Trenton, and at Saratoga. And you, too, Clark, and you, Appleton; and Allen, so were you. Let us live on that. Aye! on that. Cannot great memories, which feed the aspiring spirit, nourish the famished frame? [*Places his hand over his heart, as pain seizes him.*] Oh, this cursed craving! This—this—— Can no one give a crust—one single crust? [*Extends his hands in appeal. All shake their heads.*] I can stand the cold. See; I do not chill. Feel of my hands. They are warm—warm! It is so hard to starve; to starve even

unto death! To drop into the grave, when my country has so much need that I should live.

[*He bows his head and weeps. Others do the same.*

Enter (behind) a party of ragged soldiers, from the opposite side of the stage, and cross, shouting: "Beef! Beef! Bread! To the Quartermaster!"[4]

FOURTH COMRADE [*staring with amazement*]—Is this mutiny? It is! It is! To our places, men—quick, to our places, and throttle it. I know my duty yet. This disorder will break the heart of our great chief. We will crush it, men. We will! We will! Give me my gun. [*Takes his gun and struggles to advance.*] Oh! Oh! [*Again seized with pain and clasps his hand to his heart.*] It is finished. [*Falls back dead.*

FIRST COMRADE—Forward; or no one will be left to carry those who fall. [*The fallen comrade is placed beside the other corpse.*] Steady. March. [*All retire.*

[CONWAY *and* MIFFLIN *come forward from the rear.*

MIFFLIN—Who can see what we just now have seen, and not be moved? The heart of a villain belongs to him who can?

CONWAY—When the game is ended we may abjure these means, and again help to feed these soldiers.

MIFFLIN—The game is ended now; and we have lost. Gates played his part and failed. As President of the Board of War he was master of every card but one; missing that, he failed.[5]

CONWAY—And what was that?

MIFFLIN—The unbounded popularity of Washington with the army. This card, the leading of the pack on the

[4] Bread riots and meat riots were frequent at Valley Forge. Some brigades were four days without meat.—*Ridpath.*

[5] The calm dignity of Washington overcame the conspirators. Nothing could shake the confidence of the people or the affection of the army.—*Ridpath; also Bancroft.*

Moaning and anguish were heard all the dreary winter at Valley Forge. A miserable conspiracy by Gates, Conway, and Mifflin was born. But it failed, for it shook not the confidence of the army or nation.—*Ridpath.*

other side, crushes us, with Congress at our elbow. The written lines between you and Gates, that told the wrong intended, handed to Washington, he ruined us simply by exposure. He gave report of our acts to the incasing air, which carried a death rot to every part. So does overtopping merit, in the public eye, blast evil by frowning on it. Gates hastened to make his peace with our injured chief. I will do the same. If you wage further battle, since you are alone, you will not divide honors, if you gain them. The cabal is ended.[6] [*Exit:*

CONWAY—Accursed fate! Washington has no more than pointed the accusing finger, and we are scattered. I could curse, but it is useless. [*Exit.*

Enter a larger company of ragged soldiers.

FIRST SOLDIER—I have a needle. Look at it—a thorn. Not all the world could buy it, for it helps me to hold my tattered rags round me.

[*The soldiers all clamor for it. Cries:* "Give it to me!"

SECOND SOLDIER—It is mean to withhold a thing so comforting. Needles and pins there are none. But thorns! Let us get thorns!

Enter (*in the rear*) WASHINGTON, KNOX, *and* MORGAN, *unseen by the soldiers.*

WASHINGTON [*to* KNOX *and* MORGAN]—We will remain here, unobserved, and get the opinion of the camp.

[*They retire behind a tree.*

FIRST SOLDIER—To-morrow someone may have the thorn. Someone who stays. Home! Home! We are all for home![7]

SECOND SOLDIER—We were at Long Island, at Tren-

[6] [See Note 5.] Gates was now protesting his innocence to Washington.

[7] General A. S. Diven [still living, 1895], whose father was at Valley Forge, states [December, 1894] that he had heard his father say, "The destitution of the camp was never paralleled. The cold was intense; the soldiers were in rags, and their feet were bare. To keep their rags together they exhausted their stock of needles and pins and resorted to thorns."—*Extract from a New York Journal.*

ton, and Brandywine. Our time is up. We muster out to-morrow. Home! Home!

[*All cry:* "Home! Home!"

THIRD SOLDIER—Wife! Children! Food! The thought brings a vision; a vision of paradise.

FOURTH SOLDIER—See! All of you. I wear Mifflin shoes. And so do some of you. My feet are covered with untanned skin. No matter. My body is covered with a skin tanned in freezing blasts.

FIRST SOLDIER—You have the tanning, then; enough of it. So have we all; but it is in the wrong place.

THIRD SOLDIER—Starvation has tanned us inside as well, as one should see if we could be examined. But troubles now are ended.

[*All cry:* "Home! Home!"

SECOND SOLDIER—We have done our duty. Have we not? [*Cries:* "Yes! Yes!"] We have fought and suffered. Have we earned the right to leave the army, that our compact now has ended?

[*Cries:* "We have! We have!"

FIRST SOLDIER—Then do we here determine that to-morrow we return to family and to friends?

[*Cries:* "We do! We do! Home! Home! Huzza!" *They all cheer.*

WASHINGTON—Gentlemen, it is time to show ourselves.

[WASHINGTON, KNOX, *and* MORGAN *advance to the front of the stage.*

FIRST SOLDIER—Our General! Our General! Attention! Attention! Dress on the right.

[*The soldiers all make an effort to get into line and to present arms.*

WASHINGTON—Soldiers! This respect touches your General. Our afflicted country, over your heavy woes drops with you tear for tear. The term of your enlistment has expired. You are entitled to your release; and for the work already done, honor will attend you ever. Remaining here will not brighten your laurels, and going not diminish them. You have bravely won the hero's fame, and are entitled to the hero's rest.

But the enemy are still in arms. The soil we claim as ours, feels the invader's march, and calls upon her sons. Those who have been most valorous ever prove to be most trustful. Will you—the scar-worn veterans of many fields—now leave us? Leave us alone to gather the glory of future deeds? So be it, and Heaven bless each of you, if you so determine.

[*Cries of* "No! No! Never! Never!"

WASHINGTON—All such as will to-morrow renew his enlistment in this army, advance two paces.

[*The entire line moves forward with a cheer.*[8]

WASHINGTON [*overcome with emotion, his head falling upon the shoulder of* KNOX, *gives way to tears*]—And these are the men whom England hopes to conquer!

MORGAN—Amazement seize us all! In this condition, Congress and a common clamor urge an attack upon a well-provided and entrenched foe.[9]

KNOX—The heresy of the idiot against judgment. In such contention the biggest fool gives the loudest voice.

WASHINGTON—Thanks, men! Posterity must remember this. You may go.

[*The soldiers in file march off the stage.*

My orders, gentlemen! Remember! Put none but the faithful on guard to-night.[10] No further business now holds us in conference. Our ways here part. With your consent I leave you. [*Exit.*

KNOX—The business dispatched by this one order, in importance, fills a day.

MORGAN—The enemy have again made a show of force?

[8] In this destitute condition, says Gen. Diven [see Note 7], the army was reviewed by Washington, whose emotion broke forth as he contemplated their forlorn condition. Some of the volunteers had decided the night before not to re-enlist; but they were so moved by Washington, that when requested to signify their willingness to re-enlist, they advanced promptly to the front.—*Extract from a New York Journal.*

[9] See Note 4, Scene 3, and Note 2, Scene 4.

[10] This line was written first: "Put none but Americans on guard to-night." After extensive search and correspondence, the author could find no warrant that Washington ever used this language. Hence the line was changed as in the text.

KNOX—And our sentinels hedge round a camp with scarcely two thousand men fit for duty. To repel attack, if made, would be heavy work. The General is rightly anxious.

MORGAN—Those were foragers to-day, and Harry Lee easily dispersed them. In truth, sent them empty, home.

KNOX—Good work! Good work! This dashing young rider of Virginia, this "Light-horse Harry," is the shield that hides our true condition. If the enemy ever get a glance over his shoulder we may surely feel alarm.

MORGAN—Our meeting to-day was for this special order?

KNOX—He gave to me none other.

MORGAN—Guarding against betrayal, though none is threatened! But in these times, watchfulness equals an army corps.

KNOX—His command was emphatic. It sounds like a trumpet call. "Put none but the faithful on guard to-night." How the wind blows! The brittle forest bends and gains relief in spangled showers scattering. This breaks its icy fetters.

MORGAN—I will to the upper camp and you to the lower, to enforce orders. [*Exit different ways.*

Enter LIEUT. CARROLL.

CARROLL [*in great excitement*]—I am not mistaken. I have feeling, ears, and sight. Every sense in harmony does its function. I saw our General pass into yonder wood, and then——

Enter LIEUT. MOULTRIE.

Moultrie! Moultrie! Good friend! save me from myself if I wildly rave; or else confirm me, that my tongue tells no lies.

MOULTRIE—What is the matter? In these heavy hours any blow may fall and fail to shake me.

CARROLL—It is not new-born disaster that excites me now. I am hardened so to that, it heedless falls. But

bruised of heart and sore of soul, as we all do know, our Chief—like a greater one before his time—shoulders the grief of all, and alone bears up the load to heaven.

MOULTRIE—I would understand you if I could; but, so far, cannot.

CARROLL—As I came this way I saw the General—just there—enter that wood. Looking still in his direction, I saw him do as the devout will ever do, fall upon the ground in the attitude of supplication.[11]

MOULTRIE [*also much excited*]—Carroll, can this be? In this snow-driven waste?

CARROLL—Come! Come! Come and see! [*He draws* MOULTRIE *after him to the rear of the stage.*] There! There! You can doubt no more.

MOULTRIE—It is he! It is he! Hedged round with a thousand men of mark he would stand out among them all, in lonely prominence.

CARROLL—Come! Come away! Come away! [*Draws* MOULTRIE *back.*] This is not a sight for common mortals. Off with your hat! Bare and bow your head as I do, for we stand near holy ground. The world swings closer to the ear of God when Washington kneels in prayer. Away! Away! Come away! [*All retire.*

[11] At Valley Forge Washington took as his quarters the house of a Quaker named Isaac Potts. It was Isaac Potts who one day surprised Washington in the woods or thicket on his knees in prayer, his cheeks suffused with tears. Rushing home, he told the fact to his wife, saying: "If there is anyone on this earth whom the Lord will listen to, it is George Washington."—*Lossing.*

SCENE VI. *Philadelphia. A Banqueting Hall. The city held by Gen. Howe. Several tables for games of chess, dice, and cards.*[1] *Time: February* 14, 1778, *afternoon.*

Enter eight young officers in British uniform.

FIRST SPEAKER—A game! A game! What say you? A game; and for guineas, to season pastime.

[*All cry:* "Yes! Yes!"

SECOND SPEAKER—Cards for me.

THIRD SPEAKER—Chess for me: and dice for him who likes them. [*All seat themselves at the tables and play.*

FOURTH SPEAKER [*throwing the dice*]—Best in three? So be it. Here goes. Fours for me; fives for you. One throw for you. Threes, twos. One throw for me. Double sixes; double fives. I take the gold. Gainer one hundred pounds. Not so bad for St. Valentine's Day.

FIFTH SPEAKER [*aside*]—And I am ruined. Accursed be all the saints in the calendar!

FIRST SPEAKER [*throwing down the cards*]—I take the trick and the money too.

SECOND SPEAKER—A King!

FIRST SPEAKER—An Ace! An Ace! Here the King is captured; and so differs from good King George.

SECOND SPEAKER—No! This King wears a sword and with it scourges knavery: and so is like King George. That ace is foully yours. Hence the stake is fairly mine. [*Draws his sword, standing.*

FIRST SPEAKER [*Springing to his feet and drawing his sword*]—This to your superior officer? This to a Major in his Majesty's service from a subaltern? Defend yourself!

SECOND SPEAKER—All ranks are leveled to equality at the gambling table.

[*All the others gather near and all draw swords.*

[1] While the army of Washington was drilling under Baron Steuben, or sitting by burning logs to keep from freezing to death, the other army, under Gen. Howe, was engaged in Philadelphia, with the dance house, the theater, and games of faro.—*Carrington.*

FIFTH SPEAKER—I have lost the most of all in this company ; and by right call the loudest for peace, since I practice it. Capt. André, with a festive company, will shortly make a merry gathering here. See that the place gives entrance to no scandal as host to welcome him.[2] Put up your swords till time grows for their fitter use. [*Music is heard without.*] Hark! There come the revelers. Quick! A hand! Away with these tables, lest they be tale-bearers of iniquity! [*They all remove the tables.*] Now we will meet them and swell the chorus of their jollity. [*All retire.*

[*Music is heard coming nearer.*

Enter musicians, playing, followed by a company of officers in uniform, and each escorting a female in street costume. Among the officers are MAJ. MONCRIEF, CAPT. JOHN ANDRÉ, *and* MAJ. TARLETON. *As they enter, the music playing, all the company sing, marching.*

Now youth and pleasure rule the hour ;
Nor care we what sage wits may say ;
Stern war to fright has lost its power,
For this is St. Valentine's day.
St. Valentine's day, St. Valentine's day,
For this is St. Valentine's day.

Then love to love may freely smile ;
No other god will we obey.
Fierce Mars may rage ; but all the while
We courtesy to St. Valentine's day.
St. Valentine's day, St. Valentine's day,
We courtesy to St. Valentine's day.

Rebels may starve, and freeze, or hang ;
Come with loud drums in fierce array ;
Our hearts are brave against the clang
Of treason ; on St. Valentine's day.
St. Valentine's day, St. Valentine's day,
Of treason on St. Valentine's day.

[2] A house was opened by the officers in Philadelphia for daily and nightly resort ; with a gaming table, rooms devoted to chess, entertainment, and balls. Thrice a week dramas were enacted. The officers of all ranks lived in licentiousness. Capt. André was a prominent figure in all amusements.—*Bancroft.*

ANDRÉ—After the song, the dance. This is poetic order. [*All:* "A dance! A dance. *The music plays and the company dance.*] If this be war, then make war perpetual.

MONCRIEF—Here, in Philadelphia, it binds its horrors with a silken cord. It lures its votaries with pleasure.

TARLETON—The soldiers have caught the infection of laziness. They move by rule; and when they move they waddle from good feeding. They could never catch the enemy, lean and agile as he is, in a foot race.

[*All laugh.*

FIRST FEMALE—Have a care! The lean kine swallowed the fat. So says the Good Book, which I commend to your reading. Valley Forge is near? And may be nearer.

ANDRÉ—Valley Forge, with all the barking pack that is kenneled there, go hang for all that we care! Where did you get such sentiments, fair rebel, which sound strangely in this camp of Gen. Howe?

FIRST FEMALE—From a patriot father and brother, now with Washington. There are others here of similar sentiment. [*Female voices:* "Yes! Yes!"

ANDRÉ—Enough! Enough! We will not take a census, lest the majority confound us. Beauty covers a multitude of sins political. So you all have pardon.

SECOND FEMALE—A speech worthy of Romeo.

[*Cries of* "Good! Good! A gallant Romeo!"

ANDRÉ—Spare me that. I am a soldier; not an actor.

MONCRIEF—And yet last night you gained a lasting fame as Romeo?

ANDRÉ—And in Othello great. Shakspere was refined, you translating him?

TARLETON—Pleasure would fly this most pleasant place, if either should leave us. The theater thrives, while Roscius inspires.

ANDRÉ—A truce to flattery. To more solid reflection. I ask you? Do we starve and suffer here in his Majesty's army? [*All loudly laugh. A voice:* "We bravely

stand it." *More laughing.*] So charge the daily papers at home. Listen! [*Reads from a London journal.*] "All England will be grieved to learn that the greatest distress prevails in the camp of Gen. Howe in Philadelphia. The winter is cold and foraging impossible. Parental hearts will bleed for gallant sons in that far-off, dismal land." [*All laugh loudly.*

MONCRIEF—We sleep in palaces; walk on Turkish carpets; wear softest wools; and dine on canvasback and terrapin. London can't beat these rations.

ANDRÉ—And drown melancholy, if it ever come, in flowing wine.

TARLETON—Our foragers get a little on the land; but the Delaware open to the sea enables us to tax the world for comfort. And so we do. Dismal land indeed!

[*All laugh.*

MONCRIEF—Another song. What say you? Another song. [*All:* "A song! A song!"] "The Canvasback and Terrapin," by Capt. John André. And a dance go with it.

[*The music plays, and they sing and dance.*

Fill up the bowl with foaming wine;
Our daily feast is gathered in
From hostile fields the lowing kine,
From hostile streams the terrapin.
The canvasback wings here his flight;
And now the sportsman's wiles begin;
Since men will strive by day or night
For canvasback and terrapin.

[*Dance.*

Old England boasts her glorious roast,
Which any soldier loves to win,
When war's alarms have ceased to vex,
And hunger bears her claims to him.
But beef from any land may go;
Nor joint, nor rib, nor tempting shin,
Can fill a warrior's dainty dish,
Like canvasback and terrapin.

[*Dance.*

Good simple folk at home may pine;
And groan least we, in war's mad din,

Should want and starve ; and in decline,
Yield up the ghost, both gaunt and grim.
Poor honest fools, they do not know
Kind nature's gifts, fall thick on him
Who fights like us ; then rests ; then dines
On canvasback and terrapin.

[*Dance.*

MONCRIEF—Three cheers for Capt. John André, the favorite of the Army. [*All cheer.*] What new pleasure does Adonis now provide ?

ANDRÉ—The greatest yet. Listen ! [*All draw near to hear.*] Gen. Howe will soon depart. Our gracious King has accepted his resignation as chief commander.[3] I have in mind, for his honor, when the hour comes, the grandest pageant, if acted as devised.

TARLETON—It can't fail, if great actors can win it from this misfortune.

ANDRÉ—Both land and water are to be taxed. The Delaware for miles above the city shall reflect the gorgeous tints of ten thousand flags, upon happy waters that kiss barges of shining gold. The oar-propelling progress of these, advancing on the dazzled flood, will open music's throat, responsive to booming cannon. Then, entering the city, the land shall pay its portion. The streets will blaze with military, a glistening line leading to a ground for tournament. In emulation of times long embalmed in song, knight is to contend with knight to win the smile of beauty, then and there arrayed upon a burnished throne. Thus the day will end. And when night comes, in greater pleasure it shall be forgotten such a day had been. Home will strive with home in illumination ; and finally the grand festive hall shall radiantly absorb all light unclaimed. The dance crowns this surfeit, and holds the willing victims of such royal revelry until the morning's sun turns tired mortals home. I have named this the Mischianza.[4]

[3] See Note 4, Scene 2.

[4] On May 18, 1778, a gorgeous festival was given to Gen. Howe by his officers, in honor of his departure for England. The company embarked above the town to the music of a hundred instruments, rowed two miles down the stream, in boats glittering with

MONCRIEF—A noble tribute to a noble chief. The fame of this shall long remain.

ANDRÉ—All here shall have their parts when the curtain rises. And now this day, and with it our happy routs, are ended. We will home to dinner and good digestion.

[*The music forms at the head of the line, and exit all, singing as when entering.*

"Now youth and pleasure rule the hour," etc.

[*Exit all.*

SCENE VII. *London. Royal Audience Chamber, Buckingham Palace. Time: March* 18, 1778.

Enter KING GEORGE III., LORD NORTH, *Prime Minister, and* LORD GEORGE GERMAIN, *Secretary of State for the Colonies.*

KING—Hungry war now opens its jaws for added victims. France—perfidious France—at last leaves duplicity to play with audacity. Five days ago—if I must be precise—she gave this kingdom, once her royal master, formal notice of her alliance with our revolted subjects. Thus is open war by this act proclaimed. I would have peace; but not at the price of honor. As we have before, so again we will fight this enemy.[1]

colors and streamers, and were saluted by many ships of war. Landing in town, they marched between lines of cavalry and infantry to a lawn, where, in the presence of their ladies raised upon a throne, officers fantastically dressed as knights and squires engaged in a tournament. After this they engaged in dancing, gambling, and fireworks. At midnight a supper to five hundred covers was given, served under twelve hundred wax candles and an orchestra of a hundred pieces. Dancing continued till the sun was more than an hour high. This was called by André, who arranged it, the Mischianza.—*Bancroft.*

Gen. Howe was made the guest of a great display by Capt. André. In May, Gen. Howe embarked with honors for England, and Clinton took command.—"*German Allies in the Revolution,*" *Max Von Eelking.*

[1] On the 6th of February, 1778, a treaty of alliance was made with France. This nation acknowledged the independence of the United

NORTH—Our Parliament assisting, we still have hope to outwit France. With the "Bills of Conciliation" now the approved law, our commissioners—growing therefrom as a peaceful palm—may reach the cooler judgment of our warring subjects, before our rival across the channel can profit from their baser rage. Franklin, in Paris—he whom we know as the incarnation of colonial hostility—has been apprised of our altered policy, which, in the bills I speak of, grants freedom from taxation to the States; and, indeed, grants all contended for, withholding independence. He, however, haughtily will not consent to peace except upon granting that which we withhold.[2]

KING—This independence shall not be, while I wear the crown my ancestors have worn. But the loss of my legions at Saratoga! It is this ever-throbbing wound that compels our altered policy; this policy of gentleness, which in America our agents shall in a short time proclaim. Fatal error, that gave the fortunes of this kingdom to Burgoyne to trifle with.

NORTH—Lord Rockingham favors independence to America; and has a following that is formidable, pushing to this end. Chatham goes not to this point, though the road he travels leads that way. Franklin says—and all America is his echo—no less will be accepted. Your Majesty, as your Prime Minister, I have not redeemed my bond of office, the suppression of this outbreak; and like a bankrupt, whose promises have outrun his capacity to redeem, I would retire from further service. Lord Chatham, as my successor, may illustrate different statesmanship, though not a loftier patriotism.[3]

States. This news, formally communicated to England March 13, was received with vindictive anger.—*Ridpath.*

This declaration established war between England and France.—*Bancroft.*

[2] Lord North, to circumvent France and to destroy the effect of her alliance, at once brought forward two "Bills of Conciliation," in which everything that the Colonies claimed was conceded, except independence. Under these bills commissioners were sent to America.—*Ridpath.*

[3] Lord North became despondent, and wanted to make way for Lord Chatham. The King said: "No personal danger to myself

KING—No! No! I will not have it so. I would rather abdicate my throne than receive that perfidious man as minister; coming to his official calling as dictator, not as the adviser of his King. Gen. Howe has asked to return home; we cheerfully permit him so to do; and thus save further waste poured into the vortex of inactivity. But how many men must we now recruit, to finish this work without more humiliation?[4]

GERMAIN—I have sounded Amherst upon this point, your Majesty. He is old in experience in the affairs of these very colonies. For he gathered military laurels there till they palled from commonness.

KING—Yes; cracked the crowns of these Frenchmen in many a bloody fray; and tore their banners from their pallid hands; a successful general. Oh, that he were younger! Well, what does he say?

GERMAIN—He estimates that forty thousand men must be recruited.

KING—A desperate venture. Ten times that number were an easy matter to hurl upon our enemies within our hail, on this side of the sea. But to cross the ocean? Here comes in an opposition which makes the venture desperate.

GERMAIN—This opposition is the growth of studied effort, by such as have no love for us. All Europe is in sympathy with our revolted colonies. And Franklin, now hailed the modern Sophocles, gives to popular opinion the keen edge that cuts us while it strikes.

KING—We defy them all! I will risk the symbol of sovereignty which I wear as King, the crown that sparkles with seven centuries of unchecked glory, before I bow to this opposition, either at home or elsewhere.

can make me address myself to Lord Chatham or any of the opposition. I would rather lose the crown I wear than bear the ignominy of possessing it under their shackles."—*Bancroft.*

[4] Lord Shelburne urged Lord Chatham as dictator. The King said: "I will not treat with that perfidious man." Lord Amherst, military adviser of the King, said forty thousand men were necessary to subdue the revolt in America. Rockingham was in favor of at once recognizing the independence of America.—*Bancroft.*

Political powers and seductive philosophy may intertwine, still I care not. Frederick pushes forward France; and, with the godless Voltaire, plans our injury;[5] he will not, indeed, permit recruits from our German allies to cross his borders! Goethe, the fledgeling statesman of Weimar, sings of liberty, a poet's Utopia; and Mirabeau, in exile, exalts Franklin—that unworthy stem from English root—his fellow malefactor. We should rejoice, and in truth I do, that rankling jealousy against this ancient kingdom concentrates to a common head; so that, dragon-shaped, we may see it, attack it, and sever it, with the battle ax of England and St. George.

[*Exit all.*

SCENE VIII. *Grand Hall at Palace of Versailles, France. Time, March* 20, 1778.

Enter COUNT DE VERGENNES, *Minister of Foreign Affairs, and* BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, *American Commissioner.*

FRANKLIN—I am much moved, dear Count, upon this occasion.

VERGENNES—It is well that we are early at the ceremony, if we have conference.

FRANKLIN—Here, in this grand hall, sacred to the memory of a King, whom France calls the Great among her many Louis, will America, as an independent nation, for the first time have speech with another sovereignty, and as an equal. This 20th of March thus becomes a day of mark in human progress. The King,

[5] Frederick the Great of Prussia said at this time: "The more I reflect upon the measures of the British Government, the more they appear despotic. The independence of America will be worth to France all the cost." Mirabeau, in exile in Holland (speaking of America), said: "To recover freedom, insurrection is just. There is no crime like the crime against the freedom of the people." Goethe, the poet of Weimar, said: "The names of Franklin and Washington shone and sparkled in his heaven of politics and war." The aged Voltaire, as the friend of America, gave to Franklin in Paris, the benediction, "God and Liberty."—*Bancroft.*

to-night, in this his Capitol, at Versailles, receives the Commissioners of the United States;[1] a new nation, dedicated to freedom. Vergennes, do you comprehend how much this means? Free speech! free effort! free men! The world, on tip-toe of excited expectation, may stand with bated breath at the door of this new senate-house. Again, Vergennes, can you comprehend it?

VERGENNES—Perhaps not as you do. You and your fellows be responsible for this political experiment, which is all your own. Duty prompted me to help you to independence, the port of your greater hopes. And done, this duty dies, from full accomplishment. Thence, in political purpose, you push on alone over your untried road.

FRANKLIN—You have served us well. France is to-day in alliance with America. This means that America triumphs over England, because she had the friendship of Count de Vergennes; who to this treaty set the final seal on the 6th of February last.

VERGENNES—I will not deny I have never hesitated when you needed me. The King drew back, and to-day necessity, not love, nerves his extended hand. The Ministers, Maurepas and Turgot, saw no merit in aiding a mere revolt. You compelled their unwilling sanction.[2] When Washington, at Germantown, invited battle, he won confidence, that grew forthwith from this aggressive root.[3] When, at Saratoga, his plans compelled the surrender of Burgoyne, he commanded for America recognition as a government. By the valor of your arms you have won what you enjoy to-day.

FRANKLIN—And this alliance will cost you much; it means war with England.

VERGENNES—The King and his ministers have pre-

[1] On March 20, 1778, the American Commissioners, Franklin, Deane, and Lee, were admitted to a public audience at the Court of Versailles, and were presented to the King by Vergennes as the Ministers Plenipotentiary of the United States.—*Butler.*

[2] See Act IV, Part I.

[3] The boldness of Washington's attack upon Howe at Germantown [See Act V, Part I] won the admiration of Europe.—*Bancroft.*

judged the cost. Money and effort are of little worth to him who never weighs against their loss the good they bring. Fleets, and armies, and gold, will push our good intentions to a happy end for you, though England protests with all her armaments.

FRANKLIN—That day will surely be accursed when my people forget these favors.

VERGENNES—For winning what you have, much is to be set down to you, swelling an account already of greatest magnitude.

FRANKLIN—I have not sought the scale to examine its record of self-importance.

VERGENNES—The unselfish soul is too much absorbed in labor that helps his kind, to keep tally of his own merits. It is natural. Here, if ever, do we touch divinity.

FRANKLIN—I have done what others, perhaps, might much better do. I have done my best, or tried to. Is this so meritorious?

VERGENNES—You have done what no one else could do. You have won a continent to your side. No mistakes mar your record; though of your colleagues I could not say this and still be truthful. Here in Paris you are the idol all worship; the great democrat, whom the king and the peasant honor; the philosopher, who rivals the best in Europe; the very autocrat of patriots, who dims the greatness of conquerors with a greater fame. I could say much more, good friend, but even of laurels one may become very weary.

FRANKLIN—I have had of charges a variety. Surely! Surely!

VERGENNES—And bravely discharged them all. To win France as an ally was one, and you succeeded. To gain the good will of European powers was another; Catherine and Frederick recognize your political wish as theirs. You have opened unexpected ports to your navy; fitted out armed ships; exchanged prisoners like a potentate; terrorized England by an influence superior majesty—everywhere so powerful that it has been

majestic in its majesty. That noble dome which tops your sturdy frame shuts in a government. It walks when you do, and sits when you sit down. It can make treaties, declare war, and alone counterpoise an unfriendly state. Such strength in one were dangerous, unless tempered with modesty, as in you.[4]

FRANKLIN—I shall lose my reputation for modesty if I listen to you more. My people thank you.

VERGENNES—All in good time we end these personalities. Here comes the King. We will retire for the present. [*Exit.*

Enter heralds, pages, and chamberlains, the retinue of a royal court, followed by KING LOUIS XVI. *and* MARIE ANTOINETTE, *Queen of France. Then the lords and ladies of France. The* KING *and* QUEEN *seat themselves upon a raised dais. The trumpet sounds. Enter* COUNT DE VERGENNES, *with* FRANKLIN *and the other American Commissioners*, ARTHUR LEE *and* SILAS DEANE. FRANKLIN *approaches the* KING *and* QUEEN, *and is presented by* VERGENNES. FRANKLIN *talks with the* KING *and* QUEEN.

KING—It is a matter dear to us, that your country has so greatly triumphed through your diplomacy. I wish the Congress to be assured of my friendship. I beg also to observe that I am exceedingly satisfied with your conduct during your residence in my kingdom.[5]

FRANKLIN [*bowing*]—It is indeed a triumph to be so commended.

[4] Vergennes was always the ardent friend of Franklin.—*Ridpath; also, "Life of Franklin," John Bigelow.*

[5] At the reception by the King and Queen of France Franklin wore the velvet coat which he was accustomed to wear at the levees of George III., with white stockings, spectacles on his nose, a round white hat under his arm, and his thin gray hair in its natural state. The crowd greeted him with loud applause. The King said to him, "I wish Congress to be assured of my friendship. I beg also to observe that I am exceedingly satisfied with your conduct during your residence in my kingdom." The youthful Queen, Marie Antoinette, filled with generous impulses toward America, made the support of America a fashion at the French Court.—"*Life of Franklin*," *John T. Morse, Jr.*

QUEEN—The poorest maid in France may feel a thrill of pleasure in the promise of victory for your people, and say so, too; then why not I? Indeed, I wish the future of your nation may be so high in greatness as my heart would lift it now, were I the arbiter.

FRANKLIN [*bowing*]—It were to expose my poverty of speech, to attempt to thank your Majesty as I ought, and would.

[*In pantomime—the other Commissioners are introduced, while guests are gathering and marching to the sound of music.* FRANKLIN *takes his place with* VERGENNES *in the midst of the company. The presentation of officials continues. Ladies and gentlemen of the Court press around* FRANKLIN. *The ladies feel of his hair, smooth his velvet coat, and talk to him with apparent delight. The* KING *and* QUEEN *withdraw. Music swells and dancing begins.* FRANKLIN *and his colleagues withdraw. The dance ends. All retire.*

SCENE IX. *Valley Forge. Grounds before the entrance to Washington's quarters. Time: May* 6, 1778.

Troops move across the stage cheering. Cheers and revelry are heard from within Washington's quarters.[1]

Enter LIEUT. CARROLL.

CARROLL—I am weary with carousal. The entire camp to-day—the strings of discipline loosened for this time—stray from the road of strict deportment, to pluck the flowers of pleasure in the fields of jollity. And all do it, too, without abatement—excepting the few who guard.

[1] May 6, 1778, was set apart for public celebration in the camp at 'ley Forge, and continued all day long and closed with dinner, its, music, and cheers.—*Sparks.*

Enter LIEUT. MOULTRIE.

CARROLL—Moultrie, it is a relief to see you! Good friend, you wear a sober front, that has no place here to-day. Why is it?

MOULTRIE—You forget that, as officer of the day, duty keeps me from these festivities.

CARROLL—Then I blame not the frown with which tyrant duty decks you.

[*Cheers and laughter and the clinking of glasses come from within Washington's quarters.*

CARROLL—Listen to that. The music of glad hearts, that so long have beat to other strains.

MOULTRIE—Washington and his officers?

CARROLL—Two hundred covers; where sit two hundred heroes at uproarious feast. [*Cheers from the soldiers outside.*] And the soldiers too have breathed the infectious air, and cheer from very joy.

MOULTRIE—The camp, in such a time, has need of eyes and ears, fixed against surprise. [*More cheers from the banquet within.*] And well it is to be so ordered. Generous cheer is hostile to self care; unless guarded from without, as with a bandaged eye, we may trip from unseen dangers. The glorious event we celebrate excuses an hour's recklessness. The army to-day officially commemorates the union of France with our fortunes. Congress has just ratified the treaties, and the soldiers shout their applause.[2]

CARROLL—A great event, and greatly honored.

MOULTRIE—He who is not drunk with wine is drunk with happiness. Both are Lethean, while the fit is on. [*Music from a military band comes from the banquet hall.*] All that can whet the edge of appetite, for renewal of long departed joys, is under contribution.

CARROLL—And should be so, after a winter of great torture.

MOULTRIE—The Conway, Mifflin, and Gates conspiracy? That wicked scheme to throttle our cause by

[2] See Note 1.

indirection; of which you once spoke to me. It has ended? At least, I hope so.

CARROLL—Yes. The notice Washington gave to Conway last November, revealing knowledge of his wickedness, gave the quietus. It was a ball of fire, thrown into a nest of vipers. Straightway they fell to excuses and interaccusation. This was misquoted; that a falsehood; and the other thing a forgery. The conspiracy stung itself to death; and Washington moves from the shadow, icily serene.[3]

MOULTRIE—Congress cruelly helped it on. This we know, though others may not.

CARROLL—Gates was the rising sun, which, newly blazing over us, was to dim the brilliancy of our General. He has set, never to shine again, through air so murky with his own malevolence. He and Conway are once more under the command of Washington by orders of Congress.

MOULTRIE—Other changes have helped us; our camp was a winter charnel house; I find it now a bower of comfort. You know I have been away since Christmas.

CARROLL—When that honest German, Baron Steuben, entered this camp as the Inspector-General, in February, a disciplined army grew like magic from his hands.[4] When Mifflin, the incompetent,—charity may hide a harsher term,—ceased to be Quartermaster-General, and Greene took his place,—I mean Nathaniel, not Christopher—two such glorious stars in one constellation should be distinctly specified,—from that happy time an

[3] See Note 14, Scene 3.

Those engaged in the Conway conspiracy soon wished their rash words forgotten. Gates denied the charge as wicked and false; Mifflin exonerated himself, or tried to; Conway on his deathbed [shortly after] wrote to Washington to declare that, in his [Conway's] eyes, Washington was a great and good man.—*Bancroft.*

[4] February 23, 1778, Baron Steuben was received at Valley Forge and was made Inspector-General in place of Conway; and introducing discipline from the army of Frederick the Great, whom he had served, the American army soon grew to strength.—*Marshall.*

army of well-fed and contented veterans answered the daily roll.

MOULTRIE—A marvelous change. Invincible before, we are doubly so with France at our side.

[*Loud cheers from soldiers from without. And also from within the banquet hall.*

CARROLL—A well-rounded thought, which now warms every breast about us; hence these cheers and gatherings of noisy friends.

Enter Generals WASHINGTON, LAFAYETTE, STEUBEN, DE KALB, *and many officers from the banquet. The band also marches in, playing, and soldiers, cheering, gather.*

WASHINGTON—The "Bills of Conciliation," England's atonement, have been rejected by Congress. The army with swelling throats now confirm this act.[5]

LAFAYETTE—The British Ministry are upon their knees, and sue for pardon. They demanded from us this very homage a little while ago.

WASHINGTON—We are no longer friendless, Marquis. France has raised her shield, and the Lily shall blossom into victory, which our banner shares. Germany, too, taxes our gratitude, which we pay with pleasure to such tax-collectors as De Kalb and Steuben. Thus, publicly I bow to you, Baron [*bowing to* STEUBEN], who have taught to us the rules of war by which great Frederick won.

STEUBEN—We here fight in the cause of human freedom—the battle of humanity. This principle equips our lines with fiery energy, to which rules of war are much

[5] The "Bills of Conciliation" [devised by Lord North after the French alliance, as a compromise] came too late. Washington received them and sent them to Congress. While they were under consideration came the news of recognition by France as an independent nation. April 22, 1778, Congress rejected these bills.—*Marshall.*

subordinate. It is the cause of all: the Gaul, the Teuton, and the Saxon. And all are here.

[*Cheers from the soldiers; and cries:* "Long live King Louis! Long live France! Huzza for the Declaration of Independence!" *Officers and soldiers gather around* WASHINGTON, *waving over him French and American flags. Then silence.*

WASHINGTON—Our feasts are ended with the setting of the sun. Its gorgeous tinting over us is Heaven's benediction; or perhaps the residents of upper air—if such beings be—flaunt these purple banners on the sky, in friendly recognition of our carnival. Let cannon mingle with our cheers their louder praise. Convey the order to those without, that thirteen guns speak for as many States, linked as one for liberty, and all thrilling to begin the year's campaign with our honored ally. [*An aid retires.*] One of the great powers of the earth extends the hand of fraternity, and agrees to arm that hand to maintain a brotherhood. All Europe will follow France. Knit into our friends with this good will, together we shall nourish the root our hands have already planted, till the tree drops for us the ripe fruit of sovereignty. [*The cannon without begin to boom.*] These noisy throats, augmenting our lesser chorus, heard within the camp of yonder city, voice our defiance. There caught up and borne along, all the world may know that here, as freemen, we stand for independence: and until this is achieved we shall remain as now—in issue joined with Parliament and King.

[*Officers and soldiers cheer. Cries:* "Long live Washington! Long live France!" *Flags are waved over head of* WASHINGTON. *The cannon without continue to boom.*[6]

[6] At the French celebration at Valley Forge, there was a grand parade, a discharge of thirteen guns, feasting, dinners, the whole army shouting "Long live the King of France!" "Long live Washington!" "Huzza for the United States!" and flags on all sides waved.—*Irving.*

[CURTAIN.]

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I. *Monmouth. The battle ground within the American lines. The Army sleeping. Sentinels on guard. Time: June* 29, 1778. *Daylight.*

Enter WASHINGTON *and* LAFAYETTE.

WASHINGTON—What is yonder flaming signal, that now struggles for recognition upon the dusky line which divides the night and day?

LAFAYETTE—General, that is the rising sun.

WASHINGTON—Not so! The east, wherefrom is started the fiery chariot of midsummer, is farther to the south.

LAFAYETTE—The east, enlarging its jurisdiction,—usual at this season,—now closely hugs the north, and at the point we see, displays its morning tints. Yonder streaks forerun the dawn.

WASHINGTON—Then we are up to meet it. Around us our soldiers slumber; and so they shall a little longer. Until the enemy moves.

LAFAYETTE—You slept heavily—the recipe of nature when exhaustion is complete.

WASHINGTON—At the foot of yonder sturdy oak I had a royal bed. The gnarled roots were my pillow; the skies a canopy; and you my companion.[1]

LAFAYETTE—After such a day, the night made some amends with a cooling air.

WASHINGTON—It was a burning hour. The sun so

[1] The battle of Monmouth, fought to a draw, at the close of the day, June 28, 1778, both armies rested on their arms. That night Washington lay on his cloak at the foot of a tree, with Lafayette beside him, talking over the strange conduct of Lee, whose disorderly retreat came so near being fatal to the army.—*Irving.*

unrelenting! This little brook between the armies, tempting both, records its many victims.

LAFAYETTE—So breaks the herd from the keeper's care, and pell-mell drives on to ruin. The soldiers died in groups at this little rivulet. Here the Briton fraternized with us, and foes died as friends, in the rage for water.[2]

WASHINGTON—A common suffering is a great leveler.

LAFAYETTE—And in excess of volume, water is dangerous at times. So it would have been to me last month, had I not found its shallows at Matson's ford.

WASHINGTON—I shall remember ever, the anxiety with which I watched you from Valley Forge, marching in retreat, to these same shallow waters of the Schuylkill.

LAFAYETTE—At Barren Hill, with twenty-five hundred men, I sought not conquest, but information. The parting revelries to Howe made us all inquisitive.[3]

WASHINGTON—I have learned but lately, that the pompous show in Philadelphia of the 18th of May, which tempted you to danger, was arranged by a young captain—André by name—in honor of the departing General.[4]

LAFAYETTE—Gen. Howe is no longer to be our *vis-a-vis*, commanding?[5]

WASHINGTON—On the 24th of May, the British Army

[2] The fatigue of this day was such that some Americans and fifty-nine of the British were found dead upon the field with no marks of violence.—"*History of the American Revolution*," *David Ramsay*.

During the day the heat reached ninety-six in the shade, and many, on both sides, struck by the sun, fell dead without a wound. Many from excessive drinking from a brook between the armies, where both sides gathered.—*Lossing; also Irving*.

[3] Lafayette, with nearly three thousand men, occupied Barren Hill while the performance of the Mischianza was held in Philadelphia [May 18]. Howe sent Gen. Grant with a large force to capture him. Lafayette escaped back to Valley Forge. Washington, in great distress from fear and anxiety, watched this retreat from a height at Valley Forge.—*Carrington*.

[4] See Note 4, Scene 6, Act I.

[5] May 24, 1778, Gen. Howe gave up the command to Clinton, and left for England.—*Ridpath*.

in America was handed over to Sir Henry Clinton; and yesterday it was he whom we confronted on this field. Howe has embarked for England.

LAFAYETTE—Then, when he drove at me on Barren Hill—Grant advancing with five thousand men, those quickly followed by six thousand more, Howe in charge—it was to close his career in luster, with me the victim of his prowess?

WASHINGTON—So it would have read in history had you been captured. And how that history might have changed the final story of our high revolt I dread to think of! No matter! You made a marvelous retreat back to Valley Forge, and so stilled the quickened pulse of fear.[6]

LAFAYETTE—Sir Henry was yesterday just ten days out from Philadelphia when here called to account. With him departed thousands of native born, whose right to safety is forfeited by adherence to the common enemy. These Tory refugees are the hunted game of patriots.

WASHINGTON—Natural retaliation. Over the entire land they are merciless. The foreign foe carry less of dread to our people. In civil war, kindred ever light the fiercest fires.

LAFAYETTE—Maxwell and his brigade, in union with Dickinson, have done good work. Had he not been sent ahead to make a wreck of roads and bridges, Sir Henry had not been impeded in his march, for our pounding yesterday.

WASHINGTON—While Maxwell was in front, we kept Clinton as our special company,—marching by his side,—even from the day he left his city home. He would gladly have dispensed with this hospitality. The fight of yesterday was made by us; and, Marquis, by all the laws of war, we should have gained it!

LAFAYETTE—We shall gain to-day what yesterday was justly ours—the capitulation of the enemy.

WASHINGTON—A victory postponed is one yet to win.

[6] See Note 3.

Poor had orders to watch Sir Henry through the night, and to detain him for this morning's salutations. Or to give us notice should he attempt to fly from them. I hope he remains our guest.

LAFAYETTE—Lee did that which postponed the victory we are yet to win.

WASHINGTON—I shall not now attempt to solve the riddle his conduct hides. Three days ago he was ordered to attack, and failed to do so. Yesterday he so tardily opened the assault, that the enemy, instead of the pricking thistle of surprise, was able, in the open field, to pluck the pleasant flower of ample preparation. And after, retreated before the foe could know of opposition. Lee had power enough to do great damage; but his forces were left—so now it seems—to fight as each squad should choose, without a purpose and without a leader.[7]

LAFAYETTE—I saw as much, and so rejoice that I quickly called you to the place of danger. This man Lee did not intend to fight the enemy.

WASHINGTON—Why?

LAFAYETTE—On the very day both armies marched,—Clinton in flight from Philadelphia, and this one in pur-

[7] June 18 Clinton abandoned Philadelphia for New York, by a march across New Jersey. The Tories were in despair at this abandonment. Washington started in pursuit from Valley Forge. Exchanged from imprisonment, Gen. Charles Lee was again in the army. Lee, in council, advised against an attack. Washington, however, decided to attack, and on June 27 ordered Lee to begin next day at daylight. Lee delayed the attack, and an opportunity was lost. Again, on the morning of the 28th, while the British were moving off, Washington sent word to Lee to begin the battle. He was so languid in this that Clinton had full time to prepare. Lee [still a traitor] made only a pretense of battle. Clinton turned upon Lee, and the latter retreated, to the danger of the reserves. Lafayette speedily informed Washington of affairs, and brought him to the scene, when he found Lee in full retreat. In a voice of anger, Washington said to Lee: "What is the meaning of this, sir?" Lee stammered: "Sir! Sir!" Washington said again: "What does this mean, sir?" and quickly Washington arranged a line of battle, and stopped the retreat.—(*Condensed*), *Ridpath; also Bancroft, Carrington, Fiske, and Irving.*

suit from Valley Forge,—Lee advised against a conflict. At Hopewell he urged the building of a bridge for our retreat. Every hour he has proclaimed that we could not contend successfully in combat. The pride of opinion—to use no stronger phrase—commits him to disaster.[8]

[*The reveille is sounded. The soldiers are aroused and in the rear come trooping back and forth across the stage.*

WASHINGTON—While we have been debating here, the sun has crept with busy steps into the heavens; so high without our noting it, that we startle at his morning call—the reveille.[9]

LAFAYETTE—I was much absorbed in talking of this man Lee.

WASHINGTON [*musing*]—As far as the eye can reach, on either side, men,—sturdy, stalwart men,—each one, a godlike image, at this morning music starts into quickened life!

LAFAYETTE—Did you speak to me?

WASHINGTON [*still musing*]—And why? Is peaceful sleep no prize, to be so willingly shuffled off? Is this awakening to toil no burden, to be so greedily desired? How many wake this morn who shall never wake again!

LAFAYETTE—I did not hear you.

WASHINGTON [*yet musing*]—Oh, the mystery that may not be solved by thinking on it! To do! to do!—to blindly do! from day to day filling the ever-yawning gap of duty; of what may come, ignorant to the end. This is the sum and circle of our intelligence. These many thousand mortals wait upon my word, which may at will, by letting loose the tempest of red battle, blow

[8] Lee, in council of war, and all through, was opposed to fighting Clinton at Monmouth. The defeat of Washington, therefore, would have made him [Lee] a wise counselor.—*Carrington.*

[9] At daybreak [June 29], Washington already up, the drums beat the reveille. The troops roused themselves from their heavysleep, and prepared for action.—*Irving.*

out the light of life this moment brightly burning. Dread and awful is it, to be so commissioned.

LAFAYETTE—General, did you speak to me of a commission?

WASHINGTON [*aroused*]—Your pardon, Marquis! I was away from here—far, very far away, thinking! thinking! thinking!

LAFAYETTE—Did I interrupt you?

WASHINGTON—You were speaking of Gen. Lee. Recount to me this affair of yesterday. The hour of the meeting—he in full retreat—is crowded with events in some confusion.

LAFAYETTE—It was just here, upon this hill, that you encountered him; but for this good chance, the advantage of yesterday were not our present boast; the missing of it might have been our rout. The artillery of Oswald and Ramsey on either side, with the brigade of Wayne here formed across their front, checked the pursuing foe.[10] Then, with Sterling on the left flank and Greene upon the right,—all this by you arranged in the whirl of threatened panic,—we pushed them back, and planted our standard upon the conquered field when the sun went down. This had not been, but for the lucky hap that you met Lee at the moment of greatest peril. On that knoll—which sparkles with its dewy diamonds in this morning sun—is where a gunner fell; and his wife, taking his place, made the bereaved cannon roar, with voice as lusty as its fellows. The soldiers called her Molly Pitcher.

WASHINGTON—She shall wear official honors in our army; her worth deserves as much.[11]

LAFAYETTE—And may worthy honors also on others fall, whose deserts rank their social station. Upon this

[10] On meeting Lee's retreating troops, Washington quickly on the left established Ramsey and Stewart with artillery, and on the right Knox and Oswald, to check the English advance.—*Carrington.*

[11] A gunner falling, and his wife taking his place, she was called by the soldiers Capt. Molly Pitcher, and was commissioned by Washington as a sergeant.—"*Romance of the Revolution*"; *also Lossing.*

field nearly a thousand negroes contested with their white brothers for the badge of heroes; and for this distinction they had run an equal race, when the fiery day was done.[12] Here comes Gen. Wayne.

Enter GEN. WAYNE.

WAYNE [*bowing to* WASHINGTON]—Good morning, General! [*To* LAFAYETTE.] And, Marquis, to you also may a pleasant day advance.

WASHINGTON—Gen. Wayne, you are early in the saddle.

WAYNE—In our great enterprise we cannot be too early at our work, to win. The heavy foot of Lee was yesterday so slow of motion, that the enemy therefrom took great advantage. At daylight Clinton was with his front turned seaward and his back toward us, on his march to ocean tide. Had we assailed him quickly,—with Dickinson and Poor then ranged on either flank,—his confusion, disaster, and surrender must have followed.

WASHINGTON—To attack early were the orders to Lee. Yes; to do so in the gray of dawn, before the sun could become the morning herald of the battle.

WAYNE—And these orders were so slowly executed that the morning's sun was sinking in the western sky, before a gun was fired. Meantime, having noisy notice of our intention to strike, Clinton wheeled his army, facing us, and became himself aggressor. It was a bold, though his only move, to save Knyphausen and the army baggage, miles in his advance.[13]

WASHINGTON—Gen. Wayne, you correctly state the situation.

WAYNE—And Gen. Lee even to tardy war gave no support; he fired his opening gun and then, without resisting, fled. It was here you met him and directed a

[12] History may never omit to record, that of the Revolutionary patriots who that day periled their lives for their country, more than seven hundred colored Americans fought side by side with the white.—*Bancroft.*

[13] See Note 7.

successful stand. The close of day shut us off from conquest, which I trust its successor grants: the capture of the British army.

LAFAYETTE—And Gen. Lee this meeting will long remember.

WAYNE—I was elsewhere.

LAFAYETTE—I was here, and a part of it. "What does this mean, sir?" the question of our chief; and asked, as if a hurricane within pushed pent-up feeling forth. "Sir! sir!" said Lee, baffled and surprised. "Damn you, sir! what does this mean?" was next the question, tempest-hurled upon his shrinking head.[14]

WASHINGTON [*raising his hands in protestation*]—No! no! Dear Marquis! I plead not guilty to such language. Or, if I used it, surely the Recording Angel refused to listen, and so never gave it place upon his books.

LAFAYETTE—That we may later know. But so I understood. You were there, upon your horse. I was here. And Lee rode up just in front. You spurred hurriedly to meet him, and in sulphurous air I caught the words now given. If you did not say, "Damn you, sir!" you looked it, all the same; and Lee deserved it richly. As a good advocate would do, when all the facts are in, I here rest my case, and to searching history leave the verdict upon my accusation.

WASHINGTON—Here comes in haste my trusty aid, Capt. Carroll.

LAFAYETTE—And that title of Captain he won for good work done aiding me on my retreat from Barren Hills.

[14] The appearance of Washington, upon meeting Lee, was terrific, according to Lafayette.—*Lossing.*

At Monmouth, when Washington questioned Lee very severely [on Lee's retreat], and emphasized it with a tremendous oath, Lee got angry, and answered he had been sent to beard the whole British army.—*Fiske.*

Enter hurriedly CAPT. CARROLL.

WASHINGTON—Capt. Carroll, you are charged with important news?

CARROLL—I came from Gen. Poor to say that Clinton has stolen away.

WASHINGTON—Gone! Stolen away! Escaped! What more?

CARROLL—At ten o'clock last night, while the army was soundly sleeping, he abandoned his camp, pushing onward. This was so quietly done that not a sentinel was alarmed. The wounded are left behind. He marches for Sandy Hook, and at this moment is many miles advanced.[15]

WAYNE—Most unfortunate! High expectations have here a heavy fall. General, what can we do?

WASHINGTON [*reflecting*]—The weather is too hot to force our soldiers in pursuit. In this camp we will rest a day, and then seek a home upon the Hudson with an easy pace. Now to quarters—and to so much comfort as such a time may give.[16] [*All retire.*

SCENE II. *Valley of Wyoming, Pennsylvania. Lawn. Time: July* 3, 1778. *Twilight.*

Enter a company of rural inhabitants; old men, and women and children, terror-stricken.

FIRST OLD MAN—If we must die, do it bravely as becomes us. Cease your lamentations, since no savage yet was moved by pity. To-morrow is Independence Day; the thought of this brings comfort, if all else fail.

[15] Gen. Poor was appointed to watch the British through the night of June 28, so that any move should be reported. But the beaten troops marched away in the night, in such silence that Gen. Poor, though he lay near them, knew nothing of their departure.—*Ramsay.*

[16] Washington [on June 29, at Monmouth] thought it dangerous in such hot weather to pursue Gen. Clinton.—"*Life of George Washington*," *M. L. Weems.*

SECOND OLD MAN—We are so helpless! Two years ago this valley gave up its youth to Washington. Withered age was left to ward off the tomahawk.[1]

FIRST WOMAN—It is not for us to repent our sacrifice. What we did was well. Is there no word from our kindred, who went forth this morning to meet these devils at Wintermooth?[2]

FIRST OLD MAN—No word yet; but we can guess what it must be; three hundred of our kindred, good Zebulon Butler commanding,—himself a host, it must be admitted,—went out as our guard; old men and beardless boys, adding one company of regulars, and some officers just home from Continental service. This our full protection.

SECOND WOMAN—Not an ounce of comfort may hang upon this force. With the wings of fear, I shall fly with my children. The passes of yonder hills are still open, and point the way to safety in Eastern settlements. Away! Quickly away! Mothers, follow me!

[*Exit with children. Cries of* "Fly, fly! Away! Away!" *Exit other women and children.*

FIRST OLD MAN—In August last, nearly a year ago, these tawny beasts of the forests, Tory cut-throats leading, suffered at Oriskany: Herkimer and his devoted band hurled them to death, like straws thrown into a summer's fire. It is for revenge they now cross the New York line to our once happy valley.[3]

FIRST WOMAN—They were the Senecas—at times led by Gi-en-gua-tah, a chief more foul in deeds of horror

[1] The settlement of Wyoming was defenseless. The fathers and brothers were away in the patriot army.—*Ridpath.*

In July, 1778, Col. John Butler led a band of Tories and Indian savages from the Seneca settlement in New York against Wyoming in Pennsylvania.—*Bancroft.*

Zebulon Butler, on the American side, commanded what forces were organized for defense.—*Weems.*

[2] Wintermooth was the furthest of a chain of forts or block houses built to protect the settlers, extending from Wyoming toward the New York line.—*Hildreth.*

[3] See Scene 6, Act IV, Part I.

than Brant, the Mohawk; if the Senecas are coming now, so led, then we are lost![4]

SECOND OLD MAN—It is the tribe of Senecas which approach, led by this same chief—the most dreaded devil in all the six nations of united Indians. The fire of his fury blazes more, because of this alliance with the French, whom he hates with an English hatred. Bitterest drug in this foul cup is to know that blood of our blood, born and nurtured here, animates the hands which carry the sharpest knives against us.

FIRST WOMAN—Others have suffered before our time. We will wait here till the worst is known.

FIRST OLD MAN—From this direction will a courier come, if he come at all. [*Peering in the distance.*] I see nothing yet.

FIRST WOMAN—How many forts have we between us and old Wintermooth?

FIRST OLD MAN—There are ten. But with none to defend them, one is as good as ten. [*Again peering into the distance.*] See! see! Surely a horseman rides this way! [*All eagerly gaze into the distance.*

FIRST WOMAN—All pray that good report comes with him.

[*Many fall upon their knees and raise their hands in supplication.*

FIRST OLD MAN [*still peering out*]—Yes! Yes! A trooper! It is certain. See the dust that rises round him. I now can give the color and more—a large bay with a flowing tail. Oh, blessed are years that bring this second sight to eyes that once were clouded! Now he turns the corner at Campbell's farm. See! See! [*Some gaze eagerly at the coming horseman, and others remain in prayer.*] He heads this way. Listen! Listen! I hear the clatter of his horse. There is something terrible in this pace, that pushes the fleetest steed beyond his mettle. He comes! He comes! He is here! He is here!

[4] The Seneca chief, at the head of the Indians, was Gi-en-gua-tah, a terrible savage.—*Lossing.*

Enter LIEUT. MOULTRIE, *exhausted. All gather round him.*

MOULTRIE [*gaining breath*]—Quick, good friends! Quick, and find a place of refuge. I have killed as good a steed as ever soldier rode, to tell you so. This morning our little band met at Wintermooth a thousand savages, together with Tory rangers. At our first encounter, pretending to retreat, they led us on. We came upon them in ambush—were overwhelmed. I fled, but not till I had seen the scalps torn from nearly all who marched hence this morning. [*Cries of lamentation.*] Away! Away! to escape the fury of these devils. I was pursued, and these bloody vultures will here alight before the minutes run. [*Looking back whence he came.*] There! See there! What lurid fire is that, which blazes yonder?[5]

FIRST OLD MAN—That is the house of Perry. No better man ever turned a sod.

SECOND OLD MAN [*pointing in another direction*]—See there! Over to the right! There lived good old Carpenter. A life of struggle gave him that little home. Economy brought thrift, and pleasure wasted nothing; every penny gained was witness to weary toil. The tiresome savings, the pinching trials, and hopes all end in this. [*Weeps.*

FIRST WOMAN—And to the left—look! All round us now kindle blazing homes. There in front, over that little hill, is where I have lived among you a good and honored life. It crumbles now to ashes. Let it go. My husband and all of strength that I can offer are with Washington. God helping us, from this funeral pile shall yet arise the temple of liberty. The greater the price we pay, the greater the reward.

[5] At Wyoming many fled. The butchery was never excelled. Several of the settlers had here erected good houses. All were burned, and in one day the inhabitants slaughtered.—*Ramsay.*

At the Wyoming massacre the returned Tories were most distinguished for their cruelties. One of these butchered his mother's second husband—with his own hands, then his mother, his own sister, and their children. Another exterminated his whole family.—*Butler.*

MOULTRIE—The sky now reddens over us; and heaven's twilight is affronted by this horrid counterfeit.

FIRST WOMAN—By it I will seek the path of safety; may revenge come hereafter! [*Exit.*

MOULTRIE—All follow this good example. There is ruin on this ground if you remain.

[*Exit all, except* FIRST OLD MAN.

MOULTRIE—Do you know one Thomas Hill? I came here a stranger, to rest a little while regaining exhausted strength.

FIRST OLD MAN—A worthless Tory! His brother, a patriot and an honest man, lives on the road you traversed hither from the fort.

MOULTRIE—That honest brother lives no longer. I saw this worthless Tory brain him as I rode by—and after learned his name and kinship.[6]

FIRST OLD MAN—Vengeance must overtake such crime—if God is just.

MOULTRIE—Do you know one Terry?

FIRST OLD MAN—Partial Terry? We all know and fear him. The worst Tory of all the accursed crew who left this valley. Threatening to bathe his hands in his father's blood, he has sent such message home. He is a lusty and a dangerous man in an encounter.

MOULTRIE—And yet I hope to cross him. We have met once to-day—I shall know him, if we meet again. He left kindred here?

FIRST OLD MAN—A father, mother, brothers, and sisters. These were all true to the land which feeds them.

MOULTRIE—In one fell swoop, this white fiend of hell—not an hour ago—sent to sudden death, this father, mother, brothers, all. The same woodman told me so.

[6] At the massacre of Wyoming, Thomas Hill, a Tory, found his brother secreted, and said, "So it is you, is it?" The unarmed brother begged for his life. The Tory replied, "All this is mighty fine, but you are a damned rebel. Take that!" killing him on the spot.—"*Romance of the Revolution.*"

who gave the name of Hill. He outran his fellows, and I expect him ; in this humor I shall here remain. You must now depart. I bid you, go !

[*Exit* FIRST OLD MAN.

I count it a happy chance if this creature comes within the reach of my willing arm. [*Listening.*] Someone approaches. Behind this tree, till I resolve if he brings exercise to me or no. [MOULTRIE *hides.*

Enter TERRY (*the Tory*) *in the uniform of an English Lieutenant, sword in hand. He looks stealthily about him. Starts. Glances at the reddened sky. Nods approval.*[7]

MOULTRIE [*advancing quickly from his hiding-place*]—My wish is answered, and we meet again. [*Draws his sword.*] Cowardly villain, your last hour has come, if mine has not, for this earth is much too small for both of us ! [TERRY *rushes on with his sword, stops, and retreats.*] Keep now your step, hell-hound, and face me to the end, or into your back will I drive this eager blade ! Terry, Partial Terry ! [TERRY *trembles with astonishment.*] You see I know your name and am resolved to send it down to hell for eternal record there. No father, mother, or kindred now confront you ; but cold and biting steel is in my hand, commissioned to release your damned soul, which a gentler devil is entitled to. Defend yourself !

[MOULTRIE *rushes on him, and the two engage in combat with the sword.* MOULTRIE *disarms him, and runs him through the body.* TERRY, *staggering, reels off the stage.*

MOULTRIE [*looking after the retreating* TERRY]—He reels ! He falls ! He dies ! Another spirit loosened from its tenement of clay, is winged to the court where just judgment is eternal. Mortal vengeance, upon border line between what is and what may come,

[7] One man named Partial Terry had sent messages to his father, "he hoped one day to wash his hands in his heart's blood." His es were gained. At this massacre, after having murdered and ed his own mother, brothers, and sisters, he cut his father's head —" *Romance of the Revolution.*"

spends its force and ends. It should end in pity, when memory of a single thing of good is solvent to the pricking memory of many evils done. Such pity is not here. Foul blot that was upon the earth, lie as you have fallen; till ravenous dogs refuse a further feast, and rank corruption consumes what they have left. [*Sheathes his sword.*] Now to camp,—wherever our army rests since leaving Valley Forge,—with dismal tidings of this dismal day. [*Exit.*

SCENE III. *White Plains. A lawn in front of the headquarters of Washington. Time: August* 18, 1778. *Afternoon.*

Enter WASHINGTON *and* GEN. WAYNE.

WASHINGTON—Across New Jersey we had a heated tramp. Thankful I am that here we rest again upon White Plains. Two years, or nearly that, have run since, as now, we watched the culprit foe in yonder city. Both armies are once more at the point they then started from.[1]

WAYNE—And in this golden circle of two years are set as gems, Trenton, Brandywine, Saratoga, Monmouth, with lesser brilliants mingled.

WASHINGTON—Wayne, at Monmouth we failed to capture Clinton—the stint, self-imposed, when we broke camp in June at Valley Forge. The cause of our miscarriage, no matter now. Still, he is the worse for our encounter. Think you not so?

WAYNE—The cause of our miscarriage was the treachery of Lee. He has been since, for this, court-martialed and suspended from the service he disgraces. A proper punishment. Our loss of about two hundred at Monmouth is offset by four hundred British left upon

[1] Washington, in October, 1776, after the battle of Long Island, encamped at White Plains. He said [August, 1778]: "After two years both armies are back at the same spot they started from. A Divine Providence has been with us."—*Lossing.*

the field, and nearly two thousand deserters upon the march. I will agree to make like exchanges monthly.[2]

WASHINGTON—And his route was changed, because we forced a new one. New York was the point he aimed for when leaving Philadelphia, with full seventeen thousand effective men, and Sandy Hook the one he gained. Our rolls were swelled to about twelve thousand. It might have been worse; it should have been much better.

WAYNE—The French have come? And have sailed away? In service, there was nothing to their credit when they left?

WASHINGTON—On the 8th of July the fleet of His Christian Majesty, bringing here the French ambassador, Monsieur Gerard, and,—let us hope, the first of an endless line,—twelve ships, carrying thirty-five hundred soldiers, dropped anchor where the Delaware is lost in the vaster sea. It was intended to intercept Admiral Howe on his retreat from Philadelphia, closely following Clinton.

WAYNE—Why was not this done?

WASHINGTON—The Count D'Estaing came ten days too late. Howe had already escaped to the sea, and used this good chance to ferry Clinton from Sandy Hook to New York.[3]

[2] Lee was court-martialed for his conduct at Monmouth, and on August 12, 1778, was convicted and suspended one year. [He was subsequently dismissed, and never entered the army again.—AUTHOR.] —"*Gen. Washington*," *Bradley T. Johnson.*

Lee at Monmouth had refused to fight or inflict a blow upon the enemy, and threw away victory in his grasp.—*Johnson.*

Lee's failure to obey orders at Monmouth deprived him of his command.—*Butler.*

When Clinton reached New York, July 8, his army had lost very heavily in its march across New Jersey.—"*German Allied Troops in Revolution*," *Von Eelking.*

[3] Count D'Estaing, July 8, reached the mouth of the Delaware, intending to intercept the English fleet from Philadelphia. But Admiral Howe had sailed away ten days before.—*Bancroft.*

The reason Clinton was ordered by the English Ministry away from Philadelphia, was the French fleet was expected at the mouth of the Delaware.—*Von Eelking.*

WAYNE—And whose fault was this? The world just now is given to miscarriage of gravest plans.

WASHINGTON—Charge this to Neptune. He blew a tempest over the waters, that tossed helpless mortals. D'Estaing was ninety days from Toulon to the Delaware, and Howe was thereby gainer.

WAYNE—Are the Frenchmen ready to fulfill sounding promises, which have led us all to talk?

WASHINGTON—I have the Admiral's letter to Congress,—happy thought that Congress is again at Philadelphia,—and willing co-operation is his theme.

WAYNE—I shall be hopeful, and I am thankful always.

WASHINGTON—As an earnest of what our allies may do, D'Estaing promptly followed Howe to Sandy Hook, and there found his ships already sheltered within its sandy arms. The brave Count was eager then to try French metal against that of England; but shallow water kept him far away. A second happy circumstance saved the British fleet.[4]

Enter LIEUT. MOULTRIE.

WASHINGTON [*shaking hands with* MOULTRIE]—At last, Lieutenant, you quiet apprehensions by your presence here.

WAYNE—I see you bring safely back your scalp from fierce Wyoming.

MOULTRIE [*bowing to* WAYNE]—I am escaped from savage horrors. [*To* WASHINGTON.] Illness held me to a slothful journey.

WASHINGTON—For this delay you are excused. Fame has blown her trumpet, and already sounded in our ears Wyoming's heavy sorrows.

MOULTRIE—So foul a story, if told in truth, would split the trumpet, though made of toughest substance. A thousand savage warriors, combined with Tories more fiendish still, bore down upon Wyoming in murder-

[4] D'Estaing sailed to Sandy Hook to engage the British fleet, but there found the water too shallow to enter the bay.—*Ridpath.*

ous hate. The peaceful valley was guilty of offense no greater than can come from watching summer flowers. The inhabitants, infirm old men, timid women, and little children, were as helpless for defense as the daisies they trod upon. The strength of the valley was all away. Not a dozen men of the army were there; and these, by chance, in recuperation from the trials of Valley Forge. I was of that number.

WASHINGTON—I had ordered a rescue. Troops were hurrying to the place when murder poised its arm.[5]

MOULTRIE—All this was known, but necessity forbade delay. The Indians were there. Your soldiers were still miles away. Our little band was overwhelmed by numbers, and the bloody revelry ensuing stifles effort at recital. More than a thousand happy habitations sunk in ashes, and five thousand aimless wanderers are added to the total of earthly woe.

WAYNE—It is a terrible story of crime, as you recite it, Lieutenant.

WASHINGTON—That title of Lieutenant is now much too small to fit him who wears it. In fair reward, it may be changed hereafter. Capt. Moultrie, your promotion sits upon worthy shoulders.

MOULTRIE [*bowing to* WASHINGTON]—I thank you, General. [MOULTRIE *retires.*

WASHINGTON—These great wrongs shall be avenged, after more urgent matters have ceased to be controlling. Wayne, is it not a fact which should warm our hopes, that England, after years of struggle, holds but two important spots within American domain: New York and Newport?

WAYNE—My province as a soldier is to execute commands, not to ponder upon affairs political and strategic, which others are charged with. That which you suggest is a thought most comfortable. After these weary years, is great England shrunken to ground, only large enough to give her armies burial?

[5] Washington had ordered assistance to Wyoming, but it came too late.—*Irving.*

WASHINGTON—And one of these two places we covet, in spite of Christian precepts. Since D'Estaing cannot unite with us to seize New York, then Newport shall be its substitute, to gratify this covetousness.

WAYNE—The desire is natural, though holy laws oppose. If I am to decide this point of covetousness, I shall not escape heresy. General, I will break every law of the decalogue to gain Newport, and its garrison of six thousand men.

WASHINGTON—Others have preceded you without fear of heresy, if such it be. Gen. Sullivan, many days ago, had orders to arouse the militia of New England against Gen. Pigot, there commanding. Two thousand regulars have joined him. He has gathered a force of twelve thousand men; Greene and Lafayette will lead each a grand division.

WAYNE—General, I should not be here detained, to watch the games of ball and tag upon yonder fields, when such stimulant is brewing.

WASHINGTON—No matter, Wayne. There may be other work for you to do, though for some time deferred. I nervously await word from Newport. The 10th of August—eight days ago—was agreed upon for attack, so grand in consequences, if successful. Surely this has not been done as planned, or I would have reports.

WAYNE—The fleet of Louis will there play its part? No want of water to float deep-reaching keels can excuse them, as in New York it did.

WASHINGTON—D'Estaing, with his fleet, carrying thirty-five hundred veteran troops of France, appeared off Newport on the 29th. The British, panic-stricken, sunk ten ships of war, carrying to a muddy rest more than two hundred guns.[6]

WAYNE—So far, great news! If the book be found worthy of this preface, it will be an interesting volume.

[6] D'Estaing sailed with his fleet to Newport, after failure to get into the bay at Sandy Hook [see Note 4] to co-operate with Gen. Sullivan to capture Gen. Pigot, who was there stationed with six thousand British. Washington had amassed soldiers in Rhode

WASHINGTON—I am expecting a courier. Nothing like good company eases the strain which he endures who waits—then impatiently watches, wishes, listens, and waits again—news of momentous import. This is why I have decoyed you, to keep me in good companionship in the breezy shade of this summer-scented lawn.

WAYNE—And here comes your courier, or I am no judge of hard riding.

Enter an AID *from* GEN. SULLIVAN. AID *bows to* WASHINGTON *and then to* WAYNE.

WASHINGTON [*eagerly*]—Are you from Gen. Sullivan?

AID—I left Newport two days ago, and bring dispatches to Gen. Washington from Gen. Sullivan.

[*Hands* WASHINGTON *a roll of papers.*

WASHINGTON—At convenience we will examine these. Now for quicker methods. You are from the field; tell us what you know?

WAYNE—Has the battle been fought at Newport? Fought and won? A "Yes" to this is worth a thousand pages of dispatches.

AID—The battle has not yet been fought; but may be.

WASHINGTON—Only postponed: not abandoned! High-wrought feelings find some relief in this, as when a soothing lotion quickly scatters pain.

AID—The combined assault was to have been on August 10th, and the British pressed to death between two powers in concert acting. D'Estaing upon the water, Sullivan with rapid march was to close around them upon the other side. The Count on shore held conference with Gen. Sullivan, and all plans were confirmed. On the 9th the British, withdrawing from the north of Newport Island, concentrated at the southern end. This same day Gen. Sullivan crossed from the mainland to the spot by the English left. This was with-

Island for this blow. D'Estaing carried three thousand five hundred French troops. As soon as D'Estaing reached Newport, he ran the British batteries and entered the harbor. The English, panic-stricken, destroyed ten of their ships of war.—*Bancroft.*

out notice to the Count, and one day before the agreed time for united action; it was so far a violation of the compact made.

WASHINGTON—But surely so small a matter did not endanger a result of such vast importance?

AID—There was some censure from the Admiral; but forgotten in the great purpose which engaged us all. On the 8th of August the Count ran the batteries of the town and flaunted his pennant in Newport Harbor. Sullivan, as I have said, pushed closer upon the British lines. The French, unthreatened, now ride upon the waters, with guns ready to rain fiery ruin upon the enemy. All was expectation and high hopes.[7]

WAYNE—I fear another miscarriage of well-laid plans. There is some deity who trips us. And all the more galling, because so often in an hour of greatest promise.

AID—At this crowning moment the fleet of Admiral Howe appeared off Point Judith, fifteen miles away. It was now the 9th.

WASHINGTON—I had given notice to Sullivan of his departure from New York.[8]

AID—Count D'Estaing resolved that it was prudent to meet Howe upon the element common to them both. And decided not to open battle as agreed, while this hostile fleet menaced from the sea. The wind sitting in a quarter favorable, on the 10th our Admiral, squaring canvas to the northeast gale, bore down upon the British.[9]

[7] See Note 6.

It was arranged between Sullivan and D'Estaing that the French should land on August 10, and on the same day Sullivan should move forward from inland. Sullivan [without notice to D'Estaing] moved forward on the 9th, which displeased D'Estaing, but no trouble came of it.—*Bancroft.*

[8] Washington wrote Sullivan that Howe had sailed with his fleet for Newport.—*Carrington.*

[9] Admiral Howe appeared, with his fleet, off Point Judith on the 9th, and D'Estaing resolved to give up the concerted battle with Sullivan and go out and meet Howe. On the morning of the 10th D'Estaing sailed out to sea to encounter the British fleet. A heavy storm and northeast gale dispersed and wrecked both fleets.—*Ramsay.*

WAYNE—And sunk them? Of course he did. Else why give up the victory engaged, and fly to that of uncertain compassing?

AID—It would be worth the journey I have made to say "Yes" to this; but it is not so. The English refused the proffered battle. All day, from the shore, with strained eyes we followed these giants of the deep. This was the very time when, by combined assault, Pigot was to yield to us his sword, as prisoner.

WASHINGTON [*agitated greatly*]—Foreseeing what you do not, alarm usurps the place of hope, and drives to speedy action. Be brief; go on!

AID—There is but little more to tell. The gale of the early day afterward blew with fiercer anger, swelling to a tempest! Within it, these fleets of mortals yielded to immortal purposes. It was a fearful time. The rock-bound shores of Narragansett—forced ablutions spurning—hurled back the audacious waves in resounding thunders. Ships of any nation were but dancing atoms upon commanding seas. Both fleets were scattered; many vessels wrecked; all damaged.

WAYNE—So did Neptune, with impartial hand, punish those who had designed to vex his waters with their loud-roaring battle—and yet so puny to that he waged!

WASHINGTON—Is this the end? Has the French fleet gone—hopelessly dispersed with its many thousand soldiers?

AID—And also the English squadron has departed. So stood affairs when I was hurried hither.

WAYNE—How fared the army in this bitter time?

AID—Those on the land shared in the windy ruin. Rhode Island would have floated in the torrents of descending rain, had she not been firmly anchored with the moorings of a continent. Tents were gathered as tribute to roaring winds; and soldiers were left shelterless. Our consolation—the foe was joined with us in huge discomfort.[10]

[10] The same storm [see Note 9] flooded Rhode Island with rain, overturned the tents of soldiers, and left only trees for shelter.

WASHINGTON—As I foresee, Sullivan is now in danger: we may lose an army, where we planned to win one. Clinton will forthwith send re-enforcements from New York. Foreseeing this, safety in prompt action lies. Sullivan, with State militia, confronts a veteran army within intrenchments. Without the guns of D'Estaing, to assault is hopeless. But to be assaulted—upon this rock dash my fears. He must retreat—retreat! Retreat before it is too late. Convey the order, that a trusty courier, upon the swiftest steed the camp affords, in readiness awaits to convey commands to Sullivan.

[*Exit* AID.

Enter hurriedly a COURIER.

WASHINGTON—You bring information. Good or bad, what is it?

COURIER—Dispatches for the General-in-Chief.

[*Hands papers to* WASHINGTON.

WASHINGTON [*tearing open the papers, and reading in alarm*]—Prescience was true prophet of the act. Maxwell, who guards at the gateway to the sea, here gives report that Clinton has sailed the Narrows, and with an army is on his way to Newport. Every minute now is big with fate, and not one is to spare, if we would win the issue.[11] [*All retire.*

SCENE IV. *New York City. A Reception Room in Fraunces' Tavern. Time: November* 12, 1778. *Night.*

Enter GEN. LORD FRANCIS RAWDON, COL. BANISTRE TARLETON *and* CAPT. GEORGE LOFTUS; *each escorting a lady. They come in singing and laughing.*

LOFTUS—The best performance in America. Old

Horses were killed, and even soldiers. The British, housed in town, suffered less, but greatly.—*Bancroft.*

[11] Washington now foresaw danger. He sent a courier to Sullivan informing him that Clinton had left New York with four thousand troops for Newport; and for him [Sullivan] to retreat forthwith.—*Carrington.*

John Street Theater forever![1] Bless the Yankees for giving that! [*All laugh.*

Enter a WAITER.

RAWDON [*to the* WAITER]—We are six famished wolves. Six birds and one bottle. The best in the caller. Be careful, or I will have an ear for dereliction. And be quick!

LOFTUS—Fly, or we famish! We have laughed to fainting.

TARLETON—Make it two bottles. [*All laugh.*

FIRST FEMALE—No, no! an amendment. Two birds each; one bottle for all.

LOFTUS—Traitoress! You mean to choke with thirst officers of the King. One bird and two bottles! [*Laughing continues.*

FIRST FEMALE—Two birds! Two birds! That is, if anything is *two.*

TARLETON—Good woman, you will develop wings.

LOFTUS—Indeed! She has wings already. [*Loud laughing.*

FIRST FEMALE [*with stern indignation*]—Capt. Loftus, some people know too much!

LOFTUS [*bowing with humility*]—And some divine—truthfully, when the subject is a divinity.

RAWDON—A good run, Loftus! A safe escape! A clever run from danger. [*Great laughter.*

ALL FEMALES [*in unison*]—Two birds and one bottle!

SECOND FEMALE—All in favor say "Aye!" [*Females all exclaim* "Aye!"] Contrary, "No!" [*Men all cry* "No!"] Carried. Waiter, two birds and one bottle!

[1] The "Rebel Congress" [American] had closed its sessions in the "little red John Street Theater" [New York], which was given over to theatricals and cock-fighting, and re-opened in January, 1777, as "Theater Royal," by a club composed of some of the brightest men in the British army: Maj. Moncrief, Capt. Loftus, Capt. John André, and others. In January, 1779, Capt. André opened the theater with a prologue, written and spoken by himself.—"*Memorial History of New York*," *James Grant Wilson.*

MEN [*all in unison*]—A tie! A tie! How is it carried?

SECOND FEMALE—The intelligence of this party was in the affirmative. [*All shout with merriment.*

RAWDON—Go, waiter, go! bring anything you have; else we die on your hands. [*Exit* WAITER.

TARLETON—Where is Capt. André? He was to join us here. [*To* LORD RAWDON.] Frank, where is he?

RAWDON—He remained at the theater, to gather his laurels, so thickly scattered upon the stage. [*To* COL. TARLETON.] Banistre, he gave us a hit to-night. He always does. It was his way last winter in Philadelphia. [*To* CAPT. LOFTUS.] George Loftus, we will moisten his bays with those two bottles![2]

SECOND FEMALE—One bottle.

LOFTUS—Stop! stop! Change this battle of the bottles, to the bottles of the battle. [*All laugh.*] And if thirst don't down them all, I'm no King's Captain.

[*Loud laughter.*

TARLETON—A taking title. [*Exhibits a theater bill.*

RAWDON [*seizes the bill and reads*]—"John Street Theater. A special performance. Sullivan's Run; or, the Scampering Yankee. By Capt. John André, of His Majesty's troop."[3] [*Roars of laughter.*

TARLETON—So true to life. A clever dog, André! A clever dog! The play was applauded till silence was a longed-for rest.

RAWDON—The song! the song! Who can give it? The song to "Jacky Sullivan." [*To* THIRD FEMALE.] A second bird to the winner.

THIRD FEMALE—You can't bribe me in that way. A second is mine already. [*Laughing.*

TARLETON—There were twenty stanzas. I caught these on the wing. [*Reads from stanzas.*

[2] Fraunce's Tavern [still standing 1895] was the resort of gay and festive parties of the period.—*Ridpath.*

[3] Capt. André was the poet of the army, dramatist, and painter.—*Wilson.*

RAWDON—Now, all together: And give music to our battle hymn. [*They all sing.*

When Sullivan came to Newport Bay;
D'Estaing on the water, and Clinton away,
He was quite resolved to have his own say;
So he came rushing to Newport.
He sputtered and swore, he would drink only gore;
And so he came rushing to Newport.

The water was rough, and the Frenchman was sick:
Fight not being pleasant, his departure was quick;
To aid Jacky Sullivan, D'Estaing wouldn't stick,
So he scampered away from Newport.
Lafayette couldn't stop him; and Jacky was sore,
When his fleet disappeared from Newport.

Then Clinton came sailing out of the West,
With soldiers four thousand, of bravest the best;
His coming soon banished from Jacky all rest,
For the British were sailing to Newport.
Their purpose was plain; they plowed the salt main
To seize Jacky and braggarts at Newport.

This Sullivan knew, and so speedily flew
From the gore he would swallow, and deeds he would do;
And the Briton was left to laugh or pursue,
After casting his anchor at Newport.
Jacky never meant fight; he only meant flight;
As we learned while landing at Newport.
[*Unrestrained laughter.*

LOFTUS—My Lord Rawdon, you and Col. Tarleton were a part of this expedition, and I not. The play, in good humor, tells the story, but it hides the serious side. Why did you fail? You had force enough? Six thousand men there, and our General sailing on with four thousand more.

RAWDON—Opposing winds kept us too long at sea; Sullivan fled in time to escape arrest. On the 29th of August he made his successful run, while, like a fowler who had shot and missed, we stood watching the flying bird. We landed on the 30th, one day too late.[4]

[4] Clinton, with a force of four thousand men [see Note 11, Scene 3], sailed from New York to aid Pigot to capture Sullivan. He arrived at Newpoit one day too late.—*Bancroft.*

TARLETON—The August storm had scattered upon the waters—this before we came—the blustering fleets which had joined for mutual injury off Point Judith. Crippled by huge billows, Admiral Howe returned to New York. D'Estaing, battered as well, went off to sea, since he had no other place to go. [*All laugh.*

LOFTUS—With French guns away, this was Britain's opportunity against audacious rebels, who were here much too venturesome.

RAWDON—None knew this better than Gen. Clinton.

LOFTUS—Did D'Estaing go cruising for whales? Or came he back to moorings?

RAWDON—After ten days' absence, and on August 20,—all this gossip, like a good old dame, awaited our arrival,—he again sailed into Newport. Here to loyal hearts comes the comic part of this eventful story. D'Estaing was too much torn by Neptune—so he told his confederates—to engage with them in preconcerted conflict; but he would go to Boston for repairs. This he did.[5] [*All laugh.*

LOFTUS [*laughing*]—Is this supporting your friends? These Frenchmen want to fight comfortably. Say, after dinner; or when the cooling breezes blow; and when the decks are all nice and dry. I don't blame them. [*All laugh greatly.*] Indeed, I don't! Why should they incommode themselves for a gang of surly outlaws? I like these Frenchmen and their taking ways—that is, when they thus take themselves off. They got their friend Sullivan into a scrape, and then sailed away.

[*All continue laughing.*

RAWDON—Sullivan was in a scrape, as Loftus says. Dangerously situated. He had advanced close to our

[5] D'Estaing, after leaving Newport to attack Howe [see Note 9, Scene 3], returned to Newport, August 20. But he now refused to join Sullivan in the attack on Pigot, saying he was too much damaged. And the French fleet sailed to Boston. And in November sailed for the West Indies, doing nothing for the American cause.—*Bancroft.*

The first efforts of the French in co-operation resulted in nothing.—*Carrington.*

lines on Newport Island, in league with D'Estaing for joint attack in front and rear. Behind he was unprotected. Raw militia made up his force. Lafayette pleaded with D'Estaing against departure. It was to cut off the backward journey to the mainland that we were hurried eastward.

LOFTUS—What had Sullivan to say of his faithful ally? Who was to toast us, as if we English were so many frogs with which to grace a feast?

TARLETON [*bursting with laughter*]—The air was lurid with his oaths. All this came to us through faithful emissaries. He issued an address full of pompous rhetoric and high-phrased defiance: Censured in general orders the flying Admiral of His Christian Majesty, rating his support as of little value. [*All laugh.*

LOFTUS—In this frame of mind he was ripe for our gathering. We were entitled to his rabble. But they always beat us in legs; for they win the fight that win the race.[6] [*Laughter.*

RAWDON—Washington saved them, as he usually saves them all in the fatal hour. We learned that he and Lafayette induced a wordy reparation for the spleeny criticisms upon the Gaul.[7] Washington sent from New York orders for retreat, which were executed, just as England's Constable had extended his arm to grasp the culprit by the collar. Our troops soon sailed back to New York, and effected nothing by the venture.

Enter the WAITER, *who bows.*

[*All cry, in unison*]—The feast! The feast! Now for the birds and bottles! [*As they go, all sing:*

"Jacky never meant fight; he only meant flight," etc.

[*All retire.*

[6] "They win the fight that win the race," wrote André in one of his poems ridiculing the Americans.—*Lossing.*

[7] In general orders Sullivan censured D'Estaing for sailing away [see Note 5], but after this [at intercession of Washington] he made reparation for his hasty words.—*Bancroft.*

SCENE V. *New York City. Headquarters of Sir Henry Clinton, British Commander-in-Chief.* [*No.* 1 *Broadway.*] *Time: January,* 1779.

Enter MAJ. JOHN ANDRÉ *and* MAJ. MONCRIEF.

ANDRÉ—I am sick of such proceedings. These savage murders and our predatory war! I came here as a soldier, not a cut-throat.

MONCRIEF—So! So! The favorite of the army grows sensitive from promotion. Capt. André was uncomplaining; Maj. André is now a critic. Nevertheless, if this savagery is continued, you and I will fill in history the rôle of cut-throats.

ANDRÉ—Last July we crimsoned the roses of beautiful Wyoming with the blood of innocence. How I have tried to forget this foul blot upon English manhood! Now the wound is made to bleed again by this massacre of Cherry Valley.[1]

MONCRIEF—New York now joins Pennsylvania in a common sorrow. The savage and his scalping knife are not objects of eulogy in civilized war.

ANDRÉ—Moncrief, what can we do? In Philadelphia last winter, even among friends, our union with these tawny murderers was a standing menace to respectability.

MONCRIEF—Ah! I see now. André, you are deep; yet shallow enough for reading with the naked eye. Does Miss Peggy disapprove? [*Laughs heartily.*

ANDRÉ—Miss Margaret Shippen—you need not tell me that behind "Miss Peggy" you conceal that name—is a young lady whose disapproval of anything is an honest criticism.

MONCRIEF—Indeed! I did not know it had gone so far as that. [*Laughing.*

[1] Capt. André, promoted [January, 1779], was now Maj. André. The massacre of Cherry Valley, similar, though not so extensive as that of Wyoming, was in November, 1778. The notorious Joseph Brant here led the savages.—*Ridpath.*

ANDRÉ—I shall not translate your innuendo. An estimable young woman! I was honored with Miss Shippen's friendship. In the revelries of last winter she was, of many, the chosen favorite. We ignored politics, and so got on well together.

MONCRIEF—She was a little rebel; but so charming we all loved rebellion.

ANDRÉ—I am not sure that the devil, who stirs this land to fight our gracious King, has a home within her heart. But perhaps he has. This much: her father is fast friend of England; and girls will sometimes frown on that which is most loved; so hostility assumed is shield to genuine feeling. No matter. I, while bowing to her greater worth, cared not to ask at which political shrine she worshiped.

MONCRIEF—She was your star in Mischianza? Do you keep knowledge of the constellation in which she shines, since we left Philadelphia?

ANDRÉ—She honors me with letters since we parted. Her constellation is now a domestic sign, if such the zodiac gives. She is to be married.

MONCRIEF—Peggy Shippen! Now affianced, and to be married? Why, André, I had not heard of this. When?

ANDRÉ—Only a few days ago came the report. The wedding is to be when April hangs her buds in air to woo the bloom of May.

MONCRIEF—Is it now in order to condole with you? [*Laughing.*] If so, I extend my sympathy, as if to one who had lost the sense of music.

ANDRÉ—Well said. She was an epic of all the graces; and her loss is the loss of as sweet a song as ever the angels choired.

MONCRIEF—Whom does she wed?

ANDRÉ—Gen. Benedict Arnold; he who became military ruler in Philadelphia after us.[2]

[2] Miss Margaret Shippen (or "Peggy Shippen") was the daughter of Edward Shippen of Philadelphia, a distinguished Loyalist.

MONCRIEF—One of the most dashing of the Generals in the hostile lines. Enough. Here come their Excellencies.

Enter GEN. CLINTON *and* LORD CORNWALLIS.

CLINTON—When a year has closed, prudent tradesmen count their loss or gain. We of the army may profit from this example. Do we stand, before the argus-eyed critic of the youthful year, in anything advanced within the twelve months gone?

CORNWALLIS—I should say, your Excellency, we still stand at the mile-post we reached a year ago.

CLINTON—Say you so, my Lord!

CORNWALLIS—To-day, as then, we occupy a beseiged city; the enemy as courageous and as strong; two qualities in which our army stands much reduced.

CLINTON—You astonish me, Cornwallis! Do you impeach the courage of the British soldiers? Our ranks may be depleted,—indeed they have been,—but the fearless heart remains.

CORNWALLIS—You have those who would strive with Agamemnon. But war is judged by what it gains. Courageous armies enter upon great battles, and states rise or fall upon the verdict. Armies—especially those aggressive—never can count as brave achievements—unless compassing subjugation—secretive raids, which end in murder, plunder, and private ruin. Great principles of state, for which dread war is panoplied, are not advanced by these—which are rated with deeds most cowardly.[8]

Miss Shippen was one of the "Queens of Beauty" [by Capt. André appointed] in the Mischianza. There certainly was a warm friendship (though likely nothing more) between Miss Shippen and Capt. André in Philadelphia, which was continued by a correspondence between them after the British came to New York. Miss Shippen subsequently became the wife of Benedict Arnold.

André availed himself of his former intimacy with Mrs. Arnold to make her an unconscious means of facilitating a correspondence with her husband. They corresponded previous to her marriage.—*Irving.*

[8] The British army could now only ravage and destroy by sudden expeditions.—*Bancroft.*

Throughout the year the British aimed to but little more in the

ANDRÉ—General Cornwallis, I thank you for that speech. It is the utterance of a soldier.

CLINTON—What else can we do? One year ago Gen. Howe had in Philadelphia, here, and at Newport, a force of three-and-thirty thousand. He asked for more —which the Ministry refused. So he went home and left me heir to his command. His brother left his pennant flying, and followed him in September last. Admiral Byron in his place now gives orders. I have to-day a power of two-and-twenty thousand men; and the task still as formidable. With forces so reduced, we can only waste, not conquer.[4]

CORNWALLIS—No one, your Excellency, will hold you guilty of this fault of small achievement.

CLINTON—Washington coops us here as so many pigeons in a cage. This has ever been his policy. It was so at Boston and Philadelphia. To dislodge* him, we must assail his intrenchments now at Middlebrook. This rashness, only overwhelming odds can justify. Upon this island-rock—to change my feathery simile—we are as Prometheus; while the vulture of rebellion is pecking at our vitals.

MONCRIEF—England can look for no grand results, when we are thus neglected.

CLINTON—I have written to our Ministers not to expect anything from one so circumstanced as I am.

ANDRÉ—Then the record of the year just ended shows in our favor no progress made toward the recovery of

North than distress and depredations. They planned sundry expeditions on this principle.—*Ramsay*.

[4] Admiral Lord Howe [following his brother Gen. Howe] gave up his command of the English fleet to Admiral Byron, and went home to England.—*Bancroft*.

The situation was mortifying to Sir Henry Clinton, a man of ambition, to be confined and condemned to mere predatory warfare. Such, however, was the nature of the expeditions set on foot through the year 1779 [and in the end of the year before]. It was demoralizing to his officers and men. This embittered the struggle and made submission possible only through absolute extermination. —*Carrington*.

the colonies. So said, just now, my Lord Cornwallis. Are we content with such a balance-sheet ?

CORNWALLIS—We should not be. But they are content at home, or seem so, since they furnish the force for no greater war. Then our duty is to follow superior example, and be ourselves contented.

CLINTON—Our mode of war is sanctioned. After Wyoming, Lord Germain extolled the act of ruin, and advised similar deeds of waste. During the year ended he had no other plan.[5] The Commissioners for the Bills of Conciliation,—who spoke for King and Parliament,—in their parting manifesto of October last, proclaimed that the extremes of war should follow the failure of their mission ; even a war of waste and desolation.

ANDRÉ—This army, then, is guiltless. For as ordered, so we do.

MONCRIEF—On the ledgers, as our swords write them, how heavy is this charge of waste against us ?

CLINTON—Since assuming the command last May ? Is this your question ? Yes ! Very well. To answer requires some reflection, also retrospection. In June last while on the march across New Jersey, at Monmouth we gave blow for blow in honest war, and won our road by fighting for it. August closed, just as we reached out for Sullivan at Newport, who with nimble foot eluded us. As we from there came home, Sir Charles Grey with fierce and heavy hand tore comfort from New England shores. New Bedford, Fair Haven, and minor points were laid in ruins.[6]

CORNWALLIS—No general purpose prompting, this was desolating war ; in which the innocent always suffers most.

CLINTON—Very true. But the spoils obtained weakened the enemy, who lived upon them.

[5] Germain wrote approving of the massacres of Wyoming and Cherry Valley and of predatory war.—*Bancroft.*

[6] When Clinton returned from his fruitless expedition against Sullivan at Newport, Sir Charles Grey was detached to waste the shores of Long Island, between Newport and New York. He did this savagely.—"*History of the United States,*" *John Frost.*

ANDRÉ—The destruction of a people is not justified till all other means have failed to subjugate. Do we admit, as these methods argue, inability to reduce these colonies in fair and open fight?

CLINTON—No matter as to that, which Parliament may answer. In September you, my Lord Cornwallis, leading a force, five thousand strong, assailed New Jersey; while Knyphausen, with three thousand, carried consternation to Westchester County. This served to confuse the enemy, and so far was fair strategy; though surely it was marauding war.

CORNWALLIS—All to little purpose; for the strategy of Washington was to face me with Putnam and Wayne; Knyphausen with Gates; taking for himself central place at Fredericksburgh: He might—thus situated—strike either of us with greater numbers.

CLINTON—But he did not strike either?

CORNWALLIS—No. Because our expeditions were too quicky ended. Sufficient ruin wrought, and plunder taken, we hurried back to camp. And rebellious waves rolled again to the shores they washed, when we set forth.

CLINTON—As I recall, my Lord, you gave much punishment to the rebels, levying upon their fields. Knyphausen came home contented with the rural ruin he had done.

CORNWALLIS—We knew that Wayne was with Putnam, and moved carefully—for he hits a heavy blow. Gen. Grey captured a detachment of light horse—one Col. Baylor in command. They were surprised; were defenseless, and were destroyed. This is the manner of Gen. Grey.[1]

CLINTON—I refer to that. Surrounded while they slept, they awoke as captives; and awoke to die.

ANDRÉ—One hundred men surrendered. Of these,

[1] The end of September, 1778, Cornwallis led a predatory foray into New Jersey. Maj. Gen. Gray [of his command] surprised and captured, and massacred a regiment of dragoons [after their surrender] under Col. Baylor. The prisoners sued for quarter. They were bayoneted while defenseless and prisoners.—*Ramsay.*

seventy helpless prisoners were murdered with the bayonet. This is the deed of fame set to the credit of Gen. Grey.

CLINTON—Major André, you are yet young. When you are older, you will be less sentimental.

MONCRIEF—What is the next deed of valor swelling a great nation's prowess?

CLINTON—The coast of New Jersey came in turn. Little Egg Harbor was a haven of much shipping. Col. Ferguson, in October, entered and gave many vessels to the torch: he bore this kindled fire to the shore. Count Pulaski, the fighting Pole, was encountered and overborne. Many prisoners taken,—though the Count got off,—were slain to save trouble. In January, now upon us, following the lesson of Cornwallis in September, our grip of iron, strangling the comfort of peaceful homes, was extended along the Hudson, even to Tarrytown. Thus is computed the work, since I became commander; this work has carried suffering to rural acres, and brought spoils to us; but surely no other gain.[8]

MONCRIEF—And in November the savage, taught by our high example, ended a campaign of murder at Cherry Valley. Who shall stand higher in the temple where honor finds a record, the teacher or the taught?

CLINTON—All has been done as King and Parliament would have it.[9]

ANDRÉ—Is this marauding strategy ended with the dying year?

CLINTON—Because of a change of policy with the Ministry, it is ended in the North. From this time the South shall feel the fiery blasts of war. These matters just recounted, are here given as England's parting wounds to a stubborn foe.

CORNWALLIS—Shall the English fleet attend the army

[8] October, 1778, Capt. Ferguson destroyed much shipping in Little Egg Harbor, New Jersey, and burned and murdered for miles around.—*Lossing.*

[9] See Note 5.

on this Southern mission? The French no longer threaten in Northern waters.

CLINTON—As circumstances govern. Last November Byron in front of Boston invited Count D'Estaing to test each other's guns. The Frenchman refused; again a tempest drove our fleet to sea. The prudent Count, with the harbor watch away, escaped, and sailed with all his force to the West Indies. The rebels mourn his loss, though why, Heaven only knows, not I.

MONCRIEF—At Newport he gave them a vision of his departing sails; this was repetition. The alliance, like untrained horses pulling different ways, progresses poorly.

CLINTON—Just as if pulling with a single will, this alliance has cost me five thousand men. In November I was ordered to follow D'Estaing to the West Indies with this number, which sailed away. I protested that it reduced my army to a starved defensive. These were followed by three thousand, for assault upon Georgia. And so begins a Southern war.[10]

CORNWALLIS—Thus far, good reports come from this land of flowers—which bloom while fall our snows.

CLINTON—Couriers just arrived confirm the report that Georgia has fallen. Commodore Hyde Parker last month opened on Savannah from the water side, while Col. Campbell approached it in the rear. Between the two, a force of a thousand rebels, one Robert Howe directing, yielded—though a few escaped,—and Savannah received our flag. Gen. Provost came on from Florida —at my cost he had been strengthened with two thousand men—and so, this union of guns gave Georgia as a New Year's gift to our gracious King.[11]

CORNWALLIS—Maj. Moncrief, the ledgers of the last year have been inspected, responsive to your inquiry. Are you satisfied?

MONCRIEF—Well, we are not exactly bankrupt in

[10] The British Ministry had given up hope of reducing the North, and resolved upon war in the South. Clinton was ordered to send troops there. He remonstrated, but had to comply.—*Bancroft.*

[11] Savannah was taken by the British in December, 1778.—*Ridpath.*

achievement. Conquered Georgia saves us, and helps the balance sheet. It is a narrow escape, however, as if we had felt our way forth by this single thread, from the barren cave where empty efforts lie.

CLINTON—The New Year gives us hope that this cave of emptiness shall be hung with wreaths, gathered from the palmetto and beneath the Southern Cross.

[*All retire.*

SCENE VI. *Philadelphia. Hall of Congress, in State House* (*Independence Hall*). *Time: April* 15, 1779. *Forenoon: before the daily session.*

Enter WASHINGTON *and* LAURENS, *each with friends attending.*

WASHINGTON—In affairs, money is a moving power.

LAURENS—Next to levies to fill the armies, it is the important power.

WASHINGTON—England attacks us here, where we are vulnerable. Laurens, we cannot go on, with national finances so disordered.

LAURENS—The condition disturbs us all; and surely you?

WASHINGTON—My camp at Middlebrook nurtures a patriotic fire that will consume our enemies if you but feed it. Withdraw the fuel, and I shall look for ashes.[1]

LAURENS—Have the troops rested through the winter, and shown contentment?

[1] The Americans closed the campaign of 1778 for want of money. Paper bills were almost worthless. The decline was hastened by the introduction, by the English, of millions of counterfeit bills. Congress had no power to raise any by law, and this weakness Washington regarded as one of the gravest dangers. He strongly advocated a central and powerful government. During the winter of 1779 he visited Congress at Philadelphia frequently, to urge these views, and to plan for the next campaign. His troops and officers were murmuring in camp for their pay.—*Sparks.*

WASHINGTON—Since December, when we went into camp, until this hour, an obedient soldiery has never given an hour of anxiety. They have watched the winter through from the shore of Connecticut to the Delaware ; on one extended line, that girdled Clinton. Like a caged vulture, he has darted here and there, to tear and ruin where he might alight ; and then, to escape our dangerous arrows, darted home again. In spoils he has wounded our people, but given no general hurt. This is war most puerile ; and the enemy is weak to be reduced to it.[2]

LAURENS—Will this continue, now that the frost has gone ?

WASHINGTON—I foresee a change adopted from necessity. Unable to make further progress in the North, the enemy enters upon another field, and calls us after him in pursuit. The South from this time forth must give him ground to stand upon, unless there, as here, we push him to the sea.

LAURENS—My people will supplement Bunker Hill and Saratoga. So let him come.

WASHINGTON [*heartily shaking hands*]—Spoken, Laurens, like a brother nurtured under the sun that warmed me as well. The attack on Georgia just as the last year closed, the expeditions now preparing, all confirm me. Clinton will hold New York ; but Newport and the East set free. The menace here will be sufficient to engage us, with an observing army. A blow may be struck now and then, but those decisive, or meant to be so, will henceforth in the South be hurled.[3]

LAURENS—In Georgia we have returned these blows already ?

WASHINGTON—In January Gen. Lincoln there took command of about four thousand men. A sturdy man ! He quickly got to work. In February he struck at

[2] See Notes 3 and 4, Scene 5.

[3] Washington was very anxious when the war was transferred to the South, since he had neither troops to spare nor money for their transportation.—*Ramsay.*

Kettle Creek the robber band of Tories led by Col. Boyd, and dispersed whom he did not destroy. A week later—it was on March the 3d—misfortune came to us. At Briar Creek Gen. Ashe,—surprised and cut off from Lincoln,—with a force of a thousand men, was driven in disorder. The loss of seven guns and three hundred soldiers, in that distant land, so naked to the enemy, try us sorely.

Enter GEN. BENEDICT ARNOLD, *Military Governor of Philadelphia, supported by two crutches and attended by three aids. He bows to* WASHINGTON *and* LAURENS.

WASHINGTON [*taking* ARNOLD *by the hand*]—Saratoga, jealous of her renown, still frets the wound that made her famous. Her greatness shall not wane in memory while this hurt remains.[4]

ARNOLD—Thank you, General! And yet Saratoga is a generous jade; for, though she made one leg useless, she gives me two in place of it. [*Lifts his crutches.*

WASHINGTON—No longer invincible! I marvel that the unconquerable at last is conquered.

LAURENS [*bowing to* ARNOLD]—I may be permitted to express to Benedict my happiness that, multiplied by love, he is a benedict now, two for one.

ARNOLD—Gentlemen, you rally me upon my wedded life. Go on. I can stand it, since I have the prize and you the merriment.

WASHINGTON—With Miss Margaret Shippen as the prize, you are well fortified. But beware! If her heart beats not to our music, you are lost. States cannot resist the conquering power of beauty. It was Helen who set in flames the topmost towers of Ilium.

LAURENS—Her father and her friends consort with those loyal to the King, and are classed with those who love him. Arnold, this will be strange company for you.

[4] Gen. Benedict Arnold, still on crutches and suffering from his wounds at Saratoga, was placed in command of Philadelphia when Clinton left, June 18, 1778.—*Sparks.*

ARNOLD—Trust me as a missionary. I shall reform the heretic if I find one, not become a heathen.

WASHINGTON—Then we may win a fortress; not lose a Major-General.

LAURENS—The beauty of two empires! England worshiped her while here; and now the patriot supplants in adoration his foreign foe.[5]

ARNOLD [*to* WASHINGTON]—You play the politician and forsake the camp. Often through the winter we have rejoiced to see you here.

WASHINGTON—Necessity forces me to argument with these lawmakers. An empty treasury precedes an empty meat-house: both fatal to the army.

ARNOLD—You touch me closely now. Here in Philadelphia, the winter past, I have lived on promises received. Been compelled to maintain the dignity of Commander on vapory air. I, too, have given promises,—they were all I had,—and may have trouble to redeem them. Joseph Reed and his Council of Pennsylvania—may the devil catch them all!—disapprove of this.

LAURENS—I am no longer President of Congress, therefore, shorn of authority. Jay, since December last, has held this honor. He doubtless will do all for safety that the time imposes.[6]

WASHINGTON—I was to meet him here.

ARNOLD—And here he comes.

Enter JOHN JAY, *President of the Continental Congress.*

[5] The British in Philadelphia [winter of 1777 and 1778] indulged in the amusements of idle men. [See Notes 1 and 2, Scene 6, Act I.] Among the gayest was John André, a young, handsome, graceful soldier. He was always a welcome guest to the house of Edward Shippen [see Note 2, Scene 5], a Loyalist, and father of "Peggy Shippen," a queen of André's Mischianza, and after, the wife of Benedict Arnold.—"*Life of Benedict Arnold*," *Isaac N. Arnold.*

[6] December 10, 1778, John Jay was made President of Congress in place of Henry Laurens of South Carolina.—*Hildreth.*

JAY—Good-morning, gentlemen! It is a pleasure to meet you, each and all. [*Bows to all.*

WASHINGTON—We have prior possession this morning of these chambers whence emanates the law.

JAY—I know of none whose claim should rank that of Washington for entrance to Independence Hall.

ARNOLD—Jay, we want money! We who fight, must feed to do so. We want money!

JAY—Gen. Arnold, you will excuse me, but I think it is a chronic want with you. [*All laugh.*

LAURENS [*to* JAY]—The condition of our finances alarms our chief.

WASHINGTON—The army begins to murmur. Both officers and men are bankrupt. Gratuitously they serve. This should not be. It need not, for these colonies are rich enough to be worth the battle we are making to have them all our own. The obligations of the state are now in value three cents to the dollar; since so dishonored, they, like angry imps, frown upon us from clouds in rayless night.

JAY—But how to change? I am willing for any remedy that dispels this gloom.

ARNOLD—The country is flooded with counterfeits, issued by the Briton? Is this so?

LAURENS—Millions of counterfeits have poured upon us from England. This ignoble stratagem has helped to impair the value of our bills. Millions of our currency we have withdrawn, the real contaminated with the base.[1]

WASHINGTON—Our bills are unsecured by substantial prop. Disaster will ever follow such finance. With no solid place of rest, they sink, and sink, responsive to gravitation. Weight is their quality and only value.

JAY—And what remedy for this?

WASHINGTON—A government with power to enforce its laws. I have ever favored this. The articles of confederation—eighteen months ago proposed and not yet confirmed—is one step forward. This plan leaves each

[1] See Note 1.

State—a great omission—to its own caprice, to feed the army, to furnish troops, and to collect a revenue. A central government that can enforce its edicts will save from threatened ruin.

ARNOLD—You men who make the laws may listen with profit to these lessons. I wish I could compel you. It was Cromwell, as I remember, who dispersed a dawdling Parliament. [*All laugh.*

JAY—Arnold, I am terrified with your musty reference. There is no need of Roundheads here. [*Renewed laughter.*] Cromwell may slumber still.

LAURENS—We cannot leap from the valley to high Olympus. In due time we shall have a union of these colonies, virile with living powers.

ARNOLD—Meantime our warriors may starve, for want of a coin to buy a penny loaf.

WASHINGTON—General, not so bad as that. We have friends abroad who will trust us; and also lend to us, answering our needs.

LAURENS—And Congress has neglected nothing which helps to effect such loans.

WASHINGTON—There is no more to say; and from this point argument runs to weeds, like summer stalks from which the fruit is plucked. I return to camp with hope of better things.

ARNOLD—I have more to say, your Excellency, and will say it now, and those may hear who care to. I bear wounds which these crutches do not solace. The Council of this State does not approve of my style of living. I am arrogant and extravagant; entertain as friends some not orthodox in politics. So says Joseph Reed, the most valiant chairman of Pennsylvania statecraft. Indeed, this man—who, in the dark hour of retreat across New Jersey, would have accepted the master's kick as soothing relief from danger—doubts my fidelity to these colonies.

WASHINGTON—These mute supports [*touching the crutches*] are witnesses unanswerable against such a calumny.

ARNOLD—Others do not think so. Congress, upon

these charges, by request of Reed and his conspirators, have ordered a court-martial.

JAY—Congress could not refuse the request of a sovereign State, though groundless it deemed the charges.

ARNOLD—Your Excellency, I have hobbled here to ask a speedy trial. It was in February—two months ago—when Congress, pushed on by this purveyor of base slanders, put this stain upon my name. Delay is killing me. It brought me back from an intended journey, full of happy expectations. I burn to confound these patriots, who value pence and shillings more than flowing blood.

WASHINGTON—I am not censuring. But in these times Spartan simplicity has force as an example.

ARNOLD—Who shall limit this simplicity? Joseph Reed? God forbid! I say here, this creature shall not judge me! I will not permit it from this dainty statesman. Shall I ask him, indeed, how many leeks the pot receives to nourish my daily soup; or the potatoes fit in number to grace my dinner; whom I shall ask to join me in this meal so carefully economized; when I may ride and when must walk—or rather hop, since one leg is the economy of motion? Heaven help me! Before I submit to these indignities, I will abjure all thought of life, and pass on to the hereafter with hope of better treatment, since worse it cannot be. It is enough to contend with men, not women; and this my answer to a part of the accusation. God keep me patient! for I know not at times to what extremes these jacks may drive me. I would rather be a dog, with liberty to bark, than a Major-General thus hampered.[8]

WASHINGTON—Gen. Arnold, I shall grant your wish for trial as speedily as it may be.

[8] Arnold was ordered to a court-martial by Congress, being accused of extravagance in Philadelphia [Joseph Reed, President of the State of Pennsylvania, being chief accuser], and also of impropriety and of consorting with the enemies of his country. He had, in the beginning of April [the month when this scene is laid] married Miss Margaret Shippen. Arnold clamored for a speedy trial. [See Note 2, Scene 5.]—*Ramsay.*

ARNOLD—And I shall remain contented with this hope of speedy hearing.

JAY—And I contented, at your swift delivery from every charge.

ARNOLD [*to* WASHINGTON]—You have heard from Lafayette since he went home in February?

WASHINGTON—In Paris he is the favorite. His commanding influence draws to our side. I am expecting much through him, in men and money. Franklin—sole Minister since September—finds him a prop of iron.

ARNOLD—Will he take up his sword again with us? A Frenchman, he felt that France, in her war with England, had first claim, and so went home.

WASHINGTON—That was the spirit in which he left. I doubt if he retains it.

ARNOLD—We are not yet taxed heavily in obligations by the French alliance. Not a gun of theirs has yet spoken for the new Republic.

WASHINGTON—States, like individuals, will run the road of selfishness. Of laws, this is most natural. From the day of D'Estaing's arrival, Canada was the object of his dreams, as a conquest for France.

ARNOLD—Yes; and this folly Congress favored. We punish the authors of stupidity by exposing it.[9]

WASHINGTON—Even Lafayette caught this Gallic fever. But the boy is cured. I opposed the scheme, charged with many dangers. While other States would willingly expand—for instance, this French appetite for Canada—to us they recommend a different policy. Jealous of what we may become, when released to peaceful rivalry,—and here the wildest prophecy has swing,—France and Spain and Europe strive to limit us by law, to the present boundary of these colonies.

ARNOLD—Great Heavens! In territory we have enough; more, perhaps, than can be managed.

[9] D'Estaing while here had a notion that Canada should be assailed in the interests of the French King. Congress favored this. Lafayette was inclined that way. Washington corrected these errors of judgment.—*Ridpath.*

JAY—In this, Arnold, I confirm you. Our Empire is already great enough. Many men of wisdom think as we do.[10]

ARNOLD — This French aid is a medicine which weakens, unless followed with the tonic of powder and ball. Soldiers, generals, and statesmen look to this foreign power to fight and end the war; so nerveless expectation saps the energy before unconquerable. I like not this; nor am I thankful for empty friendship. Feed our soldiers, and alone we conquer.

WASHINGTON—There you hit it. Feed our soldiers! France has done so. She has been our almoner in money and equipments, and again will be so. I look forward to her support with fleets and armies, though D'Estaing has sailed away.

LAURENS—The hour has struck for the daily session.

WASHINGTON—And we usurp the chamber? My parting with the President to-day [*bowing to* JAY] shall be pricked in his memory, with the advice that Congress stay the desolation now threatened in the South, by needed levies there. I can spare no troops. Clinton, though depleted, yet retains, in New York and Newport, a force greater than my own.

JAY—Gen. Washington, your appeals to-day for money and for men have fallen upon friendly ears.

WASHINGTON—These appeals once granted, I shall no longer besiege this chamber,—the illustrious Hall of American Independence,—where through the season closed I have played the lobbyist; abetted in this work by the winter's armistice of arms. [*All retire.*

[10] France and Spain both wanted to limit the territory of the United States to the thirteen colonies. Many American statesmen wanted no more. Jay [then President of Congress] said: "Our empire is now too great to be well governed."—*Bancroft.*

SCENE VII. *New Windsor. Lawn before headquarters of Washington. Time: July* 13, 1779.

Enter WASHINGTON *and* GEN. WAYNE.

WASHINGTON—These marauding expeditions of Clinton must be met by a counter-blow. Leaving camp at Smith's Clove, I have asked you to meet me here, at New Windsor—a place which favors secrecy.

WAYNE—And Putnam. Does he still fight time as valiantly as he does the Briton?

WASHINGTON—Youth bows to him a worshiper, in spite of years. A grand old man. He is in charge of the camp: when he so serves, wherever absent, confidence is always at my elbow.

WAYNE—His trick at Horse-Neck is upon every tongue.

WASHINGTON—At West Greenwich—I prefer this name—the brutal Tryon pressed him closely. Putnam was surprised, and had been captured, but for quick wit, which pushed with equal chance to death or safety. He played the hazard, and gained the latter. This was in March. A flight of a hundred steps before him, and Tryon's troops behind. His horse, obedient to the spur, is upon the verge. A misstep and wars cease to vex the victim. The quick resolve, the downward leap, the footing gained below and safely speeding on: all this before the astonished troopers of the King upon the rearward crest, can really tell whether the vision which has passed was mortal made or no. So the meteor downward darts through space, while we stand staring.[1]

WAYNE—A feat to excite all listeners.

WASHINGTON—But to Clinton. He is the burden of this meeting.

WAYNE—Why don't Clinton come out and fight in the open field? He outnumbers us.

[1] General Putnam at Horse-Neck, or Greenwich, plunged down a precipice to escape the British. It was a fall of one hundred stone steps. The enemy stopped in amazement; and before they recovered Putnam was gone.—*Ramsay.*

WASHINGTON—I will not say he dares not. But it is not his policy. He doubtless follows the orders, as they come from London.

WAYNE—Then may London, that orders massacres and petty thieving, sink into sulphurous fire!

WASHINGTON—Both shall be avenged in time. Sullivan—such is present plan—will soon sweep the savages, guilty of Wyoming, with the broom of death. Congress has thus decreed. I could not willingly consent, but as you know, Wayne, the only way to subdue the red man, is to terrify him with punishment.

WAYNE—Mercy to the Indian is a wasted sentiment. Kill him first and reform him afterward. Such ethics is high morality, which guards the Christian life. But the New Jersey troops have rebelled, and refused to march?

WASHINGTON—Not a word to the disparagement of these men. That trouble has passed. Naked and hungry, payment was demanded for noble services. They were so entitled. The Legislature of the State can do what Congress cannot. It may levy a tax and collect it. The State paid the troops—or made provision.

WAYNE—Further slaughter, by Clinton's orders, has in the South been done? How much?

WASHINGTON—In May, the expedition to Norfolk added to the roll of British infamy. Gen. Matthews, with a force of twenty-five hundred strong, plundered and burned, and fled. Virginia, lighted by the British torch, now flames with indignation.

WAYNE—These deeds of violence to the few, unite the many more firmly in our struggle.

WASHINGTON—True! Yet the few who suffer should not be forgotten, though the many gain. The hateful Tryon is again at work. Three days ago Norwalk put on her bloody shroud, so forced by his murderous arm; as New Haven and Fairfield did in the week preceding.[2] In these cruel expeditions he invoked all the agents of demoniac war.

[2] An army [July 5, 1779] consisting of twenty-six hundred troops, commanded by Gov. Tryon, landed at New Haven, where they wan-

WAYNE—Oh, I could swear to that!

WASHINGTON—New London is next to suffer. New England's fairest jewel will soon be lost to recognition in distorting flame, unless we interpose.

WAYNE [*with indignation*]—Send me against them! Point out the road which leads to their confronting, and then fall back and leave the rest to me.

WASHINGTON—I have another plan.

WAYNE—If it brings me face to face with these nimble-footed villains, then let the other plan prevail.

WASHINGTON—Early in June Clinton and Gen. Vaughn, with a column five thousand strong, took possession of Stony Point. It was an empty place,—about thirty guarding it,—and in surrender was found no victory. It has since been garrisoned, and thus becomes an armed monster upon the Hudson. We must drive the beast away, and in thus doing, carry consternation to the enemy, which shall bring base Tryon home. To storm and win Stony Point is the present purpose. Will you bear this martial shield?[3]

WAYNE [*with emphasis*]—General, I will storm hell, if you only plan the battle.

WASHINGTON—Then my work is done, though yours remains to do. Give me now an ear that holds in memory every detail, a surety for our enterprise. Col. Johnson, with six hundred men, possesses the fort. Its bastions frown with heavy guns. The approach is difficult, since one causeway—and only one—leads to the sallyport.

tonly did considerable damage. The 7th they destroyed the town of Fairfield. The 10th they destroyed Norwalk and Greenfield.—"*Diary of Rev. Daniel Fuller*," *Daniel Fuller Appleton.*

[3] Washington determined to make a counter stroke to Tryon's by attacking Stony Point. When he unfolded his plan to Wayne and asked if he would lead, the reply was: "General, I'll storm hell, if you will only plan it."—*Irving.*

The plan of Wayne in the capture of Stony Point was that of Washington. Every detail was carefully executed by Wayne.—*Carleton.*

WAYNE—Trust me. That one pathway shall give my column an open road to its farthest end ; and then the gates be opened to admit, though the devil guard them with all his fires.

WASHINGTON—Your men shall be selected ; for a weak spot, like a rot in the orange, might infect the whole. Three hundred is your limit for active operations.

WAYNE [*astonished*]—Shall three hundred assail the six behind Titanic masonry ? And capture them, with their gun-engirdled house of giant stone ?

WASHINGTON—You state the hazard in which you here engage.

WAYNE [*drawing his sword*]—I will do it ! To God, who ever listens, I swear to do it ! or, failing, I will die.

WASHINGTON—My faith is brother to your courage ; and the two shall go hand in hand till our flag flies above these battlements. Gather your strength at Sandy Beach, about fourteen miles away, and by an easy march come front to front in conflict. Secrecy is your heaviest ordnance. A whisper, and you are lost. Let the bayonet be the weapon of sole reliance ; from every rifle be the charge withdrawn, that the pricking wedge of steel may grow in its importance. Each man should wear a white cockade, that friends may know each other. And the hour of assault be at the dead of night. What say you ?

WAYNE [*in great excitement*]—I wish the time were now. Step by step I walk on to assured success as you reveal the road.

WASHINGTON—One word more. A negro, known to me as Pompey,—and though his skin is ebony, the greatest Roman with that name did not cover a whiter soul,—is my informant of affairs within the fort. His daily offerings of berries to the soldiers gain admission and guarded secrets. He shall come to you. Follow him. Arrived at your journey's end, Pompey, with friendly aid easily disguised, capturing the sentinels,

leaves the surprised enemy to the comfort of your pushing steel.[4]

WAYNE—My will so far outruns the intervening time that my impatience records the deed as done. The material blow is mere formality. This is July the 13th, and Tuesday. On Thursday, at noon, my column moves; at midnight, dragging the unwilling Briton forth to view the angry moon, we shall after give him a captive's breakfast.

WASHINGTON—At once away. Secrecy and good luck attend you through that day. [*All retire.*

SCENE VIII. *Stony Point, on the Hudson. The fort. Rampart with a flagstaff. A gateway opening toward the stage, with a bridge in front. Two British sentinels on guard. Time: April* 15, 1779. *Midnight.*

Enter POMPEY (*a negro*), *with a basket of berries, and two American soldiers disguised as farmers. All approach one sentinel. He is suddenly overpowered and hurried off the stage. They re-enter and approach the other sentinel. He also is suddenly overpowered and hurried off the stage.*

Enter GEN. WAYNE, *with drawn sword, and* AID.

WAYNE—The way is open and success assured. No sound has betrayed us.

AID—Not a dog barked. It was wise to send forerunners to destroy the curs.[1]

WAYNE—Bring forward the troops. Already I have made observation of the ground. [AID *retires.*

[4] The plan of capture was devised by Washington.—*Ridpath, Irving, Lossing.*

[1] The day preceding the attack, men were sent to destroy the dogs, that their barking might not betray the assailants.—*Lossing.*

Quickly enter a body of American soldiers (the AID *with them), who form in line.*

WAYNE [*to the troops*]—Soldiers! there is the fort. We must gain it, if we would live in honor. Every man will depend upon the bayonet. He who fires a shot—giving token that he has not withdrawn his charge as commanded—will that moment die. The reserves will await their orders. Ready! Now to it, with the battle cry, "The fort is ours!"

[*The soldiers, shouting,* "The fort is ours!" *with* WAYNE *leading, rush over the bridge. They pound at the gate, which gives way. The roll of drums begins within the fort; also the firing of British musketry. The clashing of steel is heard and the fierce clamor of conflicting soldiery. The Americans are beaten back over the bridge and upon the stage. There, four or five English officers, with the sword, engage with as many Americans, in a hand-to-hand combat.*

WAYNE [*to* AID]—Order forward the reserves.

[AID *retires.*

[*Suddenly a fresh force of Americans (the* AID *with them) rush upon the stage, and with the bayonet drive the enemy back into the fort. The clang and din of battle within the fort continues. Then a force of Americans rush back upon the stage, shouting,* "Victory! victory!"

Enter GEN. WAYNE.

WAYNE—The enemy surrender. The fort is ours. Bring out the prisoners.

[*While a line of prisoners march out from the fort, the Stars and Stripes are run up the staff and float in triumph. Shouting and cheering soldiers gather around* WAYNE.

AID—Cheers for our leader! Cheers for "Mad Anthony!" All! all! All together. Let your lungs swell and burst with cheers for our "Mad Anthony Wayne!"

[*All huzza. The prisoners continue to come from the fort. The flag flies and the drums roll.*

[CURTAIN.]

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I. *London. Royal Library in Buckingham Palace. Time: July*, 1779.

Enter KING GEORGE III.; LORD NORTH, *Prime Minister;* LORD WEYMOUTH, *Secretary of State;* LORD GEORGE GERMAIN, *Secretary of State for the Colonies, and the other Ministers of the Realm.*

KING—Again your sovereign summons you to heavy responsibility. The official pillar of this mighty Empire, will you be prop and help to me, against dismemberment? Spain has thrown open the gate of furious war, and through it marches to scar our shield invincible, with hostile blows. The traditional enemy of England—her hate kept active with the smart of frequent punishment by us administered—has paid the price; hence Spain is bowed in homage to perfidious France.[1]

WEYMOUTH—Gibraltar lures her to this misadventure?

KING—We hold this rocky seat beside her royal palace; and having ample power we will hold it for our posterity.

NORTH—And so we may. The last soldier of England as a forfeit, before Gibraltar. But does this defiance, with equal argument, elsewhere extend? For five years and more we have striven to reduce the colonies across the sea. Advancing nothing—after loss huge and wasteful—Nemesis, harrowing to activity continental allies of

[1] On the 16th of June, 1779, the Spanish Embassador delivered to Lord Weymouth a declaration of war. On June 21 the King summoned his ministers in his library, and, seating them at a table, declared his unchanging resolution to carry on the war against America, France, and Spain. The hope to recover Gibraltar was the moving motive of Spain.—*Bancroft.*

these rebels, now knocks at our homes. Is it not time to shut the book of this long and bloody record?[2]

KING—Not while I wear the crown. Others may weaken and fall, but not the King. Severe self-reflection prompts this speech. It is pitched in harmony with our heaviest ordnance, for continued war against America, France, and Spain. The Minister who will take his cue and action from this resolve, I will support against wind and tide. Who differently concludes, can be no Minister of mine. Our rebellious subjects, without a shilling for a shoe, are now barefoot in beggarly march to unconditional submission. Clinton and his Indians will prick them to quicker motion; but for this act of Spain the opposition could not have lived till now. From Georgia come reports which cheer: Savannah again flies the flag of the Lion-hearted Richard; and it is still onward borne by our good commanders, back into the woody center of repentant States.[3]

WEYMOUTH—Your Majesty carries my judgment with you. To stop now, while the white teeth of our war dogs are fastened upon the shrinking wolf we have hunted these many years, is ingratitude to good fortune.

GERMAIN—Portending disaster is noted by the shrewdest, who lighten consequences by preparation. To Clinton has been made known the price of treason. The account precise and itemized, is from one of the best of the rebel generals: advised by me, Sir Henry will buy what is marketable. All is fair in war. Corrupt your foe with gold, if you cannot vanquish him in arms.

KING—A sentiment loyal and patriotic, because it helps us on to peace.

[2] Lord North was now frequently dropping hints that no advantage was to be gained by continuing the conflict.—*Bancroft.*

[3] The King told his ministers [see Note 1] that his speech "was the dictates of severe self-examination." And that "if his ministers would act with firmness, he would support them against wind and tide." He was confident that in the ruin of the finances of the rebels they would ere now have sued for peace, but for this intervention of Spain. And even now the success of Clinton [in Georgia and the capture of Savannah] must force submission.—*Bancroft.*

GERMAIN—We hope to strike a blow—intrigue to the end closely hugging the promise of the beginning—which shall end revolt, as if its many criminals were all as one; and that one with halter drawn, was swinging.[4]

KING—The land provided for, the sea—which murmurs the imperial sway of England in every zone—will aid us vastly. These continental nations, whose unfriendly hands would tear our ensign, shall not be fed to our harm, under the guise of neutral powers. The Dutch Republic for a century and more, has championed the code of immunity to a neutral flag upon the world of waters, which—we must in truth admit—England has partially confirmed. But self-preservation annuls all treaties; and henceforth by a rule of our making, we will search, as suspicion leads. Russia and some other states, free from billowy entanglements, teach us to be as free. The Netherlands complain, that by this rule we have of late oppressed her commerce. Perhaps so! And this oppression shall continue, if she floats to France materials of war—a general warning which others may hear and fear. England will enforce it, as mistress of the seas.[5] [*All retire.*

[4] Referring to the prospective corruption of some American general of which Germain already had notice. In September, 1779, he wrote to Clinton, "next to the destruction of Washington's army the gaining over of officers would be the best means of subduing the rebellion. All expenses would be cheerfully submitted to."—*Lossing.*

[5] The usages of the Middle Ages spared the property of a friend, though under the flag of an enemy. The Dutch Republic became the champion of this maritime code, which protected a neutral flag. The rights of neutrals found their place in English treaties since Cromwell's time. After the return of the Stuarts they were recognized specially between England and the Netherlands. In 1778 England asked an alliance with Russia. Russia refused to grant any advantage to England in her contest with the colonies. The Netherlands sought to maintain her neutral flag. England did not disguise her aggressive intentions. The King of France declared the safety of neutral ships. England reserved the right to oppose this law of neutrality. In the summer of 1778 British cruisers scoured the seas for booty. Other nations suffered, but the Netherlands the most. Their complaints to England that treaties were disregarded availed nothing. England responded that, treaty or no treaty, she would not suffer ship-materials to be carried by the Dutch to France. In the same year the flags of Denmark, Sweden, and Prussia were disre-

SCENE II. *Philadelphia. Congressional Committee Room, in Hall of Independence. Time: October,* 1779.

Enter HENRY LAURENS, JOHN JAY, *and* JOHN ADAMS.[1]

ADAMS—By chance we gather here, a trio of embassadors, on this October day. We will call this a meeting of the "Committee on Foreign Affairs," since we are all the chosen Ministers to foreign states.

LAURENS—Rather a "Committee of Finance"; for money is our quest.

JAY—To Spain I shall carry no hope to win gold, though there I plead for this. If King Charles and Florida Blanca—his most prudent Minister—give blows material in support of her decree of war, so that England shall feel them, this Republic will for that be thankful.

ADAMS—To England at this time, to win a treaty of peace and commerce, is a journey which gives no good promise. But it is well to be near, if wanted; so hence to Paris. I wonder if King George, North, and Germain will favor a loan, upon my petition?

[*All laugh.*

garded by England. Vergennes tried to induce Catharine of Russia to use her controlling power in favor of neutrality, but she refused to interfere: she only remonstrated to England. The oppressed powers, however, continued to complain to Catharine, so that the question of neutral rights filled her mind. England all the while became more arrogant and aggressive against neutral flags on the high seas. Spain, following England's example, ordered neutral ships for the Mediterranean to be brought to Cadiz, fearing supplies might be carried to Gibraltar. A vessel bearing the Russian flag was so seized. Catharine took fire at once. She armed fifteen ships and five frigates for service against a repetition of the offense. The Empress was now ready for a plan of permanent protection to neutral flags. She was advised she would win a glorious name as the lawgiver of the seas, and so become the benefactress of the human race. So on the 26th of February, 1780, she set her hand to the decree: "Free ships; free all goods except contraband, which are arms and ammunition, and nothing else." She gave notice that this rule she would maintain with all her power. The other states of Europe, especially Denmark, Sweden, and Prussia, soon joined, and England was forced to respect the new law.—(*Condensed*) *Bancroft.*

[1] In the fall of 1779, Henry Laurens was appointed by Congress Commissioner to Holland, Jay to Spain, and Adams to treat for peace and commerce with England, if the time came to do so.

LAURENS—I excel you all in high expectations. Holland is rich and friendly. In June France added three millions to former kindness.[2] The Hague should do as much.

ADAMS—Franklin in France, with Lafayette as orator for his suit, has a field of easy plowing.

JAY—Vergennes is a master in diplomacy to win Spain as an ally. That nation has no love for our cause.

ADAMS—The Bourbon, born with a scepter in his hands, is from his cradle the people's foe. Florida Blanca has firmly said that his King would never admit our independence till England led the way. Vergennes won him to the side of France by the pledge of Gibraltar restored and other territory gained.

JAY—And we assisted; guaranteeing Florida and the coast of the Gulf in return for free sailing upon the Mississippi. This was a tempting bait, and the King took it.[3]

LAURENS—He lost, however, the rich heart of the fruit he coveted. Col. George Rogers Clark, by right of conquest, if not discovery, gives to us the great Northwest, even to the Mississippi. It was a master-stroke of Patrick Henry, as Governor of Virginia, to send forth this expedition.

ADAMS—Behind us, from the waters of Erie to the Gulf of Mexico, were the Indians, with a fringe of savage fire, now quenched with this success. Spain had longing eyes for the Illinois. It was to fall to her as spoils from Great Britain. She has lost; and henceforth her Southern limit shall be those lands whose waters, to a stingy distance, the Gulf imbibes.

JAY—Our hero, Clark,—may his name never be forgotten!—thousands of miles from home, and with less than

[2] June 15, 1779. Congress solicited supplies from France for nearly three millions of dollars, which were granted, as before.—*Bancroft.*

[3] Spain passionately desired to have the Floridas and the whole of the Gulf of Mexico. In this Congress acquiesced.—*Bancroft.*

two hundred men, wrenched these primeval forests from English rule, and made them ours.[4]

ADAMS—Let us boast of these, our good fortunes. Those of evil are surely many.

LAURENS—Our resources are so few! Stony Point in July last emblazoned our dashing courage. For want of men, within a month, and without the asking, we gave back what we had won.

ADAMS—It was a feat, twin brother in renown to that of Wayne, which Harry Lee performed in the August following. Paulus Hook, in New Jersey, is the doorway to Clinton's Castle in New York. Lee here made a successful breach, and, without stopping to say "Good-morning!" to the host, rode off with two hundred of his retainers. This was tweaking the master by the nose.[5]

JAY—Wyoming, during the summer past, has been avenged. The Senecas and the Six Nations have felt the iron heel of Sullivan. They will hereafter have less faith in their "great father,"—so they call the King,—to shield them, and hence cease to massacre. This lesson was severe, but is the only way to quell the savage. Punishment they understand.[6]

ADAMS—To my State these summer suns brought different fruit. That expedition to Penobscot was ill-advised.

LAURENS—So will it ever be when military plans are laid without the approving hand of Washington. His

[4] Col. George Rogers Clark, under the auspices of Patrick Henry, then Governor of Virginia, in July, 1778, descended the Ohio and captured Kaskaskia, and, in August, Vincennes. This saved to the United States the great Northwest Territory, coveted by Spain.—*Ridpath; also, Hildreth.*

[5] Paulus Hook [Jersey City] was strong, but Light-horse Harry Lee desired to attack it. August 19, 1779, before day, this fortress of Clinton was assailed, and one hundred and fifty prisoners carried off. It was a daring act, like that of Wayne at Stony Point.—*Bancroft.*

[6] Sullivan, in the summer of 1779, with an adequate force, invaded the Senacas' district, and fully avenged Wyoming and Cherry Valley.—*Ridpath.*

common sense ranks genius; and his high genius is enriched with common sense. Hence, on equal ground, he is invincible.

ADAMS—All men can cavil after an injury is done. It was a formidable flotilla which Massachusetts alone sent forth to drive the enemy from their footing on the eastern shore. Hostile cannon of greater caliber followed, and assailed the assailants. Our vessels were sunk or burned; the landed men were fugitives, and the British remained masters of Penobscot, and so, on to the East.[7]

JAY—But not so to the West. Clinton has just left Newport; and west of the Penobscot not an enemy stands upon New England's soil. After three years of possession, Rhode Island watches the vanishing invader.

LAURENS—Forces withdrawn from the East to attack us in the South.[8]

ADAMS—And from that quarter may we hear more cheering news!

LAURENS—Since the capture of Savannah, in December last, the British pillage through Georgia, and South Carolina, too, has been unbearable. By suffering, patriots—as true in heart as are the fixed stars true to their places—were driven to accept protection from victorious foes. Life was wasted, property stolen, and that left wantonly destroyed. Terms of surrender at Savannah were disregarded, in the belief of permanent powers gained. So do little minds, in the moment of success, deem themselves invincible, and give reign to the nature that rules within.[9]

[7] Massachusetts, in June, 1779, sent a State flotilla and three hundred guns, with a thousand men, to drive the British from Penobscot, Maine. They failed, and the English remained masters east of the Penobscot.—*Bancroft.*

[8] Clinton [because of the need of soldiers in the South] had just been compelled to abandon Newport. All New England west of the Penobscot was now free.—*Bancroft.*

[9] After the fall of Savannah Georgia and South Carolina were quickly overrun with banditti, who robbed and murdered. Negroes were greedily seized as spoils and sold, houses were burned, and women and children driven into the forests.—*Bancroft.*

ADAMS—The South was unprepared for war. Their blows, when ready, will be the heavier, fitting the requital for these grievous wrongs.

LAURENS—All eyes in the South turned to D'Estaing, since, in troops, Washington could do but little in co-operation. Congress urging him, the French Admiral sailed from the West Indies, and suddenly appeared off the coast of Georgia. This was early in September,—the month just ended,—when annual gales may disturb the best of naval calculations. He was willing to aid Gen. Lincoln to regain Savannah, but quick work was conditioned. This October came before all was ready,—so will time steal upon the best intentions,—and the delay was a ransom to the besieged. On the 9th a combined assault was made, but—in sorrow I say it—our guns were silenced by defeat. The brave D'Estaing was wounded, and that noble victim of kingly tyranny, Pulaski, killed. With a loss of five hundred men, Lincoln came to Charleston, and D'Estaing is now homeward bound to France. Pardon this tedious recital of an eventful story, but heavy sorrow sometimes makes one garrulous.[10]

JAY—Well, well! The bitter must come with the sweet, to make the contrast. We have the men; we still have the high resolve for freedom and independence. We need the money. In our respective stations, if we but succeed in part, all will yet rightly end.

[*All retire.*

SCENE III (*same as Act II, Scene* 5). *New York City. Headquarters of Gen. Clinton. Time: December* 25, 1779.

Enter GEN. CLINTON, LORD CORNWALLIS, LORD RAWDON, *and* COL. TARLETON.

CLINTON—Our Christmas revels ended, we now must

[10] October 9, 1779, D'Estaing [having returned from the West Indies] joined Lincoln in the effort to regain Savannah. After an obstinate fight, in which D'Estaing was wounded, and the brave Pulaski killed, the Americans abandoned the attack, Lincoln coming to Charleston, and D'Estaing sailing for Europe.—*Carrington.*

step from pleasure into toil. So run our lives away. To-morrow I sail for Charleston.[1]

CORNWALLIS—But still will hold this post?

CLINTON—Of course. Necessity compelled us to draw in our line from Newport. But to yield New York is to end the war. Lord Rawdon, what are our present forces in America?

RAWDON—In and around this city, thirty thousand; in the South, six thousand, and three thousand hold the Eastern coast.

CLINTON—The Ministry order that Charleston shall be reduced. Once I was charged with this task, and failed; it is now my wish,—and my pride as well,—in person to make the second trial. The fleet to-morrow will carry eight thousand five hundred,—a power irresistible,—from this favored post.

TARLETON—Enough to stop pulsation in every rebel heart south of the Potomac.

CLINTON—And still enough be left to repel danger here. Gen. Cornwallis, in deference to our German allies,—whose arms have been locked with ours in every encounter since this strife began,—I leave Knyphausen my successor in command. I shall call for you to join me, since it would be remiss, in a work so great, to forego your helpful hand.

CORNWALLIS—My will and pleasure unite in my obedience.

RAWDON—The King and his advisers were right in turning us southward. As we learn, the people, released from former terrors, in trooping crowds welcome us.

CORNWALLIS—It is fear, not love, that thus impels. The South is unorganized. Washington—whose judgment and direction are worth a standing army—is far

[1] On Christmas Day, 1779, Clinton, leaving Knyphausen in command at New York, sailed for Charleston with eighty-five hundred men.—*Frost.*

He actually sailed from New York, December 26, 1779.—*Irving.*

removed. Because of this we gained Savannah; and later repulsed the effort to retake it.[2]

TARLETON—No matter what the cause impelling, so we subdue these rascals.

CORNWALLIS—My sentiment with yours keeps time. I have questioned, before you all, the policy of our predatory war, as the past year bore record. At best it has been a wasteful effort, begrimed with useless suffering. In a general attack, the purpose being subjugation, I would be fierce, terrible and bloody, to gain this end.[3]

CLINTON—As savage as was that struggle on the sea, in September last, within hail of England. A desperate encounter, and fatal to us; for our ship struck her colors to the Yankee.

RAWDON—That shall remain as a romance of the sea. We should never forget that the hero was an English subject, gone wrong. After all, out from Scotia's blood rises the unconquerable will of the now and forever famous Capt. John Paul Jones.[4]

CLINTON—Tarleton, you will sail with me to-morrow.

TARLETON—And am rejoiced to be so favored. Will the ice willingly release us from the harbor?

CLINTON—It is a reasonable question. A more savage winter never marked this latitude. Cold and pitiless, it girdles us. The entire bay from here to Staten Island, and the rivers on either side, upon their icy shield would bear up an army.

[2] See Note 10, Scene 2.

The appearance of English troops in the South gave life to the Tories there, who went trooping to welcome them.—*Ridpath.*

[3] See Notes 3 and 4, Scene 5, Act II. Cornwallis on predatory war.

[4] September 23, 1779, Paul Jones, off the coast of England, with the *Bonhomme Richard*, fought the British man-of-war *Serapis*, a new and superior vessel, and captured her. This fight was the most brilliant in naval warfare.—*Frost.*

CORNWALLIS—This they really do: for over those flowing waters, our soldiers daily march in safety.[5]

CLINTON—And herefrom we might look for danger, were it not that Boreas is impartial in his wrath. Washington and his camp, tied with these snowy bonds, are helplessly held within the lines at Morristown.

RAWDON—These icy winds—as if infolding an army of unseen devils—cut our faces with Arctic tempered blades. But for this, we could forage and refill our larders. Even wood for fire is gained only from city homes destroyed. A terrible season!

CLINTON—One consideration pushing us out to sea is, that we may lighten here the demands upon the Commissary. Replying to Col. Tarleton, our engineers promise that our ships shall find their freedom, and to-morrow escape to a more friendly clime. Gentleman, since preparation for the coming day here lays a heavy tax, I release you. Gen. Rawdon, passing out, will you request Maj. André to attend me?

[CORNWALLIS, RAWDON, *and* TARLETON *retire.*

[*Musing.*] It is time I sounded this mysterious well, and know if truth has firm foundation there.

Enter MAJ. ANDRÉ.

ANDRÉ—Your Excellency has some commands for me?

CLINTON—We are about to sail away. I would know more of that correspondence upon which you build so lavishly for the glory of our King. Does your gentle friend continue her most important lines?

ANDRÉ—No; it is not necessary. Her husband now assumes her place.

[5] So intense was the cold in the winter of 1780, that New York Bay was frozen over, and large bodies of troops and cannon were transported on the ice from New York to Staten Island. Soldiers were frozen to death.—*Irving; also Lossing.*

During this winter soldiers were frozen to death. The Loyalists [Tories] from time to time brought to the city [New York] supplies of fresh meat, but at great risk, for the Americans punished them severely for treason.—*Von Eelking.*

CLINTON [*amazed*]—Gracious Heavens, André! I should not longer be kept in ignorance of your scheme. I have dropped hints of what might come of this, and Lord Germain, with the King's approval, bids me not to fail. I shall be much compromised as a commander, if our enterprise should prove to be a bubble of empty air.[6]

ANDRÉ—Fear not. Our bubble is a bomb. Its explosion will shake two continents.

CLINTON—Say you so! Then the time has come for me to be a partner in this great secret.

ANDRÉ—And so you shall. All, all, I am ready to reveal. What would you know?

CLINTON—Who has been your friend in Philadelphia?

ANDRÉ—Miss Margaret Shippen. That was her name.

CLINTON—Who is she now?

ANDRÉ—The wife—the honored wife—of Benedict Arnold, Major-General in the Continental Army.

CLINTON [*in great astonishment.*]—André! André! the best beloved of this military family: my friend, and officer most faithful to our King! Excited thoughts, in wild confusion, disturb orderly reflection, hearing what I do. Pardon me, that I am thus aroused, foreseeing the fateful future, so charged for our making. And is this the man who would sell his country and her armies for a price?

ANDRÉ—The same, your Excellency. The contract, drawn, is not yet sealed; but will be.

CLINTON—How climbed you to this vast eminence, upon whose giddy heights you may command the ending of this fratricidal folly?

ANDRÉ—By means most natural. Last winter in Philadelphia, I knew—and her acquaintance honors any

[6] Not having the name, Gen. Clinton already knew that André was working upon someone in the American army. [See Note 4, Scene 1.] He now learned that it was Benedict Arnold. Ten months after date of this scene, or October 11, 1780, Clinton wrote Lord George Germain that months before, he had some reason to believe that Gen. Arnold was desirous to join the cause of Great Britain. —*Arnold.*

man—Miss Shippen. She was a partner in the Mischianza. I never knew—nor cared to know—the side she favored in these quarrels of state, though her father was friendly to the King. When our army left, her kind remembrance followed me—as I think, regardful of the man, though not the soldier. Later, the pen became the link that gently held us to each other.

CLINTON—How little is youth constrained, when once the current runs!

ANDRÉ—Our letters were mere commonplace, till she became a wife. In pride, that she had won the most dashing of his fellows, she wanted me to know her gallant soldier, whom she had conquered, though all England failed. Between good friends—neither of whom thought of evil more than does the holy cross upon some lofty spire, which amid the whirling storm still points the way to heaven—this was most natural. In the midst of gales political, honest friendship was to both of us, as this peaceful symbol. With Gen. Arnold, through her proud and willing pen, I was made acquainted.[7]

CLINTON—And then with Arnold also you held this correspondence?

ANDRÉ—Rather to Gen. Arnold transferred it: with his wife I have not since communicated. He was pleased as I was; for, when once set flowing, the blood of amity is richer than that of war. He signed "Gustavus," and I "John Anderson." It was then I gave the hint to you.[8]

CLINTON—How did you approach the danger point of treason?

ANDRÉ—In chosen words, I honored him for his great name; pitied him, that it was used so ingloriously. He chided me, but did not forbid. He came eagerly to await from me, this dish of dainty garniture. I then knew I might go on; that he would come to me at last—

[7] See Note 2, Scene 5, Act II.

[8] After the correspondence shifted from Mrs. Arnold to her husband and Maj. André, then Arnold wrote under the name of "Gustavus," and André as "John Anderson."—*Lossing; also Irving.*

for one is ever tempted by what he longingly keeps in eye.

CLINTON—A shrewd diplomatist. Does his wife know this?

ANDRÉ—She knows no more than she did introduce us. I urged the great advantage which he would win from service to the crown. Rank, money, honor. Hinted at the blood that would cease to flow,—the war ended,—and this end gained, to be his blessing. Suggested Monk, the iron prop of Cromwell; but after, the glorious friend of England, who brought back Charles, seated him upon his throne, ending strife: and was then Duke of Albemarle. He rushed forward to meet my words: then hesitated; was indignant; now advanced; fell back; and at last rushed on again. He is now fast-locked with me. I know his price. In good time he will come home, beneath the standard of St. George.

CLINTON—You will sail with me to-morrow. But here we must return in the coming spring, to further drive this momentous enterprise. Meantime secrecy sit as guard upon our tongues. [*All retire.*

SCENE IV. *Headquarters of Washington at Morristown. Time: February*, 1780.

Enter GEN. KNOX *and* GEN. NATHANIEL GREENE.

KNOX—Then Heaven help us, if you cannot! My men for days have not had an ounce of meat.

GREENE—Your appeal to Heaven is opportune; for thence help must come, if at all. I can do nothing.

KNOX—You are the Quartermaster-General of this army.

GREENE—This being so, can I, from official title, cause food to fall, like manna, upon our heads? Or conjure clothing with a magician's wand? Oh, that I could do so! then this noble camp should soon be surfeited.

KNOX—It is a great truth you speak when you say

"Noble camp." For nobler men never more nobly suffered in a nobler cause.

GREENE—We are as closely locked with snow and ice, as if companioned with Polar bears. Winter has set free its chilling forces, that all the world may know how helpless man is against them. It is a consoling thought that, but for his ships, Clinton is imprisoned also, and the key is lost. The little that we get, in fuel and in food, comes from adjoining counties.[1]

KNOX—New Jersey is scarred from head to toe, with both devouring armies. The common prey! However, she lives through all, and grandly struggles that we shall, in spite of sepulchral snows.[2]

GREENE—Her heavy trial is, the Tory at her gates. The British are near, and always ready to corrupt timorous souls; who, yielding, work greater injury, to prove the sincerity of apostacy. The convert outruns in zeal the original in faith. This rule, just now applied on Southern soil, following English conquest there, carries havoc to a patient people.

KNOX—Here comes his Excellency.

Enter WASHINGTON.

WASHINGTON [*showing much depression*]—Pardon me, gentlemen, if I seem unsteady in direction during this trying hour. At last, I am at that point when it is so

[1] From Morristown Washington wrote, in February, 1780: "We have never suffered so much at any period of the war."—*Irving.*

This winter at Morristown was called the "great freeze." The paths of the camp were marked with the blood of barefooted soldiers. Deep snow cut off the surrounding country. [See Note 5, Scene 3.] —*Carrington.*

[2] During the cold winter at Morristown, 1780, the army suffered more than ever before. To the honor of the people of New Jersey, they gave from their exhausted country temporary relief. Sometimes the army was five and six days without bread, and as many days without meat. At one time the soldiers ate every kind of horse food but hay.—*Marshall.*

Until the final stroke at Yorktown, New Jersey became the headquarters of American resistance—the strategic center and the chief battlefield of the Revolution.—"*Our French Allies in the Revolution*," *J. C. Pumpelly.*

hard, so very hard, to push forward; facing a future dismal, dark, hopeless !

GREENE—Through these wintry rifts, General, we have lately had one happy gleam—the fight of John Paul Jones. He exchanged his ship for a better one of England's. With his sword he compelled this barter upon the seas, where the Briton boasts no rival.

WASHINGTON [*becoming animated*]—A cheering chapter in this book of suffering. He was inferior in all but daring. Lashed to the *Serapis*, he would not yield, though every gun upon his *Richard* was dismounted. English cannon lighting the way, he climbed to the decks of his fast-flashing rival, and, taking her as his, to greedy Neptune—greedy of its fame—gave up his own.[3]

KNOX—Oh, that he could meet Clinton and his fleet !

WASHINGTON—For them I have prepared another greeting. In November last, North Carolina's troops were ordered South ; Virginia's followed in December. They will strengthen the hands of Lincoln, though this dangerously weakens us. It had to be ; even facing the fact that the expiring enlistments will soon reduce us to four thousand men.[4]

GREENE—They will re-enlist ?

WASHINGTON—I hope so. Yet why ? They serve without pay, food, clothes, or fuel. The world never gave a parallel. They starve, and freeze, and serve, and all so unmurmuringly. This cannot go on. Congress must become a power to govern, to tax, and to provide, or all is lost.[5]

GREENE—We men are not alone in suffering. The women have their share.

WASHINGTON—And may this be ever remembered !

[3] See Note 4, Scene 3.

[4] Washington stripped himself of some of his best troops to aid the commanders in the South. It was a desperate thing to do, with a powerful army of veteran soldiers near by to attack him at any day.

[5] Washington never lost an opportunity to give expression to his belief that safety was in a strong central government, by the union of the States.

Not a hamlet in the land but sends forth its mite. The women with busy fingers are providing. What a page for the yet unsharpened pen of history! A great nation of States waging war for freedom, and sustained by charity. And so broad the mantle of generous gifts, that private fortunes are offered, freely offered, under it.[6]

KNOX—Robert Morris is an illustrious example of your comment.[7]

WASHINGTON—And many more. But how much would it lighten hardship,—heavy enough when unavoidable,—if all would willingly conform to enforced conditions!

GREENE—I do not understand.

WASHINGTON—The case of Arnold gives much disquiet. Court-martialed, because Congress ordered it,—and this ruling power we must obey,—he was convicted. As directed by the Court, he has been reprimanded; a stingless sentence, and made intentionally so, regardful of his great qualities.

KNOX—Well?

WASHINGTON—With all the gentle consideration shown, Arnold is very angry. Did I not esteem him greatly, I could not feel so regretfully his displeasure toward his accusers.[8]

[6] A society of women was formed to aid the soldiers. Prominent was Mrs. Esther Reed [wife of Joseph Reed] and Mrs. Sarah Bache [daughter of Benjamin Franklin] of Philadelphia. All classes were interested. They collected money, they gave fairs, they knit and sewed. The soldiers of the camp had occasion frequently to bless the patriotism of the women of America. They furnished the army with thousands and thousands of garments.—*Lossing.*

[7] Robert Morris was the financial hero of the Revolution. One of the wealthiest of the nation, his colossal fortune was wrecked in the service of his country. He was worth about eight millions. He gave, as a single donation, an entire cargo, a shipload of military stores and clothing, to the country.—*Lossing.*

Never did anyone more faithfully than Robert Morris discharge various trusts, and with greater dispatch.—"*Liberty Primer,*" *Wm. O. McDowell.*

[8] Arnold was convicted upon the court martial ordered by Congress,

GREENE—This is only an addition to the load ; and where the items are many that totalize the burden, let this one be lost, swallowed up in numbers.

WASHINGTON—It would be wisdom thus to treat it. Gentlemen, a grave mood has fast hold upon me to-day ; I am unwilling longer to be a weight upon better spirits, and will retire. [WASHINGTON *retires.*

GREENE—The General is much depressed. A thing not common.

KNOX—Under the load he carries, I wonder he does not fall. He alone is the stay and prop of our highest hopes.

GREENE—Without him the army would not hold together.

KNOX—I did not tell him, for, indeed, I could not, that three sentinels were this morning found frozen and dead, each man standing on his path.

GREENE—Why, who was he, who wrote of the Roman soldier, pacing his beat while Vesuvius was in anger, two thousand years ago. The ashes fell around him, but his measured tread ceased not, till covering lava became his grave. The revolving centuries have continuously answered to his name, upon the roll of the immortals, " Died at the post of duty."

KNOX—And every sentinel who perished yester-night is challenger for this honor of that ancient Roman. The cycling years, through the coming ages, with like renown shall say for them, " Died at the post of duty." [9]

[*All retire.*

and sentenced to be reprimanded by the General-in-Chief. [See Note 8, Scene 6, Act II.] The reprimand was in reality a eulogy by Washington. Yet Arnold was very indignant.—*Irving.*

[9] It was a frequent occurrence to find citizens, soldiers, and sentinels frozen to death.—*Lossing.*

SCENE V. *Room of Count de Vergennes, Minister of King Louis XVI., in Royal Palace at Versailles, France. Time: March*, 1780.

Enter VERGENNES *and* LAFAYETTE.[1]

LAFAYETTE—I assure you, Count, you never served a grander purpose than in this. I have summered and wintered with these noble men. The fate of all mankind is linked with their success or failure.

VERGENNES—That my pulse runs with yours is proven by my works. To gain helpful gifts, I have pushed the King and France,—and Europe too,—as far as I have dared; all this in kindness to your adopted heroes.

LAFAYETTE—And posterity, dividing its inheritance of freedom, which in division grows,—on and on till all states are blessed,—will thunder its gratitude to the great Minister of France, the Count de Vergennes.[2]

VERGENNES—Perhaps so. No matter with what motives I began, I am now heart-bound to America, in her furious and unequal combat.

LAFAYETTE—I thank you in the name of Washington and his compatriots. I carry back to them—for I shall soon return—the inspiring news that France comes to their side with millions of money, a fleet of ships, and twelve thousand soldiers. Is that the benefice to be reported?

VERGENNES—You have correctly stated.

LAFAYETTE—And Rochambeau commander? Neglecting nothing—love-sharpened wit the guide—to prevent a conflict of authority—for confusion will ruin the shrewdest of plans—Washington, as if a Marshal of

[1] Lafayette, having returned to Paris [see Scene 6, Act II], was successful in obtaining (with the help of Laurens and others) from France a grant of money and soldiers.—*Lossing*.

[2] Mankind never fails to do homage to the statesman who determines on measures which involve the welfare of empires. This glory is particularly due to Count de Vergennes, who conducted to the treaties of friendship with America and aided in many other ways.—*Ramsay*.

France, ranks all, when this contingent reaches the contending colonies?[3]

VERGENNES—Again you rightly speak.

LAFAYETTE—In good time, and opportunely, comes our Franklin.

Enter BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

VERGENNES—You see, Doctor, that still I am engaged plowing in your fields.

FRANKLIN.—May you have much company!

VERGENNES—With Spain assisting, we are not lonesome.[4]

FRANKLIN—England still shakes a haughty head, more arrogant from forceful opposition.

LAFAYETTE—Be careful, lest the fall from high reaching may break her neck! [*All laugh.*

VERGENNES—She has felt that fall, though not these consequences.

FRANKLIN—I rejoice at the one; and lament the other. Good Count, what means your riddle?

VERGENNES—Upon the ocean, from compulsion, she flies a lower flag. For a century it has been the tradition, if not the law, in treaties written, that a neutral flag guarded a neutral ship. Within the year England has disregarded this, and insolently trampled it, because she dared to, from her maritime supremacy. Argosies from the Netherlands—all Europe holds not a more thrifty state—have been by British arrogance stopped and plundered. The very waves which witnessed such wrong would rise in high revolt, if they were self-controlling. Other nations were asked by us to join in common protest.

[3] The French Cabinet, responsive to the proposition of Lafayette [see Note 1], Vergennes favoring it, consented to give the United States twelve thousand men, a fleet of ships, and money. Rochambeau was to command the troops and Admiral de Ternay the fleet; Washington was to rule all in America. This fleet, with six thousand troops, reached Newport July 10, 1780.

[4] Spain was now at war with England. See Note 1, Scene 1.

FRANKLIN—For this equity on the world's highway, it was a request most reasonable.

VERGENNES—Great Frederick, without a commerce of importance, was not interested; Austria thought only of self-interest, and this was not afloat. Great Catherine, between the powers was arbiter, if she would. Though kindly spoken in her words to us, words not framed as a command worked nothing. Panin,—shrewd Minister of the Empress,—to England's request for Russia to league with her in public trespass, returned a blunt refusal. So neither side did woo Catherine to their liking.

FRANKLIN—In September last Paul Jones carried his prizes, a British man-of-war and other sail, into the Texal. England demanded a surrender, and that Jones be treated as a pirate. The Netherlands were dumb to this assurance.

VERGENNES—That did not mend matters, but widened the breach, already growing, between England and our dike-protected neighbors. An incident, unforeseen, at last overtopped diplomacy. Spain seized a Russian ship. It was enough. Catherine raged, till all bent before her wrath; and within a month has given her decree,—in which others must unite,—that henceforth a neutral flag makes the ship beneath it free.

LAFAYETTE—It is an event which, like a mile-post on a road, marks the progress of mankind.

VERGENNES—All the world will be richer for this. England is humbled; while Catherine has built for herself a monument.[5] And now to the King for confirma- of the aid you have thanked me for. [*All retire.*

SCENE VI. *Wood near Camden, South Carolina. Time: August* 16, 1780; *early morning.*

Enter CAPT. MOULTRIE, CAPT. CARROLL, GEN. DEKALB, *and soldiers.*

MOULTRIE [*much excited*]—We are ordered to await the General here? Were it not that I bear a name made

[5] See Note 5, Scene 1.

famous in this State, by one whose blood is vein-encased with mine, I should retire from this artless management.[1]

CARROLL—Gen. Moultrie, your much-honored relative is a name to prick you to loftier feeling than discontent. And, like mine, it grew upon Southern soil.

DEKALB—And both of you, from that soil, will yet exact hearty commendation.[2]

MOULTRIE—Oh, for some panacea against impatience! which, like an ailment usurping health, strangles subordination. I cannot help it. It worries me to be so hedged with stupidity.[3]

CARROLL—Of what do you complain?

MOULTRIE—Have I the time to recount the long indictment before we feel again the fast-preparing foe? Shall I here review more than a year of blunders? Not two hours ago, upon this spot, the head of our line, in blind ignorance of the situation, struck the British. We are hurled back and Porterfield is slain. We stand now at bay, waiting the second blow. This is Camden, and August 16—Bennington's third anniversary. We have here no Stark, to insure a like celebrity.[4]

CARROLL—The past, as the present, you arraign. The first, the second fathers.

MOULTRIE—In the South all has gone wrong since first the King launched here his thunderbolts. Savannah was lost because the enemy came where least expected. That was twenty months ago. Savannah was not regained, because the link of victory was lost while

[1] Gen. William Moultrie was one of the distinguished generals of South Carolina.

[2] The name of Carroll was famous in Maryland, where lived Charles Carroll of Carrollton.

[3] The complaint here is of Gen. Gates. Congress, June 13, 1780, sent Gates South to command; Washington wanted Greene.—*Irving.*

[4] August 16, 1780, Gates at Camden (sometimes called Saunder's Creek) was surprised at two o'clock in the morning, to run foul of a British force. Both sides were equally surprised. An attack was made, but in this opening assault neither had an advantage, and both withdrew temporarily.—*Irving.*

golden moments ran, wasted upon preparation.[5] For a year—like a lion whose claws have been clipped—the South lay helpless. Then came Charleston.

DEKALB—There it was a question of superior artillery. Clinton sailing from New York,—thanks for ocean storms,—January of the present year had nearly run, before Southern shores gave him unwelcome greeting. Lord Rawdon followed Clinton with three thousand; and Cornwallis later still, leading an equal number. Cooped up in Charleston, confronting such an army, Lincoln was defenseless.[6]

MOULTRIE—You track me to my conclusions, like a hunter upon the scent. Why did Lincoln wait for the barren honors of capitulation? Had Washington been there, that army of seven thousand had not remained within a city-circled prison, to be surrendered, in May, —without the priming of a gun in protest,—but with us here, in August, would be ready to repel invasion. The loss of Lincoln's army! It was this disaster which brought me from the North, though much needed there.

CARROLL—And hosts of others, too, who wear swords which seek the gravest dangers.

MOULTRIE—And since that heavy time, surcharged with these misfortunes, Georgia and also our Carolina have been as convicts paying penalties. For weeks, our opposition ceased; and—as beasts of prey set free—Clinton and his instruments, throughout these States, have worked their evil will. Tarleton at Waxhaw gave no quarter to the retreating, but overtaken, Buford; and

[5] In the efforts to recapture Savannah (made by D'Estaing and Lincoln) a delay in preparation enabled the British to bring up reinforcements which saved the day.—*Carrington.*

[6] In the attack on Charleston, Clinton had drawn heavy reinforcements from New York. Lord Rawdon, in March, 1780, came to him with three thousand, and Cornwallis later with as many more. He took with him, on Christmas Day, 1779, eighty-five hundred. [See Note 1, Scene 3.] To this force Lincoln surrendered Charleston and an army of seven thousand, May 12, 1780.—*Frost; also Bancroft.*

To avoid a wanton waste of life, Lincoln surrendered his whole army as prisoners of war.—*Fiske.*

the cruel murders there, upon surrendered men, call tears of pity into anger-glistening eyes. In all directions went marauding parties forth, charged to pillage, burn, and slay. The wicked Tamerlane was a saint of mercy beside these men. This Col. Tarleton has Lord Rawdon as his dual in these fearful crimes.'

DEKALB—As we have learned, Clinton overawed the people, with proclamations as bitter as his sword.

MOULTRIE—Cursed be the hand which wrote them! Prisoners on parole were ordered to fall into British ranks, or be tried for treason. What say you to this, for keeping the pledge of treaty, signed and sealed!

CARROLL—Clinton is no longer here: in June he turned northward, leaving Cornwallis in full command, with seven thousand veterans.

MOULTRIE—And to those veterans, this same Cornwallis proposes to add regiments of disaffected Carolinians. Can he do it?[8]

DEKALB—Men in straits, with their fears and their families advising, will do much excusable.

MOULTRIE—In all the books of torture, I tell you, sir, there is no excuse for this. I will give no quarter to a Tory. I have met them. Yes, at Wyoming, I have met them, and know their quality.

CARROLL—Cornwallis issues to the people commissions

[7] After the fall of Charleston, the condition of the South was more desperate than before. [See Note 9, Scene 2.] Rawdon and Tarleton carried fire and sword in all directions. "Tarleton quarters," name then given in dishonor of this officer, has remained [to this date, 1895, as a saying] in the Carolinas.—*Frost.*

Tarleton attacked Buford at Waxhaw, May 29, 1780, and defeating him, no quarters were given. One hundred and thirteen out of two hundred were murdered on the spot.—*Hildreth.*

[8] Clinton considered the South reduced. He issued proclamations, and ordered prisoners on parole to join the British ranks or suffer the penalty of treason. Thousands of Tories fled to him. When Clinton returned to New York in June, Cornwallis, left in command in the South, followed Clinton's example; and he reported to London that all resistance was ended in Georgia and South Carolina; and that he would proceed to subdue North Carolina.—*Bancroft.*

[9] See Scene 2, Act II.

for native regiments. Lord Rawdon, and those of equal rank, do recruiting service. A census is taken to compel enlistments. To refuse is death.

DEKALB—And thousands do enlist—though often from this compulsion.

MOULTRIE—Would that all such wretches had a single head, and this hand and sword could reach it! So many of our people are at the North, that the South is a naked waste in defensive population.

DEKALB—Washington has done what he could in remedy. I am here by his command, with the troops of Maryland and Delaware. And other Southern sons stand with us now, awaiting expectant battle. It was a long and tedious march; but in spite of all the buffeting, I am here in time.

MOULTRIE—A kingdom for more such men as Marion and Sumter! Like avenging angels, charged with wrath divine, they have dropped to earth from the arches of our ever-blooming bowers. We know no other origin—nor of their coming—till they come. They sting the invader with a deadly venom. The stiff-necked Cornwallis, Tarleton, and Rawdon hug closer to their camps when the warning drums of Marion beat on the banks of the Great Pedee. Sumter is fit companion.

CARROLL—Their deeds push quickest blood to still more rapid flow. They are here, and there, and everywhere, and each spot is famous after they have gone. That I were with them!

MOULTRIE—At Rocky Mount! Aye! at Hanging Rock, only ten days ago, Sumter pricked the swelling bubble of English arrogance.[10] Superior British force

[10] The patriots now rallied around Sumter, and after him around Marion, who both came suddenly into activity as partisan warriors. They were unprovided, but they found supplies in the camps of the enemy. These equipped themselves from the dead whom they slew in battle. They were volunteer forces suddenly aroused. July 30 Sumter assailed Rocky Mount, and, though not successful, the boldness of the attack rallied the patriots to his side. At Hanging Rock, on August 6, the British lost two for one. Sumter and Marion were omnipresent.—*Bancroft.*

shrinks before superior daring, when Marion and Sumter are in the saddle. Neither is with us now. Their absence may be a battle lost.

CARROLL—These dashing rangers are not idle. Sumter goes to seize supplies: and Marion is gone, I know not where; but this I do know, that upon whatever mossy bank he sleeps this night, there is the bed of Mars.

MOULTRIE—My confidence turns from this man Gates. And if it did not, I should feel more at ease.

CARROLL—He is sent here by Congress. Washington wanted Greene, but Congress would not have it.

MOULTRIE—Did he not tell me, only yesterday, with head stretched high in air, that he was independent; was his own commander; Washington no more to him than a Tartar upon the Caspian?

DEKALB—He informed me, an hour ago, that upon this field this morning he would marshal seven thousand men.

MOULTRIE—And I say in answer to this that—like a chattering ape, whose jargon is only noise—there is no sense in what he tells you. He has not three thousand. The surprise, this morning, from which we are now bleeding, together with such silly stuff as that you report, is what sickens me. Hope feeds poorly, when ignorant egotism taints every dish.[11]

CARROLL—Here comes Gen. Gates.

Enter GEN. GATES, *with aids and soldiers.*

GATES—I thank you, gentlemen, that you have kept this spot; and that here so readily I find you. The flurry of this morning was the bite of the insect, which turned us in our sleep, but wasted not our power to kill when seen with wakeful eyes. Thus we have arranged: DeKalb, the right of the line will be your care; Cas-

[11] See Notes 3 and 4.

Gen. Gates did not know the force under him. He claimed to have seven thousand, when he had no more than three.—*Carrington; also Bancroft.*

well in the center with North Carolina stalwarts; and Stevens to lead his Virginians on the left. The rear will be my place. At once away, to form this line before the break of day. [*All retire.*

Enter CORNWALLIS, LORD RAWDON, COL. TARLETON, MAJ. MONCRIEF, CAPT. LOFTUS, *aids, and soldiers.*

CORNWALLIS—From Charleston coming, I am but two days with you. I have seen enough, Lord Rawdon, to approve your work. It was well that you called in your scattered forces and centered here.[12]

RAWDON—Col. Tarleton gave up his conquering march upon the Black, and turned this way. He left a people by him severely scourged for their disloyalty.

CORNWALLIS—These States have been reduced to subjugation simply by the terror of our coming.

TARLETON—I find it warfare most agreeable. No organized force resisting, leisurely to advance, to order, to terrorize, and to punish as we please.

CORNWALLIS—Capt. Loftus, what report? You have played the scout, I hope to some good purpose?

LOFTUS—This morning's collision was a surprise to them as to ourselves. They are demoralized by our pounding. Their fleeing cavalry spread panic as they ran. I find them in force about three thousand; not more. One Gates is the general commanding. On either wing they are assailable.

MONCRIEF—Gates! Why he is the man who took from Burgoyne his sword!

CORNWALLIS—The same. This is good news, for now we will clip his fame; and frost-nip his laurels, too, giving them no longer time for growing. His wings are exposed, you say; not so ours. A swamp upon either side protects

[12] Lord Rawdon gathered all his forces when he saw a battle was impending. Cornwallis by a rapid march had just come from Charleston to take command. Gates was routed ut'erly.—*Frost; also Lossing.*

[13] The position taken by Gates was unfortunate. High ground on either side invited an easy attack upon his wings. Cornwallis on either side was protected by swampy ground.—*Carrington.*

us, as though high battlements.[13] [*A gun is heard in the distance.*] Hear you that? It is the opening call. Rawdon, Tarleton, and the rest, see to it, that the honors won you are worthy yet to wear. Each to his place, with muscles strong for England and her King.

[*All retire.*

Enter a company of English soldiers, fighting with the bayonet, and falling back sullenly before the bayonets of a company of Americans. LORD RAWDON *and* COL. TARLETON *are with the British, and each engages in a sword combat, one with* CAPT. MOULTRIE *and one with* CAPT. CARROLL, *who are with the Americans.*[14]

[*All retire fighting.*

Re-enter CAPT. MOULTRIE, *in great excitement.*

MOULTRIE—Three Rawdons have I slain to-day already, when the fourth appears and proclaims himself the true one: and him I lost. This monster multiplies, hydra-headed, by decapitation. I'll seek him again, before the day is done. [*Retires.*

Enter (from side of the stage where all the last troops retired) a company of American soldiers, retreating rapidly, before a company of pursuing English, still fighting with the bayonet.

[*All retire fighting.*

Enter MOULTRIE *and* CARROLL *from opposite sides, with drawn swords.*

CARROLL—Moultrie, you are yet alive, and thanks for that! How goes the battle? I fear the worst has come.

MOULTRIE—Badly! Badly! Oh, that I could die to change it! All is lost. The Virginians fled when

[13] Hand to hand sword combats were common in the Revolution. At Guilford Court House, Col. Stuart of the enemy and Capt. John Smith of the Continentals so engaged. They singled each other out in the battle, and their swords were crossed with desperate fury. Stuart's thrust was parried by the American, who drove the edge of his heavy saber though the head of his enemy, cleaving him to the very spine.—"*Romance of the Revolution.*"

sounded the opening gun. Caswell followed with all his line. In quickly getting off Gates led them all ; and so far as I know is still upon the wing.[15] DeKalb, giant in this gathering of pygmies,—with the men of Maryland and Delaware by his side, as firmly rooted as the magnolias which proudly bent above them,—bore the entire brunt until he fell, injured mortally.

CARROLL—DeKalb killed ?

MOULTRIE—His horse was shot under him. Severely wounded, he defied the yawning grave, for his work was not yet done. On foot, inch by inch, he pushed the infamous Rawdon back, all the while coloring the greensward red, as he advanced. Cornwallis then came upon him, and within a forest of uplifted and hacking blades, this untamed lion fell.[16] [*The roar of battle is heard in the distance.*] Now to save ourselves, for some better day.

[*All retire.*

Enter CORNWALLIS, RAWDON, TARLETON, MONCRIEF, *and* LOFTUS, *with cheering soldiers, flaunting banners, and beating drums.*

CORNWALLIS—The conqueror of John Burgoyne—debtor to his heels, though not his head—has eluded our grasp. With easy step we may now march on even to the Delaware. The South is here subdued. When will this people learn that England is invincible ? Upon their

[15] Gates, leaving the army still engaged, rode away in all haste. He rode on to Charlotte and then to Hillsborough, riding altogether more than two hundred miles ; and running so far and so fast that he knew nothing of the condition of his army.—*Bancroft.*

[16] The only fighting that may be called a battle, was by the Marylanders and the Delaware men under Col. Gist and DeKalb.—*Carrington.*

The division of DeKalb continued long in action, and never did troops show greater courage than these men of Maryland and Delaware. His horse killed, DeKalb continued to fight on foot. In the last charge he drove Rawdon before him, when Cornwallis came up, and DeKalb fell disabled by many sword wounds.—*Bancroft.*

Long after the battle was lost the gigantic form of DeKalb, unhorsed and on foot, was seen fighting till he fell with eleven wounds.—*Fiske.*

pallid hearts to-day we have this lesson written. Now to camp and our morning meal.

[*Soldiers cheer, drums beat, and flags wave.*
[*All retire.*

SCENE VII. *A lawn before headquarters of Washington at Morristown. Time: September* 1, 1780.

Enter WASHINGTON, LAFAYETTE, CAPT. CARROLL, *aids, and soldiers.*

WASHINGTON—This is distressing news you bring. The battle lost, our army dispersed, and Gates a fugitive.

CARROLL—I came from the fatal field, where these eyes—tear-dried from grief—saw that which I report. Gates led the retreat; it is more true to say, the flight. And when last heard from he was at Charlotte, two hundred miles away.

LAFAYETTE [*with indignation*]—And this is the man, your Excellency, with whom the conspirators at Valley Forge would have supplanted you!

WASHINGTON—No more of that, dear Marquis: we will not pinch again the limb that's healed, and renew irritation.

CARROLL—The worst remains untold. A battle lost may be offset with a battle gained, and so conditions again have equal poise. But Cornwallis, following the road horror-marked by Rawdon and by Tarleton, rages through my stricken land with more than heathen cruelty. Since the fall of Savannah, terror of what might happen has been each day modified, with hopeful salutation to the morning sun. But now, a threatening cloud all day long shadows the South with fear.

LAFAYETTE—What deeds of heathenism load your harsh report?

CARROLL—All who will not bear arms for the King are seized as malefactors. Prisons are filled with our people, and thousands before their allotted time have knocked at heaven's gates, because of close confinement

and malignant fevers. Everywhere property is confiscated and life made the jest of cruel agents. Assassination—an all-devouring fiend—both by day and night, holds before seared and shrinking eyes its ever-dripping knife ![1]

WASHINGTON [*much agitated*]—Why is it, that I am made the recipient of so much misery ; poured steadily upon an aching brain until it becomes an overstrained reservoir of woe ; the ear drinking an excess of sorrow which the hand is helpless to relieve !

LAFAYETTE—Your Excellency forgets that the power to punish these wrongs is here from France, already gathered on Eastern shores. The ear, now so overburdened, will prompt the hand to heavier punishment when the hour for requital strikes.

WASHINGTON—You reprove, justly reprove me, Marquis ! And I come round again to the stern work before us. Yet the heart, with pity bursting, will throb its sway, at times. The burden is so great, which is carried in tribute to our cause.

LAFAYETTE—True ! True ! In this home of mortal men, no boon was ever yet vouchsafed without the price of suffering. Sweetest happiness from worst reserves springs.

WASHINGTON [*with animation*]—Indeed, a weary life confirms you. Barring the road to paradise stands the heavy cross. And cheerfully will we bear ours still, that good may come : by greatest example we are so taught to do.

CARROLL—Marion and Sumter are two new stars which shine in the Southern constellation. They blaze malignant over British power. 'Tis true that Sumter, in ignorance of the fate of Gates, three days after, at Fishing Creek, suffered from Tarleton's blade. But, escaping, Sumter will redeem this loss. Since I went South much has happened here ?

WASHINGTON—Nothing so stirring as upon the soil you come from. To me the sorest trial came last May,

[1] See Note 9, Scene 2, and Note 7, Scene 6.

when troops of the Connecticut line rose in mutiny for want of food. They were blameless, for starving men are not responsible. This trouble passed. In June Knyphausen, catching the infection from the South that dissolution was upon us, essayed his hand in New Jersey, before our camp. He took nothing for his trouble.

LAFAYETTE—He was glad to get home again, though empty-handed.

WASHINGTON—Moving from New York with six thousand,—I then had less than four thousand effective men,—he threatened a general engagement. Maxwell, Dayton, and others were stubborn combatants, resisting him until, at Springfield, both sides prepared for final issue. The first attack repelled with loss,—fifty Hessians killed,—Knyphausen turned for his New York home, while we pursued, galling him severely. Clinton, just then returned from his Southern mission, joined his retreating troops. Another effort—on June 23d—ended as the first. Greene was prepared to humiliate the assailant if he ventured a general action, which he would not. In spite, for failure, Clinton burned Springfield as he left, giving up—which proved to be from heavy loss to him—an ill-starred expedition.

CARROLL—He will not repeat this venture? Surely, not till a new installment of purchased Hessians come?[2]

WASHINGTON—I forecast the future, and confidence comes home again. This Southern darkness the glorious sun of France dispels. High risen upon our troubles, the morning ice will melt in the glowing noon.

LAFAYETTE—Again, the question to your Excellency:

[2] In June, 1780, Knyphausen, with a force six thousand strong, threatened Washington's camp at Morristown, and was repulsed. Clinton had just returned from Charleston, and came to the aid of his subordinate. He, too, was repulsed. Upon his retreat Clinton set fire to Springfield. This was done before the eyes of American soldiers, which so excited their fury that they pursued the retreating column and inflicted heavy losses.—*Von Eelking.*

England continued to purchase German levies all through the war. [See Part I, Act II, Scene 2.] Hesse Cassel furnished the largest number in each year.

When will you visit Rochambeau and his six thousand soldiers,—just one-half the force which France now provides,—who, since July, with Admiral Ternay and his fleet, have awaited you at Newport?[3]

WASHINGTON—Matters here disposed of, I know of no more dutiable service. Arnold has been made master of West Point, after efforts persistently put forth by him to gain this end. Greene watches from this post; and, more than all, that makes for present safety here, Clinton has been taught not to venture from his water-encompassed cage. September is at hand. In its early days I will join Rochambeau at Hartford; and your good company, with that of Col. Hamilton, will enrich the pleasure of the mission.

LAFAYETTE—This is as I would have it. [*All retire.*

SCENE VIII. *City of New York. Grand Ballroom in the Kip Mansion.*[1] *Time: 19th of September, 1780; evening. The sound of music and revelry is heard from the room adjoining.*

Enter from the dinner, MAJ. MONCRIEF, CAPT. LOFTUS, *and* MAJ. ANDRÉ.

MONCRIEF—I bow to the coming man [*bows to* ANDRÉ]. Fortune never tires of the pleasure of crowning her favorite.

LOFTUS—And here he is. [*In friendly familiarity with* ANDRÉ.] André, your star went out when you were born, that others should not share your luck.

ANDRÉ [*with great depression of feeling*]—You know not what you say; and sing because your tongues are loosened with good wine.

[3] The fleet and army of France had arrived in Newport in July. [See Note 3, Scene 5.] Washington visited Rochambeau while Arnold planned his treason.

[1] The "Kip Mansion" stood, in 1780, at what is now [1895] the corner of Second Avenue and Thirty-fifth Street. It was built in 1655, and encompassed with pleasant trees.—"*History of New York City,*" *Wm. L. Stone.*

MONCRIEF—And our wits sharpened in honor of John André ; the favored guest, for whom all here are joined in this glorious carousal.

LOFTUS—We are bidden here distinctly to worship the rising sun. So ran the order for attendance : "Maj. Williams, at the Kip Mansion, will entertain Gen. Clinton and his staff, in special compliment to Maj. John André, who departs to-morrow on a secret expedition. You are expected." Say, Moncrief, have I fairly given the command, which brings good company in high festivity to-night?

MONCRIEF—Substantially correct. The importance of this expedition—military prudence the plans concealing—is embodied in the toast of our noble General : "Fill your glasses to the brim and drink with me : He who leaves us in the morning as plain John André, will come back to us Sir John." We filled and drank : and following both, roared our approving pleasure, in which fair women joined. Man ! your deserts fall far short of this brimming cup of joy, since you carry shining honors so moodily.

ANDRÉ—Good friends,—for such you are, proven and tried and housed within my heart,—pardon grant, if, instead of calling upon gratitude to aid me, I seem to push indifference forth to gather with her chilling hands these offered favors. You are both just returned from fields of safe adventure. In the South success threw open wide her gates for your advance. My ordeal I am yet to pass, and all is so uncertain.

LOFTUS—Dear son of happy stars, summon confidence to disarm mistrust ; Sir Henry would not send his favorite forth to his undoing. Here he comes to say so.

Enter from the dinner SIR HENRY CLINTON, *a staff of officers in brilliant uniform, and ladies in costume, followed by musicians playing, who go to their place.*

MONCRIEF—At yonder board, the song swelling responsive to the toast, each of us was drafted into service, excepting him, who of us all has here most cause to

sing. 'Tis now the hour for the nightingale. Before the dance, a song from our guest.

[*All exclaim:* "A song! A song! A song from Maj. André!"

ANDRÉ [*still under great depression*]—I pray you pardon me; I cannot sing to-night. At some other time hold me your debtor.

[*All repeat:* "A song! A song! A song from Maj. André!"

CLINTON [*looking toward* ANDRÉ]—Had I my youth again, and youth's endowment of heavenly melody, I would not refuse to sing at such a time as this.

ANDRÉ [*with forced animation*]—The wish of this good company shall be the law. I will sing.

[ANDRÉ *sings and the music assists.*[9]

Why, soldiers, why,
Should we be melancholy, boys?
Why, soldiers, why,
Whose business 'tis to die?
For should the next campaign
Send us to Him who made us, boys,
We're free from pain.
(Refrain)—Then why, soldiers, why, etc., etc.

But should we remain?
A bottle and landlady,
Makes all well again.
How stands the glass around?

[9] In 1780, Col. Williams, of the Eightieth Royal Regiment, occupied the "Kip Mansion." Here, on the evening of the 19th of September, he gave a dinner to Sir Henry Clinton and his staff as a parting compliment to André. At the table Sir Henry Clinton announced the departure of André the next morning [it was to meet Arnold] on a secret and most important expedition, and added: "Plain John André will come back Sir John André." Mrs. Gen. Riedesel was one of the guests (with a gay party of ladies), who bade André farewell. André was much depressed, and took but little part in the merriment about him. When in turn it came for him to sing, he gave the favorite military song attributed to Wolfe, who sang it on the eve of the battle of Quebec, in which he died. [The words of the song are as in the text.]—"*History of New York City,*" *William L. Stone.*

Let mirth and wine abound.
The trumpet sounds—
The colors they are flying, boys.
(Refrain)—Then why, soldiers, why, etc., etc.

[*All applaud, and the company take places for the dance.*

MONCRIEF—[*to* GEN. CLINTON]—Were I superstitious, that song would worry me.

CLINTON—And why so? It was a good song, and bravely sung.

MONCRIEF—It was the favorite song of Wolfe, and sung by him in such a company as this the night before Quebec.

CLINTON [*in alarm*]—Say you so? You should not have told me this. It is no time to jar the strings of grandest expectations. To your place! To your place, sir, in the dance!

[MONCRIEF, *astonished at* CLINTON'S *vehemence, goes to his place for the dance.*

[*Aside.*] This suggestion, like a sudden and uncanny ghost, shakes my entire frame.

LOFTUS [*to* GEN. CLINTON]—A weird thought—from the churchyard born, and wandering forth at this late hour to frighten timid men—comes into my brain, and all this night has held its lodgment there.

CLINTON—And with what new ingredient would you season our feast?

LOFTUS—It is just four years ago this day, when our people seized the young Continental, Nathan Hale.

CLINTON [*staggering and showing much emotion*]—And his lamp of life extinguished three days thereafter?

LOFTUS—On the third day following, at daybreak, he was executed as a spy.

CLINTON—The music waits! To your place, sir, upon the floor!

[LOFTUS, *astonished at* CLINTON'S *vehemence, goes to his place for the dance.*

[*Aside.*] Do the spirits from the unseen world, in

kindly office, force upon me these harrowing suggestions, pregnant with meaning? [CLINTON *approaches* ANDRÉ.] Maj. André, no ears but yours must hear what I now say. [*They draw apart to themselves.*] You are much depressed to-night? I am moved, noticing this.

ANDRÉ—It is nothing which should discomfort you, and grieved I am it does so. The heavy weight that presses here [*touching his heart*], comes I know not whence nor why. I could as well lift this island from its rocky bed, as bid this burden off.

CLINTON—You know—I need not tell you so, for you long have known—I am here your friend as well as your commander; and would not even urge you upon improper paths. The chosen road, which leads you to-morrow to Gen. Arnold, conducts also to glory, for your King and you, enwrapping me with both. Cornwallis, in his Southern tramp against unarmed peasants—winning golden opinions for his successes,—hangs over me in fame like a cloud that covers some aspiring hill: This deed of ours blows that cloud away.[3] Yet, all these high hopes shall shrivel to nothingness, and Arnold rot in his rebellion, if you shrink from our enterprise.

ANDRÉ—It were cowardly, to be turned by shadows of the brain from action so momentous.

CLINTON—Brave boy! Then you willingly advance, as we have planned?

ANDRÉ [*humbly bowing*]—I serve.[4]

CLINTON—A princely motto; and uttered like a prince! [*Placing his hands on André's head.*] And with it go a father's benediction. [*Aloud.*] On with the dance! and bubbling joy drown every care!

[CLINTON *and* ANDRÉ *take their places in the dance. The music plays. They dance.*

[*All retire.*

[3] The rivalry between Clinton and Cornwallis was a steady growth since Cornwallis went South. The Ministry and King were with Cornwallis.—*Bancroft.*

[4] "Ich dien" ("I serve"). The motto of the Prince of Wales.

SCENE IX. *Room in the house of* JOSHUA HETH SMITH, *near Haverstraw on the Hudson. Time: September* 22, 1780; *before daylight. Room dark, with a short candle dimly burning. Pen, ink, and paper on the table. Chairs in the room.*

Enter BENEDICT ARNOLD *and* MAJ. ANDRÉ.

ARNOLD [*startled*]—What noise was that?

ANDRÉ—I heard nothing.

ARNOLD—I heard it, and saw it too, sweep round us as we entered. It was a bat; the vampire, whose gorge is human blood. Foul dragon of the night! it fitly joins our meeting here as third conspirator.

ANDRÉ—So far, good angels favor our plans.

ARNOLD—Say devils, sir! Angels would fan with gentle wings the hissing fires of hell, rather than guard us here! [*Shows much emotion.*

ANDRÉ—I fear that you repent the sowing from which present intent has grown.

ARNOLD [*reanimated*]—No! no! I will not look back. I have gone so far, that on either hand the clammy-cold of treason touches like a corpse. To business, then; quickly to business; and soul-absorbing, calculating gain stifle sentiment? When left you the city?

ANDRÉ—Following your letter to Sir Henry, I came up the Hudson two days ago, on the *Vulture*. This night, under your protection leaving the vessel, I found you on dry land.

ARNOLD—Found me in the bushes! hiding there like a convict self-condemned, awaiting a co-malefactor.[1]

[1] André came up the river on the *Vulture* on Wednesday, September 20. On the night of Thursday, the 21st, he joined Arnold on shore at midnight, near Haverstraw. Arnold was waiting for him with saddled horses, and after some parley they rode to the house [within the American lines] of Joshua Heth Smith.—*Ridpath.*

While it was yet dark, Arnold and André rode from the thicket to Smith's house. [There negotiations were completed.]—*Lossing.*

After meeting Arnold they rode to Smith's house at daybreak. [Here they must have completed negotiations, for Arnold left André at ten o'clock that morning.]—*Irving.*

André came on shore at midnight, met Arnold in secret, and, need-

ANDRÉ [*excitedly*]—General, this is not just!

ARNOLD—We are alone; but to the ear of each our hearts cry out, "Malefactors!" In such an hour as this, to confess our guilt keeps honesty alive, though but a feeble counter to culprit poison. From the covert bush, with extra saddle provided, we galloped here to complete our villainy. Begin! [ANDRÉ *hesitates.*] Sir! I say begin! What would you with me?

ANDRÉ—Your tones, most impetuous, carry confusion to a simple agent, who is here at your request, not his. Your will, Gen. Arnold, when declared, shall be obeyed, if possible.

ARNOLD—I am here to sell myself and country? and you are here to buy!

ANDRÉ—And for authority to do what you state so ruggedly, I stand upon credentials as unshakable as the British state. [*Produces papers, which Arnold inspects.*

ARNOLD—The voice of Sir Henry Clinton falls from your tongue as his; and back of both speaks Lord Germain in sanction. Again, I say, quickly to business! lest I come back to honest life again, and in destructive wrath foreswear the tempter and the temptation.[2]

ANDRÉ—You are in command of this post?

ARNOLD—Yes; I am the Continental Commander of West Point.

ANDRÉ—You will here consent, and agree with me, to surrender the same, with all its army, stores, and guns, to Sir Henry Clinton when he comes?

ARNOLD—I can do this, if I so agree. But what consideration is to move me thus?

ANDRÉ—You shall be paid ten thousand pounds ster-

ing more time, went to the house of Smith, and there concluded the corrupt agreement, receiving from Arnold the papers to enable Clinton to take West Point.—*Arnold.*

It was at Arnold's request that André met him to settle details.—*Arnold.*

[2] [See Note 4, Scene 1.] André was authorized to negotiate,—*Fiske.*

ling; and made a Brigadier-General in the English Army.[3]

ARNOLD—A pretty bargain: and so simple in compliance! You pay the price, and Lucifer to his crowded realms adds another lost. [*With great animation.*] I will not do it. Sir, begone! Begone! before the outraged soul, which at Saratoga flew so closely to the gates of eternal honor, prompts a memorable example.

[*Partly draws his sword.*

ANDRÉ [*starting in alarm*]—General! Your invitation brings me here, and your protection follows.

ARNOLD [*falls into a chair and gives way to grief*]—This is all so terrible! Pardon my vehemence, Major! This is so terrible! Impulse has driven me to talk of crime; but to look on it I dare not. [*Weeps.*

ANDRÉ—It is no crime to heal a bleeding State; with the bays of peace to choke the voice of remorseless cannon.

ARNOLD—I have been so honored by my people. This deed—this most horrid deed—will stand the test of time, more grim than midnight murder.

ANDRÉ—Your people have not honored you. You have carried for them the keenest blade, as we on our side can testify. Your people have left you to penury. [ARNOLD *springs up.*] A debtor, walking forth only when the creditor is asleep, your peace is a nightly growth, and with the owl keeps company. [ARNOLD *brightens with approval.*] Your well-earned rank has been worn by others, though your sword fashioned it. Jealousy has stood your active enemy; and meanest men have climbed, through her abetting, to your deserved place. [ARNOLD *warms with passion.*] Simple in living as was prudent for the dignity of your station, you have been court-martialed for extravagance; and by the court condemned. Call you this "honored by my people"?

[3] The consideration for treachery was ten thousand pounds sterling and a commission of Brigadier-General in the British Army.—*Ridpath.*

If so, I do not ; and, as a soldier of the King, say that such treatment of a brave man does not comport with English gratitude.

ARNOLD [*overcome with passion*]—You have played the game with keener logic, and brought me to a proper sense of my past abasement. I am resolved and ready.

ANDRÉ—Here is the contract. Sign !

[*Spreads out papers.*

ARNOLD [*taking up a pen and hesitating*]—A sudden palsy seems to stop my hand ; as if the head and heart at war, they held the will between, in cowardly hesitation. [*Throws down the pen.*] I cannot do it !

ANDRÉ—Then all is as if we had not met ?

ARNOLD—The horror of this act rushes upon me with a torrent of unending woe. If it were done, when 'tis done, my name might quickly find a record here. But, oh ! the eternity of condemnation, if we lose. Through endless centuries, each new-born babe who enters into life, as a book newly bound, will perpetuate this crime. [*With emphasis.*] I will not do it !

ANDRÉ—You fail to note the prize you throw away. Giving up wealth and honors, to return to the wretched table where husks are provender.

ARNOLD—Tempt me not ! I am but mortal, and all are weak since Adam's day.

ANDRÉ—Against the wrongs you long have borne, I offer you English sterling, military rank, and much more that follows on. Do you consent ? If not, I go.

[*Turns as if to depart.*

ARNOLD—Yes ! yes ! Upon the heads of those who have thus driven me, be the sin of this commission.

[ARNOLD *seizes the pen, and signs the contract.*

[*With great vehemence.*] Now leave me ! Here are the plans of the post, with directions for its capture. Here is my pass, which carries you safely through our lines—in case of need—to those you came from. [*Hands him papers.*] Through yonder door find your chamber,

till the hour for departure comes. In pity leave me now; while an outraged conscience moans, leave me alone to battle it.[4]

[ARNOLD *sinks into a chair, with his head upon the table; and* MAJ. ANDRÉ *retires through a side door.*

[*Lifting his head, and glancing around.*] The inky pall of night still enwraps this hour's work. 'Tis well! For all the beams that ever burst from radiant day would blackened be, by looking on it. [*Rising up from his chair.*] The candle burns slowly to its end; and will not die, till it has surfeited its drooping eye with my fathomless remorse. [*With firmer decision. Rousing himself.*] Well, let it be so: And thus run on till tormenting imps, in the advancing gloom, come forth to hector me; and then I will defy them. I am a man again, and stand on what I've done. The witch of the Devil's glen, who reads to-morrow as to-day, divination gave that after the full round of nature, from an easy couch Arnold should mount from burdensome mortality. So of matters physical, against all hurt, I am armed with this coat of prophecy—a guard of impenetrable steel. The morality of my deed concerns me now. Who shall take account of the cuffs from worthless rivals, the ingratitude for noble service, the coward's sneer, the scorn of pygmies by me endured, and not acquit me? With foot firm set upon solid ground, this is the shore safely reached, out from drowning camps where gaunt famine has long been caterer. I am now a soldier of the King, and here draw my sword as pledge of changed conditions!

[*He draws his sword and raises it as if to swear by it: Suddenly his eyes become fixed in space, and his sword falls from his hands.*

What is this, which comes 'twixt me and my intention? Like the seers of old, have I new springs to vision, to pierce the mystic world? Shadows, incarnated to my sense, here walk with fleshly semblance. Who is this, that

[4] With all the past suddenly rushing upon his mind, sudden remorse was most natural.—*Fiske.*

with a frowning front, sweeps past in mien majestic? Warren! Warren! 'Tis he. In a universe of wandering ghosts, would he be prominent for his nobility. Speak! Oh, speak to me! and with a voice from which all evil flies, lift the fallen up; with haughty stride he moves away, as if contact were pollution. Following him, stalks on in lusty youth, the very god of those who once were men. Nathan Hale! your presence is reproof enough without that sign of warning. Next comes one whose locks of silver, in union with the last, adds wisdom to youthful daring. Mercer! Have pity, Mercer, upon your suppliant! those honored wounds, exposed, sear my very eyes and tear me as if my own. Still the line extends! Wooster, turn that accusing glance away, or much before my time I too shall join this high procession. Here is DeKalb, new-risen to his crown! and thousands more in lengthening line march on, false Arnold still to curse! An army moves, and in their front, the misty banner flies, that here stands for freedom. Hoary veterans proudly bear it up, whom hunger with its skinny hand snatched from our Valley Forge. I'll see no more! [*Falls upon his knees.*] These angry shades are too much for frail mortality. The panting fury which now sweeps this exhausted frame, is kin to craven fear. These eyes are blistered with burning fancies, which vest the unreal with reality. [*Picks up his sword and rises.*] This is yet my friend; with it in hand, Arnold is a man: and undismayed, though phantoms march in legions on the air. [*Again becoming agitated.*] These midnight messengers, upon the somber disk of night, have mirrored the picture of myself—most damnable as martyred hands uphold it. The candle sputters in the gasp of death; and with its dying light, hope flies forever from this unhappy heart. [*Trembles with emotion.*] The terrors which the tomb inhabit gather here, and this room, as in the musty vault of death, echoes them from the quick beatings of the affrighted heart. We all are braggarts! Who can be brave when guilty sense appalls him? Farewell to the pride of freedom-waged war! Farewell to the wild assaults for Liberty! The gorgeous temple, fame-trumpeted for me, here in ruin falls. To ashes turned

by my procuring hand, like this poor candle ended, it is no more forever; but unlike this candle, which dies an honest death, out from the wreck by me created, crawls the viper treason.

[*Falls into the chair with his head upon the table, and weeps bitterly.*

[*Rising from the chair.*] All the gold of India as offering, to undo what I have done. Too late! too late! Dismal words! the sounding key which locks the gates eternal. How like the bell of doom they strike the culprit's ear!

[*The candle is about to expire. Arnold moves slowly to the door through which he will withdraw.*

So ends all here. What shall be the coming day? Who can tell? [*The candle goes out.*] Into the darkness. Into the black of night. [ARNOLD *retires.*

SCENE X. *Tappan-on-the-Hudson. A lawn before Washington's quarters.*[1] *Time: September* 30, 1780.

Enter WASHINGTON, LAFAYETTE, GREENE, STEUBEN, KNOX, CAPT. CARROLL, *aids, and soldiers.*

WASHINGTON [*holding papers in his hands*]—Monstrous! Most monstrous![2] Twelve days ago I left for Hartford, called into consultation there with Rochambeau and Ternay, two morning stars just risen on our sky. Their auspicious promise might now be witless jest but for this discovery. The persistency with which

[1] Washington, at Tappan, occupied the "DeWindt House," the residence of John DeWindt.—*Lossing.*

The author has been told by a descendant, "I have heard my great-great-aunt often say, that as a little child in her father's [DeWindt's] house she heard Washington walking the portico in agony, all the night long, preceding André's execution."—*Mrs. Dr. Von Beverhout Thompson, née Julia DeWindt Hook.*

[2] Arnold's treachery was the severest blow Washington received during the whole war. He trusted Arnold. He admired and loved him, and was by him betrayed.—*Johnson.*

Arnold sought his office here is now understood. While faithful hands were working on the arch, black treason was mining at the base, with intent that all should crumble.

STEUBEN—I never liked the man. His brow fell back, and his chin came forward, both too much for my Lavater.[3]

WASHINGTON—But he was brave in action.

STEUBEN—So is the lynx. Yet it will steal, though it battles bravely.

WASHINGTON—Greene, the post is safe?

GREENE—Safe, your Excellency, against the hosts of England in united column marching. By your orders, after Arnold fled, quickly was all inspected. Every point is guarded with hands faithful, alert, and strong.

LAFAYETTE—The game of intrigue—which the Ministry of England made and played—is by the makers lost. The prisoner, André, reveals this much.

WASHINGTON—My heart bleeds for this unfortunate young man.[4]

KNOX—If Clinton will surrender Arnold, the boy may go?

WASHINGTON—By indirection, this suggestion hinted, meets with a refusal.[5]

GREENE—Then the boy must die?

CARROLL—Yes, die, as died our martyr, Nathan Hale.[6]

WASHINGTON—It seems to be the stern demand of justice, as fixed by cruel war.

STEUBEN—You are aware, your Excellency, that the scheme included you as prisoner? This was proven on court-martial.

[3] A German scientist was Lavater, who claimed to read character from the face.

[4] See Note 1.

[5] An indirect effort was made to get Arnold in exchange for André, but Clinton would not listen to it.—*Marshall.*

[6] Nathan Hale was executed at daybreak, September 22, 1776. [See Act III, Part I.]

WASHINGTON—A crafty and bold plot: first checked by honest yeomanry, who seized the spy at Tarrytown. Williams, Paulding, and Van Wart held the flaming sword guarding our Eden. It fits well in eternal things, that as this strife is waged to uplift man to freedom, from his humblest ranks he should prove his deserving.

KNOX—The next step in this accursed tragedy is for your Excellency.

WASHINGTON—To approve the court-martial of yesterday?

KNOX—You hold the facts and findings in your hands. It was unanimously decreed that John André should die: as a spy—upon the gallows, die.[7]

WASHINGTON—Who can concisely tell to me this accursed story? From conception to consummation, tell it?

CARROLL—I will try, your Excellency, as revealed before the court, which I attended. On the 20th,—this was Wednesday,—André came up the Hudson in the *Vulture*. Landing on the 21st, at midnight, Arnold and he met on the shore; and, before the day, at the Smith house, concluded terms. The morning of Friday broke upon the conspirators, with the *Vulture* lower in the stream and out of reach, so driven by our guns. That same Friday night André, homeward bound,—and since no one would then row him to the *Vulture*,—began the route by land, crossing to the eastern shore; at that very hour you were homeward bound from Hartford.

WASHINGTON—Riding with bounding hopes, kindled from the torch of our allies.

CARROLL—On Saturday, the 23d, you were engaged to dinner with Arnold.

LAFAYETTE—The day after, Clinton was to come, and make a meal of all.[8]

[7] The court-martial, consisting of the most prominent officers in the American army, were unanimous in their verdict that André was a spy, and as such should suffer death.—*Lossing*.

[8] It was arranged that Clinton should come on Sunday, while Washington was at West Point, on a visit to Arnold, and take him prisoner with the rest.—*Weems*.

WASHINGTON—He who fails to see the helping hand of God in this is blinded by ingratitude.

CARROLL—On this Saturday—one week ago to-day—at Tarrytown, André was stopped by our patrol, searched, exposed, and seized. In his hands he carried Arnold's pass, and in his boots the plans of treason.

STEUBEN—And let me, from foreign soil, bear witness here to American fidelity. All the gold of England could not buy the patriotic captors. André tried it, as we know.

LAFAYETTE—Here is the grit and metal of true ring, with which to win and make a state.

CARROLL—Taken to Col. Jameson, the nearest command, on Sunday this guardian of the prisoner wrote to Arnold, revealing all. It was a blunder, at which justice weeps.

GREENE—And was excusable. Who, at this time, would regard the spy other than an impostor, wrongfully with Arnold's pass. Jameson lost his head, as many might.[9]

CARROLL—The tell-tale letter on Monday came to Arnold; and straightway he fled to the *Vulture*, still in the Hudson. Your Excellency reached West Point a few hours later.

WASHINGTON—I was delayed. Saturday had gone and Monday come, when I reached the journey's end. The chief malefactor is housed within the tempter's camp, and the poor dupe is here for punishment.

KNOX—Mercy—though she calls with a trumpet of archangels, with whom she dwells—should find us dumb to her petition. While we are gathered here, Cornwallis in the South—a demon shot to earth from the red home of Pluto—without trial, plunders, wastes and hangs.

[9] When André was seized by Williams, Paulding, and Van Wart near Tarrytown, he was brought to Col. Jameson, [the nearest post] as prisoner. Col. Jameson lost his head and at once notified Arnold and enabled him to escape.—*Lossing.*

This request [to give notice to Arnold] was made by André, and inconsiderately granted by Col. Jameson.—*Ramsay.*

GREENE—The law, fierce though it be, is still majestic in its warning. It should run its course.

WASHINGTON—By that law, the accused must die?

GREENE—By that law Nathan Hale was hanged.

WASHINGTON—He begs to die a soldier's death; by the bullet.

LAFAYETTE—There is in this case no note of mitigation. The full rigor of the law is merited.

WASHINGTON—Clinton pleads?

STEUBEN—Then he should plead in vain. It is from a tainted house, whose lintels are crimsoned with the blood of innocence, that he extends his hands as suppliant.

WASHINGTON [*with vehemence*]—Gentlemen, the united sentiment here expressed,—as in court-martial it was before recorded,—comports with mine, and strengthens it. This is a matter of much moment, and he who would do right, will welcome the wisdom of others to enrich his own. Happy do I count myself to be so favored with advisers. I approve the sentence of this court, and give the prisoner to his fate. So ends another chapter in this bloody book. But for the pages, which Time is yet to write, I break into a prophetic mood: From this day on —difficulties impeding, but not defeating—we advance steadily to victory. Our allies, all impatient, await the opportunity, in friendly rivalry to join our march which ends with independence. Shall America or France cut closer to the invader's heart, is now the challenge.

[*Drawing his sword: all the others do the same.*

And these swords—tempered with the fierce white heat of four years past—we re-consecrate to the cause of freedom; and swear to bring them safely back from the shock of final battle, carried in our hands triumphant—or borne upon our biers.

[*All kiss the sword in token of the oath: and all, including the soldiers, cheer.*

[*All retire.*

SCENE XI. *Tappan-on-the-Hudson. Open country. Time: October 2, 1780; noon. A gallows, with a hanging noose, in the rear.*

Enter a file of soldiers, who, with officers commanding, take their places on either side of the gallows. Muffled drums are heard from the outside.

Enter more officers and soldiers, and music, "The Dead March."[1]

Enter MAJ. JOHN ANDRÉ, *unbound, between two officers, whose arms he rests upon; as he sees the gallows he shudders and halts.*

ANDRÉ—I am reconciled to my fate, but not the mode. However, it is but a momentary pang.

[*Led on,* ANDRÉ *places himself under the fatal noose. Here he takes off his hat and throws it down. He seizes the noose from the hangman and adjusts it on his neck, and then ties a white handkerchief over his eyes.*[2] *His arms are then bound.*

ANDRÉ—I request you to witness to the world, that I die like a brave man.[3] [*The drums roll.*

[1] Benjamin Abbot, who died at Nashua, N. H., June, 1859, played the dead march at André's execution.—*Lossing.*

[2] The executioner or hangman of André was a Tory, Nathan Strickland. He was promised his liberty for this act.—*Lossing.*

[3] I was one of four officers that accompanied him [André] to the fatal spot. André came out from the house [his prison], hooking his arms with two American officers. I was close to him. Maj. André said [when he came in view of the gallows]: "I am disappointed. I expected my request [to be shot] would be granted." In a few minutes the hangman led the wagon under the gallows. The hangman ascended the wagon and stood by André. When in the act of opening the noose, Maj. André snatched it from the hangman. He then took off his hat and put it down: took off his white neckcloth, and, opening the halter, he put it over his head, and drew the knot close, and then tied a white handkerchief over his eyes. The cart was removed and André swung off."—*Extract from original manuscript of letter. Museum, Washington's Headquarters, Morristown, N. J., Capt. John Van Dyke, U. S. A.*

[CURTAIN FALLS.]

END OF ACT III.

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *American camp, near King's Mountain; North Carolina. Officers and troops, women and children in poverty, gathered into camp from British fury. Prisoners captured in the battle of King's Mountain, guarded. Time: October* 10, 1780; *morning.* COL. WILLIAM CAMPBELL, *seated, and examining papers.*

Enter an AID.

CAMPBELL—Will Marion come?

AID—Yes; and Sumter too. Both are eager to shake the hand of the victor at King's Mountain.

CAMPBELL—What are the footings?

AID—The British lost five hundred killed. Besides, we have here in camp six hundred prisoners. None of their command escaped.

CAMPBELL—And Ferguson, their leader fell?

AID—He did, upon the field.

CAMPBELL—And on our side?

AID—The loss is not one hundred, out of our force of nine.

CAMPBELL—Col. James Williams of Ninety-six is here included. The death of such a man clouds any triumph. While Ferguson was driving MacDowell towards this mountain shelter, Williams, like a mastiff upon the scent, was after Ferguson, awaiting fair opportunity to grapple him. Thus pursuing, he learned—thrilling his heart with its latest joy—that we were preparing to extend the hand of succor from over those rugged hills.[1]

[1] After the fatal day at Camden, Col. Ferguson was sent by Cornwallis after parties of fugitives. He got upon the track of MacDowell and pursued him to the foot of the Alleghanies. There Ferguson stopped, but MacDowell went on over the mountain. Ferguson, be-

AID—He died as the brave wish to die.

Enter a SCOUT, *hurriedly.*

CAMPBELL—[*to the* SCOUT]—And what news of Tarleton?

SCOUT—Two days ago, learning the fatal end of Ferguson, with the loss of his whole command, he fled in retreat back to Cornwallis, who had sent him forth.

CAMPBELL—That is news, sailing to us on the wings of comfort; for, burdened with our prisoners, we have endured anxiety. [*To the* AID.] Convey the order—till otherwise commanded—to relax to restfulness the vigilance of the camp. [AID *retires.*

What more learned you of Tarleton?

SCOUT—I gained entrance within his lines, and this was told to me: Since our fatal day at Camden, Cornwallis has warmed his vengeance against Marion and Sumter. In closing August he wrote to Clinton that "Sumter was to him the greatest plague." [2]

coming alarmed, sent to Cornwallis for more troops, and meantime he took a strong position on the top of King's Mountain, on the border of North Carolina. MacDowell quickly aroused the mountaineers, who rallied to his aid the Scotch-Irish of the country. They heard MacDowell, and felt for those who came to them for assistance. This was in October, 1780. Regiments were quickly formed of these mountaineers under Isaac Shelby, John Sevier, Col. William Campbell, and Col. Benjamin Cleveland, and all met in Burke County on the Catawba. Later they joined the forces under MacDowell at Watauga. They then began the march over the mountains back to Ferguson's command. They all left their families exposed to Tories and Indians. Col. William Campbell was chosen the commander of all. On Broad River, Col. James Williams with a force joined them. From Williams it was learned where Ferguson was encamped. They resolved to march at once to the attack, and were at the foot of King's Mountain on October 7. The British were at the top, with twelve hundred men, and believed themselves to be invincible. The Americans forthwith climbed the heights, killed Ferguson, and captured or destroyed his whole command. The total loss of the Americans was less than one hundred killed and wounded, but Col. Williams was of the number killed. Tarleton was then marching to the aid of Ferguson, but hearing of his defeat he hastened back to Cornwallis.—(*Condensed.*) *Bancroft.*

[2] "Sumter is our greatest plague," wrote Cornwallis to Clinton; and

CAMPBELL—A neat compliment to the accused; to be thus ranked above Southern fevers!

SCOUT—He further wrote, that "Marion had aroused the whole populace in arms."

CAMPBELL—A greater compliment; then Marion does the work of patriotic inspiration. Go on!

SCOUT—With orders to have a hangman's noose for both these worthies if he should chance to meet them, Cornwallis sent Tarleton, with infantry and artillery, from his camp at Charlotte to the support of Ferguson. When MacDowell, coming to the base, still onward moved across this mountain range, Ferguson of his bold pursuer had fearful grown, and asked this proffered aid. It came too late to do him service.[3]

CAMPBELL—"Too late" is seldom fruitful in affairs; but this "too late" is much to be commended. So Ferguson is dead; his army prisoners to us; and Tarleton in retreat back from this place of danger! A good rounding to an exciting chapter.

Enter COL. FRANCIS MARION *and* COL. SUMTER.

CAMPBELL [*advancing and shaking hands with both*]—It gives me joy to welcome to this camp the twin terrors of British soldiers.

MARION—And it is pleasing to meet him who most deserves that title from blows just given.

CAMPBELL—Over yonder mountain range we all knew Marion and Sumter.

SUMTER—And, in the lowlands, we shall hereafter know Campbell and his mountain men.

CAMPBELL—We did our best.

MARION—That best is the doom of Lord Cornwallis.

SUMTER—The Carolinians begin to warm from King's Mountain fire; and patriots already enlarge our flitting squadrons of avengers.

"I hope sincerely you will get at Marion," said he to Tarleton; "he arouses the whole populace in arms."—*Bancroft.*

[3] See Note 1.

MARION—In the North—since this strife began—Washington has compelled the Briton to hug the ocean shore ; there to attune his music to its breaking billows. Cornwallis must now go the sea or starve.

CAMPBELL—The Tories have been his strength within this Southern land, so cruelly torn by his invasion.

SUMTER—These malefactors will be his strength no more, transformed into fear-shriveled culprits by your mountaineers. Tell us the story of your coming so in the nick of time.[4]

CAMPBELL—We heard the cry of grief in the lowlands, —for so we call the broad, expanding space between the mountains and the shore,—and came forth in duty. I speak as a Highlander, and as if one. Beyond these peaky heights dwell an independent people, loving justice and hating oppression. We till our farms, gather the rewards of toil, and help the suffering. There is but little law among us, but much obedience for the common good. The Great Giver who blesses all, in the only courts we know, is chief interpreter. We see His strength in the mountains, feel His love in the waving grain, and hear His tenderness in the valley rivulets. We need no other law, nor court, nor judge.

MARION—To your catalogue I will add the unconquerable Scotch-Irish energy ; for this dwells with you.

CAMPBELL—You are right ; our lineage is Scotch-Irish. When the mighty giant of the Isles laid the causeway which bridged the Channel, and, with Erin's, mingled Scotia's blood, he began a race who inherit his example—to do what is impossible.

SUMTER—And this example was at King's Mountain followed ; three days ago, independent peasantry hunted Ferguson even to its guarded peak, and captured him.

CAMPBELL—The flight of Gates from Camden, in

[4] This victory of King's Mountain, like the victory at Bennington, changed the aspect of the war. The Tories no longer dared to rise in the South. It quickened the patriots in North Carolina, and inspired Virginia. Cornwallis hoped, after Camden, to step with ease to the conquest of Virginia. Now he was forced to retreat toward the ocean.—*Bancroft.*

August last, was whispered to us while binding the golden sheaves of summer: we listened and resolved. Then, flying before Ferguson, came the summons of MacDowell,—a clansman known,—that we were needed here. A blast upon his bugle gave to every aspiring hill a tongue, and before September had left the calendar, a thousand strong we had gathered at Watauga. Good Isaac Shelby was there with Benjamin Cleveland, John Sevier, and more; and of them all, there was not a man who was not as ready to follow as to lead.

MARION—You were made commander?

CAMPBELL—The choice fell to me. The rest is quickly told. We marched over the mountains, and junction made with Col. Williams on the Broad. This was October 6th, at night—four days ago. We now learned of the location of the enemy. Upon the summit of King's Mountain he defied us. He little knew the men he was to hustle with; that from infancy they had walked upon hilly slopes, and where the gazelle could find its way, they had sure footing. All was ready; the game was in the tree; why not at once shake him to his fall? The hunters won for speedy action, and on the day following were around the base, and at the way which opened to the mountain tiger at the top. We climbed the steeps and slew him.[5]

SUMTER—The tide of invasion, sweeping across the State, has dashed itself to harmless spray: Yes! here at the foot of the Alleghanies. Thus checked, Morgan will help to turn stagnating waters back in ebbing tide.

MARION—I do not catch your meaning.

SUMTER—Know you not that Col. Dan Morgan, commissioned to command, has reached Hillsborough?

MARION—No. His presence is a victory. I am glad to know it now.

CAMPBELL—This famous rifleman among the mountaineers will stalk like a giant. His Virginians at Saratoga set the bounds of invasion there, and may do so here.

[5] See Note 1.

They, too, have tracked the beasts of wooded hills.[6] But I cry for pardon! Men of merit are silent of themselves while braggarts keep the floor. I have done all the talking. Let me listen now.

SUMTER—What would you know?

CAMPBELL—Know! Know all there is to tell of two such famed commanders; and when all is told, then sigh because the thrilling tale is ended. We hear of you in our cloud-capped homes, and wonder at lowland audacity.

MARION—I have come to you from the Santee. On the eastern side is my command.

SUMTER—And I from the west of this same stream. Other leaders—like ourselves, called "partisan," because each is his own authority—are stationed here and there in both the Carolinas.

CAMPBELL—Forces, spontaneously uprising for defense, while the organized armies of these Colonies are at the North?

MARION—And doing, we think, some service. The enemy we worry, if we do not destroy.

CAMPBELL—In this he feels great damage done. Fatigue may kill as the bullet does. But the foeman dead, no matter whether he surfeited or starved.

SUMTER—Fleet of foot, through flowing streams we dash as if aquatic. These English are involved in one waste of waters. The rivers, which like lace-work thread these lowlands, are, to the accoutered assailants, obstacles formidable.

MARION—The enemy is in constant terror held. We profit by harassing him. Where he does not expect us, there we surely are. Where he thinks we are, there surely we are not. In front and rear, and upon his flanks we thrust our javelin, and then away, the scar his chief reminder. We spring like a lion upon his communi-

[6] In September, 1780, Col. Dan. Morgan, by direction of Washington, reached the South to act with Gates, whom he hated. In October he was made a Brigadier-General.—*Carrington.*

cations, destroy his trains, slay his foragers, and capture his outposts. We carry nothing but our guns; sleep so as not to miss a shooting star, and feed from willing and patriotic hands.[7]

CAMPBELL—The lowlands and the highlands meet on common ground. Both do what seems to be requisite from different situations—the end sought the same.

Enter an ORDERLY.

ORDERLY [*to* COL. CAMPBELL]—The hour has come for William Douglass to die.

CAMPBELL—Bring forth the culprit.

ORDERLY—He is here, already on the way to execution.

Enter WILLIAM DOUGLASS, *a private American soldier, condemned to death, loosely bound, and attended by a guard.*

CAMPBELL [*sternly*]—William, you are justly sentenced. In the late fight, you earned a better fate. Harsh discipline marks you as its victim. Ten English prisoners were last night murdered.[8] And you are accused as one of the malefactors. Do you deny it?

DOUGLASS—I do not.

CAMPBELL—Then your doom is just. What have you to say?

DOUGLASS—I have this, with your permission. I am a plain, blunt man, with none of the tricks of pretty

[7] These partisan leaders, Marion and Sumter, worried the enemy beyond the strength of armies. They were here, there, and everywhere, and always aiming telling blows. Because of them, every British post was in peril. There was no telling where their sword would fall. From the swamps at midnight they darted upon the foe. When expected in front, they dashed upon his rear and disappeared. When supposed to be near, they were a hundred miles away.—*Ridpath.*

[8] Among the captives at King's Mountain were house-burners and assassins. Private American soldiers who had suffered, whose wives and children had been driven from shelter to huddle about camp fires, executed ten in retaliation. Campbell stopped this by threatening the delinquents with death.—*Bancroft.*

speech to foreign-gloss my deeds. Each act of mine, from boyhood up, must stand out alone, its own defender. In my very youth I was tutored to horrid war. I was with Braddock on the Monongahela. Our Washington was then a colonel. This scar upon my arm [*bares his arm*] is where a savage arrow plowed the flesh, even to the bone. No more of that. I after came to Carolina, and on the Congaree, out of the forests, with this wounded arm, cut for myself a home. The English came. Loving Liberty, I joined freedom's legions to repel them. With Lincoln, I was made a prisoner at Charleston.

CAMPBELL—A grand record, to be thus tarnished with a felon's death?

DOUGLASS—As I was saying, the English came. Across our State they trailed the fires of consuming hell, as blighted hopes here testify. Look upon yonder squalid group of women and affrighted children. [*Points to the stricken group.*] But yesterday they heard the little lisping music of happy homes, where the dew-drop, which washed the roses of their flower-embowered doorways, would have been for them too harsh a visitation. To-day, they gladly huddle amid the horrors of a war-resounding camp. I suffered with the rest. The spoiler came. My home was made ashes, and all who called me there with prattling tenderness which plucked the sting of weariness from tiresome day, with one fell swoop were gathered in the grave. All! All!

[*Bows his head in grief.* CAMPBELL, MARION, *and* SUMTER *do the same.*

I am near the end. Bear with me a little longer. I learned the name of him who gave this sorrow. He was a Tory, who grew to manhood by my side, but joined the King. In every battle I have scanned with eager gaze the face of prisoners to find this man. Yesterday I saw him. There he sat before the captive's fire, warming the hands which had wrought for me such ever-present grief! Oh, then the pain that clutched at this poor heart! My brain blazed with fury; this arm seemed to be a sledge of iron. I raised it—I struck

him—and he was dead. [*With humility.*] It was natural: quite natural, you know.

[MARION *and* SUMTER *bow their heads, and* CAMPBELL *turns aside to conceal his emotion.*

CAMPBELL—Proclaim it through the camp, so that no ear shall fail to hear, that William Campbell, empowered so to do, gives back his life to Douglass. Release the prisoner!

[DOUGLASS *is unbound; drums roll and all cheer.* Valiant hero, your grief was more than mortal could bear and remain restraintful. But to this I add, lest humanity refuses longer to dwell with us, prisoners are our wards, and violence must cease.

MARION—The provocation is great; yet neither Sumter nor I permit injury to a captive.[9]

Enter an aid, who hurriedly speaks to CAMPBELL.

CAMPBELL—The enemy is much too near for comfort. Always alert and so prepared, we will move the camp. [*To* SUMTER *and* MARION.] You will remain my guests to-day. [*Both bow assent.*] Ready! [*All prepare.*] Forward! March! [*All retire.*

SCENE II. *New Windsor. Washington's headquarters, Time: November* 20, 1780.

Enter GEN. GREENE *and* COL. (*before Capt.*) MOULTRIE.

GREENE—Your promotion is a laurel plucked from King's Mountain? It has a rounder roll upon the tongue to say "Colonel" Moultrie. "Captain" has a choppy sound.

MOULTRIE—The honor of it is, my thanks are due to Washington.

GREENE—No man is more just in the bestowal of rewards.

[9] Neither Marion nor Sumter allowed a prisoner to be harmed.—*Irving.*

MOULTRIE—No man is more just in all things. His far-reaching aims once more put his wisdom to the test. The sun is the great haymaker; we shall reap more than briers, now that Washington, not Congress, takes control. I will chance my life upon the successful issue of his plans.

GREENE—Just now his purpose is to sweep invasion from the Carolinas.[1]

MOULTRIE—And he has selected you to play the part of Southern Mars to his character of all-surveying Jove. It is my abundant faith in the wisdom of this selection, which would call my life into the hazard, as I have said.

GREENE—I hope my career against Cornwallis may hold this confidence.[1]

MOULTRIE—It was a boon to me to bear to Washington, in his quarters here, the happy story of King's Mountain. It warmed me through and through to be the first to pour the details into his greedy ear. Had there been a need, I would have ridden on, and still on, to zones of jeweled ice, to have heard his great thanksgiving.

GREENE—Of late he has listened only to sad tales.

MOULTRIE—I too had such to tell; they were swallowed up, however, by greater news of happy import.

GREENE—I know your reference. The dismal background of your picture would not out, with all your skillful touching. Truth, at your elbow, forced it into view.

MOULTRIE—It was the fate of Capt. Carroll to bring to the North the sorry tale of Camden. I should have stumbled on the road, selected to bear that burden. Carroll, as in duty forced to do, read to our great chief the horrid chapter of Southern persecutions. There were some things which he could not tell, because since occurring.

GREENE—The most savage of your recounting, was

[1] October, 1780, Washington removed Gates from the Southern department, and ordered Gen. Greene to assume chief command. Greene reached his destination in December.—*Hildreth.*

that of Col. Brown, besieged near Augusta by our Col. Clark; when the Briton was relieved by Col. Cruger, Col. Brown then pursued and captured the besiegers. Horrible to tell, Capt. Ashby and many surrendered prisoners were hanged, this cruel Brown approving. Others were surrendered to the Cherokees, and given to the tomahawk or torturing fire.[2]

MOULTRIE—There was much besides; but why freeze the blood by recital. We now hope to read a cheerful change in this book of many crimes. Morgan is gathering men as though he were a magnet. Cornwallis is in retreat. His frothy boast that he would invade Virginia, leaving behind him a conquered South, needs revision. Forced from Charlotte by King's Mountain, he rested, October 29th,—after a weary march of fifteen days,—at Winnsborough, where he remains.[3]

GREENE—It was to him a distressing journey, beset with angry rivers and forfeited good will. The British nearly starved. They only took a leaf from our experience, to test the quality of their endurance.

MOULTRIE—Marion made for them every step a curse by swift harassment. His lordship wearied in spirit, yielded to the fever, and base Rawdon gave orders to his army. Tarleton was selected to capture Marion, the "Swamp Fox," as he was called. It was to be the balm for his lordship's speedy cure. The jack-o'-lantern that dances through bog and fen were as easily brought in. The march of Tarleton was famous through his cruelties; but not through Marion's captivity.

[2] In September, at the siege of Augusta, Ga., Col. Clark besieged the British garrison under Col. Brown. Col. Cruger [English] coming upon them, the siege was raised in flight. They were now pursued by Col. Brown, and some were taken prisoners. Of these Capt. Ashby, with twelve others, was hanged under the eyes of Col. Brown. Thirteen were given over to Cherokee Indians and were tomahawked or burned.—*Bancroft.*

[3] After King's Mountain, Cornwallis retreated from Charlotte [his camp at the time of the King's Mountain battle] to Winnsborough, which was between the British posts of Camden and Ninety-six. He arrived there October 29, 1780.—*Bancroft.*

GREENE—Then Cornwallis took some other medicine, from sheer necessity ?

MOULTRIE—Not till another hand, with fury also armed, had made his case more desperate. Sumter pursued him even to Winnsborough. With his avengers, who had the hawk's ability to strike and then away, he fell upon the supplies of the anxious British camp ; and with impudence, now and then struck at the assembled army. Cornwallis then got well from sheer necessity.

GREENE—Marvelous men, these partisan commanders !

MOULTRIE—Maj. Wemyss was detailed to do for Sumter what Tarleton was to do for Marion. The agitated egg hatches no chicken. All the forces of the King were now agitated ; and Marion and Sumter were the agitators. Wemyss was whipped at Fishdam, his troop captured, and he made a prisoner. Now mark the difference between stern warriors ! Upon this captive was found a list of houses burned, and of untried men hanged by his direction. Yet our Sumter guarded from harm this assassin and his fellows, as if they were brother-heirs of his own great humanity.[4]

GREENE—Tarleton bagged no game in his hunt for the "Swamp Fox"? In English zoölogy, our Marion stands thus docketed.[5]

MOULTRIE—Before I left, he was from Marion recalled, and set upon the chase for Sumter, who now shook his audacious lance at Ninety-six, an important British post in South Carolina. The result is yet to be recorded.

Enter GEN. WASHINGTON.

WASHINGTON [*bowing to both*]—Gen. Greene, you are prompt in your attendance.

[4] Mounting his partisans, Sumter intercepted British supplies and sent his forces close to the British army itself at Winnsborough. Cornwallis sent Maj. Wemyss with a force against him. Sumter captured the Major at Fishdam. Upon him a memorandum was found of the houses he had burned. He had hanged Adam Cusack without provocation. Yet Sumter would not let him be harmed. [See Note 9, Scene 1.]—*Bancroft.*

[5] The British called Marion the "Swamp Fox."—*Butler.*

GREENE—It is a soldier's duty.

WASHINGTON [*to* MOULTRIE]—Col. Moultrie, I have some matters with Gen. Greene, which concern us alone.

MOULTRIE [*bowing*]—Having permission, I will retire. [*Exit* MOULTRIE.

WASHINGTON—Gen. Greene, I am sending my staunchest props away. I must trust to fate that I do not undermine the house, by cutting so deeply into its foundation. I ordered Gen. Morgan to Carolina two months ago; and he is there. Now you are to follow, so I have decided, with Steuben and Kosciusko.[6]

GREENE—I shall be repaid for this confidence, if I can do the work expected.

WASHINGTON—I expect you to drive the British from Southern soil. A great task! but the thews of giants stand out to admiring view when greatest tasks require heaviest straining. Morgan and you will each do a giant's work; for nature has given the strength, uniting courage with good judgment. Morgan was last month made a Brigadier—a reward too long delayed. This news of King's Mountain lifts the curtain upon better views; and the new actors in them should be worthy of the changed drama. From Morgan I am hopeful of great things. I send you to the chief command in the Southern Department, relieving Gates. You will set forth at once. That you may feel an added power to your arm, I shall order in your train, Harry Lee, our gallant "Light-Horse Harry." Hamilton I cannot lose, though he burns with enthusiasm to enroll beneath your flag.

GREENE [*bowing*]—My arm and heart and head will all be fitter for the great work I have to do, if you will

[6] Washington, having ordered Gen. Greene to the South [see Note 1], directed that Steuben and Kosciusko go with him. Steuben was halted in Virginia to resist Arnold, who had come to the James River with a force from New York. Kosciusko was with Greene through his campaign.—*Marshall.*

Lee ["Light-Horse Harry"] was added to the force of Greene. Alexander Hamilton wanted to go, but Washington would not part with him.—*Lossing.*

acquaint me with that happy charm which makes our Chief the supremest soldier.

WASHINGTON—Then listen! Be watchful, courageous, prudent, and humane! Write these four virtues upon your saddle bow. The soldier who is surprised is traitor to his trust! He who is courageous, strikes when he should do so. He who is prudent, will refuse a blow profitless if not disastrous. And chief of all, he who is humane will protect his soldiers as if his better self, to gain the end which assembles all in arms. Beware of the temptation to win the name of genius—it has strewn the earth with ruins like a plague. He is the true genius who is faithful to his purpose, and this may shine as brightly in retreat as in the rush of battle. He who fills his daily meditations with plots and plans to awaken the loud trump of his own fame, dwarfs the patriot to the selfish man, and steals from the power of the state for his own benefit. He who, thus meditating, precipitates a conflict which the public weal would then postpone, for every man who falls must answer hereafter as his murderer. A trust of human life is in your hands. So use it that all mankind, which from its ranks this life contributes, shall be the better for your using. Then all the world will hail you as a genius, whether you win or lose, for doing well is the highest stamp of genius. But it must surely follow as a rainy day to the dry succeeds, that if your cause be just, you cannot lose; or at worst, be only stayed until the right shall triumph over wrong.[7]

GREENE—Your power here will be dangerously impaired?

[7] Lafayette paid the character of Washington a compliment worthy of its majestic simplicity when, many years after the war, he said to Napoleon: "Sire, in the American Revolution was won the grandest of causes by skirmishers of sentinels and outposts." Washington was no hero of romance. As a warrior he was incapable of fear. He fought for a cause, and not for personal renown. Glory, that blatant word which haunts military men, formed no part of his aspirations. To act justly was his instinct; to promote the public weal his constant effort; to deserve the "affections of good men" his ambition.—*Irving*.

WASHINGTON—No matter. I have planned with Rochambeau that we demonstrate to the view of Clinton, as if New York were the object of attack; and so it may be. Or, by such delusive expectation we may restrain him, if we engage in operations near the fields which you will enter. [*All retire.*

SCENE III. *Field of battle at the Cowpens, South Carolina. Time: January* 17, 1781; *forenoon.*

Enter COL. TARLETON, CAPT. LOFTUS, *and British cavalry soldiers, dismounted.*

TARLETON—In November last, recalled from the chase of Marion, I was sent after the brigand, Sumter; for with him rode our greatest danger. At Blackstocks we met. I retreated, he holding the sharpest sword and the bloody field. This was mortification, intensified from being beaten by such a tramp in arms. And cursed be the luck which now throws me against this semi-savage Morgan! His riflemen defy all rules of warfare. I fear the day is lost.

LOFTUS—You are wounded?

TARLETON—A saber thrust from one of them cut my hand in two—or nearly so. It might have been much worse. [*The roar of battle heard in the distance.*

LOFTUS—It is impossible to re-form our lines. We must fly or surrender.

TARLETON—It shall not be surrender. On Christmas Day we started this man on his run before us from his camp upon the Pacolet. I supposed him to be flying as the hart flies when the hunter comes. Cornwallis has my pledge—in response to his order to drive this fierce rebel relentlessly—that I would destroy him, or across the Broad, like a lizard, he should skulk in the mountain crannies. It is this unredeemed pledge which stings more than this wound. Here on Carolina soil, which we claim

to own as conquered territory, he has turned upon us, and he——

Enter hurriedly an aid, who speaks, aside, to TARLETON.

TARLETON—To horse! To horse! And every man for himself, till better fortune comes![1] [*All retire.*

Enter, hurriedly, GEN. MORGAN, CAPT. CARROLL, *with aids and cheering soldiers.*

MORGAN—None but heroes were enlisted with us to-day. Col. Washington has branded the flying Tarleton, so that we shall know him if we meet again. Pickens, Howard, and you, too, Carroll, have here all won your spurs as freedom's chief defenders. What are the gains of conflict? [*To an aid.*] See that they are gathered, and the army made ready for a quick advance.

[*Aid retires.*

CARROLL—We were in force eight hundred; the enemy were twelve, with some artillery. Their entire army are dead or prisoners, less two hundred who got off with Tarleton. And these fugitives are hotly followed by Col. Washington and his dragoons. We lost but seventy; and hold captured guns, standards, and much other spoils. These guns were taken from us at Camden, and are now come home again.

MORGAN—It thrills me most, that this is a glorious New Year's gift to our great Commander upon the Hudson, whose ear is ever turned this way.

CARROLL—I bore to him the dismal story of Camden. Shall I silver-line that cloud with this report?

[1] Tarleton, recalled by Cornwallis from the pursuit of Marion, was sent after Sumter. November 20th they met at Blackstocks, and Tarleton was badly whipped. He retreated, leaving his wounded to Sumter. Then Tarleton was sent after Morgan, in January, 1781. Cornwallis writes to Tarleton: "DEAR TARLETON—If Morgan is anywhere within your reach, push him to the utmost." Tarleton answered with a promise to destroy Morgan and his corps. Then follows the battle of the Cowpens [this scene], and Tarleton is entirely routed by Morgan. Here Col. William Washington, in a personal encounter with Tarleton, nearly cut his hand off.—*Bancroft.*

MORGAN—You shall be the courier. It is yet two hours short of noon,—our fight, from first to last, was but two hours waged,—and, before the sun goes down, he shall see you speeding to the North.

CARROLL—Gen. Greene will, in his cup of care, commingle sweets of joy when he is told of this sequel of King's Mountain.[2]

MORGAN—He shall also have a messenger. Cornwallis has been hit as sorely as was Burgoyne at Fort Stanwix and at Bennington. Two months ago he ordered three thousand men from the Chesapeake to Cape Fear, more surely to rivet the chains which he had thrown over Georgia and Carolina. Besides these, he drew from New York two thousand under Leslie, who joined him lately. To catch me was his plan.[3]

CARROLL—That plan has gone awry?

MORGAN—This fight was forced upon him. Greene, with an army—gathered at Hick's Creek since he reached Charlotte in December—was on the east side near to the English camp at Winnsborough; I was on the west not fifty miles away. Thus flanked, Cornwallis marched into North Carolina—if he did so—in peril of destruction. Also, from my position was threatened Ninety-six and other important posts, which he dared not leave to our mercy. Either Greene or I was to be destroyed, or his advance was checked.[4]

[2] January 17, 1781 [see Note 1], Morgan knew that Tarleton was coming and decided to make a halt for battle. The fight was opened by Tarleton, and began at eight o'clock in the morning and lasted two hours. Tarleton was routed, with loss of seven hundred. Col. J. Eager Howard was in command of the Maryland forces, Col. William Washington the cavalry, and the Virginians and Carolinians were under Col. Pickens. The British cavalry [the few who got away] were pursued in flight twenty-four miles by Col. Washington and his cavalry.—*Bancroft.*

Seldom has a victory [the Cowpens], achieved by so small a number, been so important in its consequences.—*Wm. O. McDowell.*

[3] A force that had come to the Chesapeake was in November ordered to Cape Fear. Two thousand more from New York reinforced Cornwallis under Gen. Leslie, who came to Charleston.—*Hildreth.*

[4] At the time of the Cowpens fight, Greene with his army was at Hick's Creek to the east of Cornwallis [he at Winnesborough], while

CARROLL—Then he must fight again; and win his right to march as he designed.

MORGAN—This he will do, since he is provided. Base Arnold,—the traitor fouls the tongue which speaks his name,—on New Year's Day, with an army of two thousand, entered the James, and on the 5th burned Richmond. This was to hold from us the helping hand of the Governor of Virginia, our noble Jefferson. Steuben was therefore halted in his route to Greene, and with twelve hundred troops of the State confronted the traitor. Near Richmond—or its ruins—these combatants stand in double check at present.

Re-enter AID.

AID [*to* MORGAN]—The prisoners are in line, and the camp awaits your orders.

MORGAN—Work most expeditious after battle's great confusion! His lordship—deserting Winnsborough, as I know—is near at hand, and will seek revenge in the release of our prisoners. We will elude him, and cross the Broad to-day, and then by easy marches the Catawba. All ready! March![5] [*All retire.*

SCENE IV. *Room of Count de Vergennes, Minister of Louis XVI., Versailles, France. Same as Scene* 5, *Act III. Time: April*, 1781.

Enter COUNT DE VERGENES *and* FRANKLIN.

VERGENNES—Your Congress is slow of action. In

Morgan was west of him at the Cowpens. Thus flanked, Cornwallis had to fight on one side or the other.—*Lossing.*

[5] Morgan knew that Cornwallis would quickly pursue him with all his army to redeem the Cowpens, and to regain the men whom Morgan had taken as prisoners. On the very day of the battle, therefore, at noon, he was across the Broad with prisoners and spoils, and then soon across the Yadkin on the way to Virginia, with Cornwallis after him, as he foresaw. Greene, as requested by Morgan, joined him at the Catawba in this retreat. Greene's command at Hick's Creek, under Gen. Huger and Col. Otho H. Williams, marched by another road and joined Morgan's flying troops at Guilford, North Carolina. —*Lossing.*

such stirring times, the sluggard in affairs is unwelcome wherever he appears.

FRANKLIN—Our Congress may order a jubilee, and all the earth give thanks !

VERGENNES—Why so ?

FRANKLIN—The news is just at hand, that on March 1st, the month just passed,—my country became a nation. Maryland on that day—the last State of all—approved the "Articles of Confederation and Perpetual Union." And here comes Adams, to brother me in this joy.

Enter JOHN ADAMS.

FRANKLIN [*to* ADAMS]—You have heard the grandest of all the reports from home ? We are a nation ?

ADAMS—I have heard. Maryland has yielded, and we stand before all the world, a united political power ; to be dealt with as such, as long as earthly governments shall endure.[1]

FRANKLIN—And all honor to John Adams, who was the better part in this creation.[2]

ADAMS—On the 15th of November, 1777, Congress voted to propose this plan of union to the States, I approving. Franklin, you were the honored parent of the scheme. Truth concedes this much to you. In Parliament we have ever been a "vagrant horde," and by facetious lords have been so baptized. We should be now re-christened !

VERGENNES—The "vagrants," upon this hint combining, now bid for political eminence. United for business,

[1] The first day of March, 1781, was a great day in the history of the country. Maryland, the last State, subscribed the "Articles." And the United States of America, each and every one of the thirteen, confirmed and ratified the "Confederation and Perpetual Union."

[2] John Adams, in Congress in 1777, was the moving spirit for this union of the Colonies. [See Note 10, Scene 3, Act I.] He was the "Colossus of Union."

In fighting for the "Declaration of Independence," in 1776, he was styled "The Colossus of Independence."—"*Life of John Adams*," *J. Quincy Adams*.

the present almoners—for so England boasts herself—may yet be their suppliant. Such are the changes in this world.

ADAMS—It is a year or more since I came here, commissioned as agent of the "Colonies" to treat for peace and commerce with Great Britain. Henceforth I represent a confederated power—"The United States of America."

FRANKLIN—Good Count, this report comes to us garlanded in a golden setting—the victory of King's Mountain and at the Cowpens!

VERGENNES—The representatives of America have reason now to carry heads so as to see nothing lower than the stars. [*All laugh.*

FRANKLIN—How are other powers impressed?

VERGENNES—Spain is not at ease. Like an old granny pinched with pains, she whines continuously that France overreached her, in procuring this engagement in arms between herself and England. Never interested in your quarrel, neither principle nor humanity has governed her while posing as your friend and England's foe. She enlisted in the fight, spurred on by selfish hope, that from the wreck of Britain she might regain Gibraltar. Her hope comes tumbling down, and she cries for peace regardless of honorable obligations. France will not engage to win for Spain this prize, and so defeats her; and the burglar, foiled in his attempt, will curse the chair which trips him. King Charles, though his cannon were belching at England's flag in your behalf, would not receive Jay, your country's representative.[3]

[3] When Spain opened war with Great Britain she calculated upon a single campaign. After seven months of hostilities (and England not invaded nor Gibraltar given up as expected), King Charles of Spain said, "France had brought her into collision with England for her own interests alone." Florida Blanca [prime minister to the Spanish King] called himself "a great fool for having induced the King to declare war against England." Vergennes to all demands for peace inflexibly insisted that the independence of the United States was the first step to peace. Charles would not receive Jay as the Minister of the United States.—*Bancroft.*

FRANKLIN—Last December England declared war against Holland? Midwinter madness!

ADAMS—There was a purpose in it. This was to forestall Holland's treaty of commerce with us.

VERGENNES—The Dutch love liberty; and, like the French, are by nature the allies of men contending for their freedom. Your people can trust the Netherlands.

ADAMS—When I was named as an embassador, Henry Laurens was sent as such to these same Netherlands. A British cruiser captured him, and compromising papers revealed the friendly footing of the Dutch with us. This war the sequel. Laurens has since languished in the Tower charged with treason; and the Texel foams around gathering keels, its waters covered with ready-shotted guns.[4]

FRANKLIN—It is "John," the son of this same Laurens —called the "Younger Laurens" for distinction—who is at this court to-day, as a special agent of Congress; pleading for more money from this, our already much overtaxed friend.[5]

ADAMS—Our necessities compelled it. Confession sometimes lightens burdens. On New Year's Day the Pennsylvania line revolted. For a year they had served, and received in return not one shilling. It was a fearful moment. Happily, that State took up the burden of her complaining soldiers and restored order.

FRANKLIN—Clinton, to grasp advantage which grew from our distress, sent his agents to these troops. The mutineers hanged them as spies. Their hearts were true, though with pockets and stomachs empty.[6] The story

[4] The declaration of war against Holland grew out of the neutral question on the high seas (see Note 5, Scene 1, Act III), and because of her sympathy for the United States. Henry Laurens, Minister of United States to Holland, had the year before been captured on the ocean and was now a prisoner in the Tower of London.

[5] In the month of April, 1781, John Laurens [son of Henry Laurens] arrived in Paris as special envoy from Congress to the French government for aid.—*Irving.*

[6] On January 1, 1781, the Pennsylvania line revolted, and thirteen hundred marched to Princeton, on the way to Congress at Philadelphia. They demanded clothing and pay. The authorities of Penn-

finds ready credence here, that Greene is marching and countermarching in the South with two thousand men, whose only clothing is the breech-cloth of the savage; who carry upon their naked shoulders tufts of padded grass to prevent galling wounds were their trusty rifles rest. But how galling to us is this truth![7]

ADAMS—Lafayette has written that no European army would suffer one-tenth of what the soldiers of America have borne. 'Tis so! But oh! how pitiful, because, 'tis so!

VERGENNES—The visit of Laurens has been profitable. It is fitting that you should know the King's decision. Washington, our Rochambeau, Lafayette, and you too, good Dr. Franklin, appealed persuasively. Twenty millions is the loan His Majesty permits. Washington foregoes the second armament of six thousand men, to which this kingdom stands committed. Our Admiral Count de Grasse, now in the West Indies, has received orders to hold his fleet—a large one, too—at the command of Washington. Rochambeau has long been the cheerful recipient of his orders.[8]

ADAMS [*in great excitement, to* VERGENNES]—Excuse me, dear Count, if I withdraw to communicate this intelligence to anxious friends. [ADAMS *retires.*

sylvania settled the affair. They hanged as spies the agents of Gen. Clinton who came among them.—*Carrington.*

[7] Greene wrote two days before the battle of the Cowpens, "more than half of our command are naked; or so much so that we cannot put them on duty. Indeed, a large number have not a rag of clothes on except a little piece of blanket, like the Indians, around their waist."—*Carrington.*

Our soldiers in the South, two thousand and more, have only the breech-cloth for clothing, and tufts of grass to save the shoulders from the galling rifle.—"*Life of Gen. Greene,*" *Johnson.*

[8] In response to this appeal for aid [see Note 5], De Grasse was ordered to sail from the West Indies, and to put himself under the orders of Washington. The great expense of sending out the remaining six thousand troops to Rochambeau [only six thousand had been sent of the twelve thousand agreed upon] was on Washington's recommendation given up. Rochambeau was again instructed to act under Washington.—*Bancroft.*

VERGENNES—Before that man came in, I said your Congress was slow of action.

FRANKLIN—I know you did ; and intended to refer to this again.

VERGENNES—I don't like your Adams : and in August last, with very explicit language gave your Congress to understand that France would prefer someone else to negotiate a peace. Your lawmakers have done nothing. Hence my charge of sluggishness.[9]

FRANKLIN—Adams is strong in the affections of our people. Impulsive he may be, but his patriotism glows as steadily as the radiant sun. The honesty of John Adams no one will question in America, though faults may through it shine.

VERGENNES—You are a marvel ! If not a saint, you have the making. Since the day Adams came, he has made war on you ; impugned your skill and industry.[10] He has forced himself upon the Ministers of this state as if he, and not you, were to it accredited. But for the depth in which you are rooted in the affections of all here, you would have been by him long since overblown. Meddlesome and petulant, I ask to be relieved of his presence.

FRANKLIN—Dear Count, shall I take trouble because the wig is crooked, if the heart be right ?

VERGENNES—If a meddlesome fool, for want of prudence, scuttle the ship, what difference to the drowning, whether the act of ruin was by a pirate done, or by an honest man ? I wish this man away.[11]

[9] Vergennes did not like Adams, and he had plainly intimated to Congress at Philadelphia that it would be agreeable to France if a person of more conciliatory temper should be employed in the coming negotiations of peace.—*Bigelow.*

If nature had maliciously sought to create a man for the express purpose of aggravating Vergennes, she could not have made one better for the purpose than John Adams.—*Morse.*

[10] Adams [referring to Franklin] said, "If our affairs had been urged with skill and industry we should at this moment be blessed with peace."—*Bigelow.*

Adams was a natural fault-finder.—*Morse.*

[11] Vergennes, in the name of the King of France, required Franklin

FRANKLIN—In deference to you, I will write to those at home. [*All retire.*

SCENE V. *Camp of Cornwallis on the James River near Elk Hill* (*Estate of Jefferson*), *Virginia. Time: June* 15, 1781.

Enter CORNWALLIS *and* COL. TARLETON, *with aids and soldiers.*

CORNWALLIS [*to* TARLETON]—From Wilmington, I reached Petersburgh on the 20th of May, and with me brought my full command. Germain approves my march. So far, well! Rawdon is left to hold Georgia and the Carolinas, which——

TARLETON—Which has not been done!

CORNWALLIS [*astonished*]—Say you so? Later we will consider this, not now. Here, these men seem to be as fleet as hounds. We have pursued Lafayette for days, and the chase is still against us. A week ago he united with Wayne: Steuben has been his mentor since he reached Richmond; here upon the James they held in check our Phillips, whose death, in May, was as a battle lost. His successor, Arnold,—detested traitor,—I sent back to Clinton, who begat him as an officer in our forces. The dainty Lafayette refused to know him even in official correspondence.[1]

TARLETON—You were fortunate to find large forces here awaiting you?

to remit correspondence [which was evidence of Adams' meddlesome nature] to Congress.—*Bancroft.*

[1] May 20, 1781, Cornwallis abandoned the Carolinas, and by a long march reached Petersburgh. Gen. Phillips there died May 13, and Arnold succeeded him. The first thing Cornwallis did was to tell him [Arnold] to begone. He sent him back to New York.—*Ridpath.*

Following Steuben, Lafayette had been sent to Virginia to oppose Phillips or Arnold.—*Bancroft.*

Arnold, while in command, addressed a note to Lafayette, who returned it, refusing to correspond with the traitor.—*Bancroft.*

CORNWALLIS—Foreseeing that the drift of battle was this way turning, I asked them of Clinton in early March. He hesitated, but dared not refuse. Germain is friend to me; and more important, so is the King. Poor man, he dreads an assault upon New York, and each morning has the shaking fever when he hears the names of Washington and Rochambeau. With twelve thousand veterans within a fortified city,—thus is he situated,—I would laugh at siege as playful pastime. But Clinton—— Well—he is Gen. Clinton. He should have gone home with Howe three years ago.[2]

TARLETON—And yet, General, you are well provided.

CORNWALLIS—I have no fear. We gather upon the James, and within Virginia, seven thousand men. Can these malcontents do more than play the game of tag with such a power—that is, touch and run. Even such a game will end in time, the score in our favor, as I am confident.

TARLETON—The heavy work this year has fallen to us—whom who you left under Rawdon—in the South. We have been busy?

Enter MAJ. MONCRIEF.

CORNWALLIS [*to* MONCRIEF]—We are in a reminiscent mood this morning; and you make a good third to our discussion. But first, the purpose of this call?

MONCRIEF—A prisoner has been brought in. Perhaps you will question him?

CORNWALLIS—Not now. We are in retrospection occupied, and no prisoner shall compel us to surrender the past, to present themes. The prisoner is safely held? Then here for the time we will hold you.

MONCRIEF—I rejoice in such captivity.

CORNWALLIS—At the Cowpens in January last, we were

[2] From this time [when Cornwallis was on the James] the hate which had long existed between Cornwallis and Clinton [see Note 3, Scene 8, Act III] showed itself without reserve. Cornwallis was eager to step into the chief command. Clinton, though he had threatened to throw up the place, said, "he would not be 'duped' by his rival into resigning."—*Bancroft.*

severely hit. I cast no censure upon you, Tarleton, who as our gladiator upon that field did your best. [*To* MONCRIEF.] You were there?

MONCRIEF—I was,—and a part of all that followed,—till you began your advance to Wilmington, after the affair at Guilford Court House, three months ago this day.

CORNWALLIS—But to go back. After the Cowpens, we moved to the support of Tarleton; this was with the hope to intercept the victorious, but now fleet-footed, Morgan, so quickly joined on the Catawba by Greene himself. To effect this union, Greene left his camp at Hick's Creek, and became Morgan's partner in escape. His abandoned army, by Huger and Williams led,—we were well informed,—followed their commander by another road. And all forces were united at Guilford, in the common scramble to be off. The rascals sped on before us for many days. Could this army have been more expeditious?[3]

MONCRIEF—Not and retain its power to breathe. We marched with the wind, but they fled with the hurricane. They were always just across the water, when we got there. At Broad River, at the Catawba, the Yadkin, and the Dan, we reached one side while the fugitives were sending a farewell to us from the other. The chase began in January: and with unbroken pace continued until February 14th. Then Greene entering Virginia, you turned back from its border line, the Dan,—thus far had we played the huntsman,—to a former camp at Hillsborough.[4]

TARLETON—It is an accursed territory, and should be

[3] See Note 5, Scene 3.

[4] When Cornwallis started in pursuit of Morgan after the battle of the Cowpens, it became the pursuit of Greene and Morgan, after Greene had joined Morgan on the Catawba: and a pursuit of all the forces of both Morgan and Greene, after Greene's army from Hick's Creek had united with Morgan's at Guilford Court House. [See Note 5, Scene 3.] This became the most famous retreat known in history. Greene, for a race of more than two hundred miles, managed to be across the river (and there were many) just as Cornwallis reached the opposite bank.—*Butler.*

given over to aquatics. These men whom we followed are web-footed, or back-finned like fish, so easily to skim this world of waters. Else, they had not escaped us! Where, over all the earth, shall this land be river-matched? There is the Great Pedee and the Little Pedee: the Big Santee and the Small Santee; the Ennoree and Congaree; the Black, Broad, and Edisto; the Catawba and Wateree, the Yadkin and the Dan. Why this is not half of them; and I would rather hang than tax my memory with the accursed string of names. It is enough to drive one mad to recall the posts and marches in this liquid waste. 'Tis easier to figure an eclipse, without the aid of pencil. To curse were useless, for even curses would be drowned. Send our midshipmen to hold this State, and give to us landsmen more solid footing.[5]

[*All laugh heartily.*

CORNWALLIS—I am much of your way of thinking. Yet as soldiers we must take the land as God has made it. With much audacity, after resting but a week, Greene recrossed the Dan, and in turn came after us. On the journey we paused at Guilford. There, on the 15th of March, both armies locked horns—as mad bullocks do—in bloody battle.

MONCRIEF—And your Lordship, as conqueror, held the field when the day closed?

CORNWALLIS—The victory was not one to excite us to vociferous applause. Cursed be that day of battle! Our loss was greater than the enemy's.

TARLETON—Greene made an orderly retreat. Reforming his shattered ranks, he would have renewed the fight, had we consented. It was then our turn to fly. We made for Wilmington with what speed we could,

[5] Greene in his retreat [see Note 4] reached Virginia when Cornwallis at the opposite side of the Dan gave up the race and turned southward again, and for Wilmington. No sooner had he done this, than Greene was after him, recrossing the Dan (being recruited from Virginia) in pursuit, and kept close to him.—*Irving.*

In his outburst against the rivers, Tarleton names only a few of them—there being (large and small) about one hundred and fifty in the two Carolinas and Virginia.

Greene stepping upon our heels, with his half-naked rapscallions by his side. Reaching our journey's end at the sea, April 7, all else of North Carolina was left to the enemy. Twenty days after, this army left Wilmington for Virginia, to begin these operations on the James.[6]

MONCRIEF [*to* TARLETON]—Then, Tarleton, you and I joined Rawdon, to whom was left South Carolina. [*To* CORNWALLIS.] Matters have not gone well there since your Lordship left?

CORNWALLIS—Rawdon did the best he could. The territory was much too large to hold with small commands scattered through it.

MONCRIEF—The moment you departed, Greene, free from the fear of your chastisement, planned to clutch South Carolina from us also. Camden, Ninety-six, and Augusta were threatened. In April, Marion, Sumter, Pickens, Lee, and Williams,—the last two with cavalry commands,—were all activity.[7] Rawdon presented an unyielding front. Greene prepared to measure strength with Rawdon at Hobkirk's Hill, on South Carolina soil.

CORNWALLIS—There Rawdon won a lifetime of renown. Tarleton, you were a sharer in that glory?

MONCRIEF—The gage of battle was thrown and accepted April 20. Greene had about twelve hundred men, to a thousand of us opposed.

TARLETON—We began the attack and were received

[6] March 15, 1781, Greene, now pursuing Cornwallis on his march for Wilmington, came up with him at Guilford Court House, North Carolina, and forced a battle. Greene selected advantageous ground. The battle opened at one o'clock in the afternoon. The North Carolina militia delivered a partial volley and fled. Not so the Virginians and men of Maryland. The battle raged for two hours. Greene gave up the field, but nothing else. The British lost six hundred; the Americans less than half that number. The next day Greene was ready to renew the battle; but three days after it, Cornwallis with his victorious, but now ruined, army, began his flight. Greene pursued him, but could not come up with him, and Cornwallis reached Wilmington.—*Bancroft.*

[7] So soon as Cornwallis was driven away, Greene determined to carry the war into South Carolina and drive the British garrisons from their posts at Camden, Ninety-six, and Augusta, in Georgia. Greene threatened all these places.—*Irving.*

with stubbornness. Greene retreated ; but when he left, we had no prisoners to count, nor spoils of war to encumber us. The loss upon each side was about the same, though we, as at Guilford, remained upon the field.[8]

CORNWALLIS—That was much, considering you were inferior in numbers.

MONCRIEF—Following Hobkirk's Hill, the other stations long held by us began to drop like ripe fruit from a shaken tree. Marion and Lee gained Wright's Bluff on the Santee ; May the 10th Rawdon abandoned Camden. The next day Orangeburgh fell to Sumter ; the day after that, Fort Mott to Marion ; June the 5th Augusta, with its garrison, dropped to Greene himself ; and Ninety-Six was next abandoned. . South Carolina was now nearly gathered to the enemy, Charleston excepted.[9]

CORNWALLIS—Our retrospection might have been more highly colored with our successes ; but we must take fortune as it comes. Maj. Moncrief, will you introduce your prisoner ? [MONCRIEF *retires.*] I am still firmly fixed in the faith with which I entered upon Southern territory, that here is the spot to make successful war. With the British fleet upon the Chesapeake —if Clinton will so order—guarding our army upon its banks, we can strike North or South, and so confuse the enemy.

Re-enter MAJ. MONCRIEF *with* COL. CARROLL ; *a* SERGEANT *and file of soldiers as guard.*

MONCRIEF—This prisoner was taken by our scouts as he was riding—so it is thought—from the camp of Lafayette to that of Wayne.

[8] April 25, Lord Rawdon, now in command of the Carolinas after Cornwallis, who had fled, gave battle at Hobkirk's Hill, in South Carolina. Greene was attacked by Rawdon early in the morning. Greene was forced to retreat, but the loss was about the same ; three hundred on each side.—*Lossing.*

[9] Then, in due time, the armed posts throughout the Carolinas and Georgia fell to Greene or his lieutenants, and the British forces were driven from the land to the sea, to Charleston and to Savannah.—*Butler.*

CORNWALLIS [*to* CARROLL]—What is your name, sir?

CARROLL—I am Thomas Carroll, Colonel in the United States Army.

CORNWALLIS—You mean the Colonial Army. There are no United States.

CARROLL [*with much disdain*]—Therein does a willing servant of a royal master show his ignorance of events. These Colonies became a single and united power on the 1st of March.

SERGEANT [*blustering*]—Prisoner! Remember you are speaking to the Commanding General, my Lord Cornwallis.

CARROLL [*bowing humbly to the* SERGEANT]—Thanks for this. I thought you were his Lordship.

[*All laugh heartily.*

TARLETON—I know this man. Sir, we have met before.

CARROLL—Yes! You have a memory as well as I. At Camden. I followed you, and at the point of my sword held your worthless life, when troops divided us.

TARLETON—Then you were "Captain"?

CARROLL—I won the higher rank at the Cowpens. Opportunity was there gladly seized to send many of your class to heaven. Carrying the news—which good fortune fell to me—of our victory to Washington, he extended this reward.

CORNWALLIS—What was your mission when taken by our scouts?

CARROLL [*with contempt*]—To gather blackberries.

CORNWALLIS—You are facetious. What is Lafayette doing?

CARROLL—Attending to his own business.

CORNWALLIS—And Steuben?

CARROLL—Helping Lafayette.

CORNWALLIS—I may have you hanged.

CARROLL—Perhaps. You and your creatures [*looking fiercely at* TARLETON] are capable of doing the vilest things.

CORNWALLIS—What is Wayne up to?

CARROLL—He is weaving a rope for more hanging, when I am done for.

TARLETON—This service you would, doubtless, gladly render to Arnold?

CARROLL—Oh, no! We would only hang him in part, if we had him.

TARLETON—This is enigmatical.

CARROLL—We would cut off the leg wounded at Quebec and Saratoga, and bury it with honors of war. The rest we would hang upon a gibbet.[10] [*Aside.*] If Champe had not failed, this suggestion would have been long since answered by other voice than mine. Where is that brave soul now, I wonder![11]

CORNWALLIS—You have seen Washington since the Cowpens? With what new campaign does he propose to stir the world to wonder?

CARROLL [*aside*]—It was our General's wish that the report be noised abroad that New York was to be

[10] Arnold asked a prisoner, "What would you do with me, if I fell into your hands?" "We would cut off your leg," was the reply, "which was wounded at Quebec and Saratoga, and bury it with the honors of war. The rest of you we would hang upon a gibbet."—*Fiske.*

[11] Washington was anxious for the capture of Arnold. André had been hanged October 2. Washington learned that Arnold was living at the Watts House, No. 3 Broadway, New York City, next door to Clinton. He sent for "Light-Horse" Harry Lee, and devised a plan. Sergt. John Champe of Lee's cavalry was to desert, go to New York, and there, with companions with whom he was to be made acquainted, seize Arnold at night, in the open grounds in the rear of his dwelling, hurry him to a waiting boat in the North River, and bring him to Washington. Washington drew up the instructions. Champe consented. He did desert on the night of October 20, was pursued by his own people, who were not in the secret, but reached the British in safety. In New York he was enlisted under Arnold himself. On the very night when the plan was to seize Arnold, the traitor changed his quarters to go on his expedition to Virginia; and poor Champe was caught in a dilemma and had to sail with him. When Arnold was sent back to New York by Cornwallis, Champe came under the command of the latter, and late in the summer of 1781, escaped, and rejoined his old commander, Henry Lee, who was then with Greene in the South.—*Lossing.*

assailed. Here is opportunity.[12] [*Aloud.*] He will go gunning for Manhattan snipe.

CORNWALLIS—You mean Gen. Clinton?

CARROLL—That is the other name for my bird.

CORNWALLIS [*aside to* TARLETON]—I believe the truth here escapes this man in the guise of ribaldry. Washington will attack Clinton in New York! Supported by the French he may—— Ah, well, I shall not weep, whatever the end may be. With Clinton a prisoner, the aureole of Chief General falls upon my brow, and will find me here at the post of supreme advantage. [*Aloud.*] Since the Cowpens you have been South again?

CARROLL—In each event of moment there, I have had my part.

CORNWALLIS—Greene is fleet of foot when on the march?

CARROLL—It was necessary: to keep your backs in view, you fled so rapidly before him.

CORNWALLIS [*indignantly*]—Fellow, we pursued him for days from the Cowpens to Virginia!

CARROLL [*with mocking humility*]—That was to test your strength and wind. This done, in his own good time he turned, and drove you across the great North State to Wilmington.[13]

CORNWALLIS—But we halted at Guilford Court House, and gained a triumph there.

CARROLL—And straightway from that triumph fled, as from the ghost of ruin. And still onward fled, till you reached your ocean reinforcements. That triumph, as you call it, drove you here to Virginia,—as there was no

[12] Early in the summer Washington was willing to have it understood and noised abroad that he was to attack New York. If he really did so, no harm was done by the report. And if at last he decided not to do so, but to move to the South, then Clinton might be deceived.

Washington was willing, by false rumors, to have it understood he would attack New York.—*Ridpath.*

[13] See Notes 4 and 5.

place else to go,—surrendering the land south of this to our fast-advancing banners.

CORNWALLIS—Since then we have had Hobkirk's Hill.

CARROLL—You were not there. And I congratulate you.

CORNWALLIS—Why?

CARROLL—You will live longer by keeping as far as possible from Gen. Greene.

CORNWALLIS—Your insolence deserves the lash. We are informed that when the army of the valiant Greene started from camp at Hick's Creek, on the run for the Dan, one thousand and more of this motley gathering had no other clothing than a cloth about the loins.[14]

CARROLL [*repressing his anger*]—Very true! your Lordship; very true! By army regulations this was the court dress; a uniform adopted in deference to you, if the two armies joined. There was a fitness in it. If this style is savage, so is our enemy.

CORNWALLIS—And we have further learned that half of the ragged herd was weaponless?

CARROLL—Very true, your Lordship; very true!

CORNWALLIS—Why were such creatures gathered into a military camp?

CARROLL [*laughing greatly*]—We are a social people. They were there for company.

CORNWALLIS—And shall such scum as this recapture conquered States?

CARROLL—It has, your Lordship; it has! And already enforced upon the British Army of the South a new and most pleasing occupation.

CORNWALLIS—To do what?

CARROLL—To gather sea shells.

CORNWALLIS—You have much amused us in this character of clown.

CARROLL—Charge, one shilling.

CORNWALLIS—Why so small a sum for so much amusement?

[14] See Note 7, Scene 4.

CARROLL—I always gauge my fee to the importance of my audience.

CORNWALLIS [*in anger*]—Away with this man! I'll speak to him no more. And exchange him quickly for one of equal rank. It will be agreeable to be well rid of him.

CARROLL [*bowing meekly*]—A mutual pleasure.

CORNWALLIS—And yet we may meet again.

CARROLL—Yes. When it shall be my duty to call the roll of prisoners.

CORNWALLIS [*in continued anger*]—Away with him! No more. Away!

[*The* SERGEANT *and the guard retire with* COL. CARROLL.

CORNWALLIS—The unmannered knave has put me in a temper. However, to learn that Washington will attack Clinton is worth the interview. This is our last day here, so far from the protection of the fleet, already floating—though yet of vessels few in number—where this river swoons into the Chesapeake. We march at once to Portsmouth, and then to Yorktown.

[*All retire.*

SCENE VI. *New York City. The Battery Green or Plaza. Time: August* 25, 1781; *forenoon.*

Enter GEN. CLINTON, MAJ. MONCRIEF, *aids, and soldiers.*

CLINTON—It is now blazing noon, and the last platoon has passed in grand review. Moncrief, I am tired; tired in body and mind. For three hours I have stood and surveyed the line, till twelve thousand men, panoplied and shining in their arms, tramped by. Who thanks me for this labor?[1]

MONCRIEF—It was a grand army, and grandly enthusiastic, which we have seen. I am just now arrived from

[1] In August, 1781, Clinton had twelve thousand veterans in New York.—*Ridpath.*

Lord Cornwallis, whose force with this compared, divides it equally, or nearly so.

CLINTON—No better troops ever followed a commander. They give me confidence for the bitter hour, when it strikes—the hour when Washington opens his guns upon this town.

MONCRIEF—I now recall the words of a prisoner to Cornwallis in camp upon the James, that Washington would here engage his powers.

CLINTON—This is no news to me. Faithful guardians have brought to me his dispatches—intercepted—which reveal his intentions. I am not defenseless; but no thanks for this to those who should be prop in such a danger. Rochambeau, with the French contingent, crossed the Hudson yesterday and joined the waiting column of native rebels. I made no opposition; since all around prepared, I care not where begins the game.[2]

MONCRIEF—Who are those misusing you? Your speech is loaded with resentment, and your words bitter thoughts reveal.

CLINTON—Where are my troops, who should be here to gird me with their willing arms? Upon the Chesapeake, to feed the ambition of a subordinate. Sent there by the order of Minister and King! I commanded Cornwallis to return to me three thousand. And ten days thereafter annulled this, because his Majesty regards the South as the chief theater of war.

MONCRIEF—This is authority which makes obedience a deed of highest honor.

CLINTON—And I have been obedient. Yet when I am directed to dethrone myself to help a rival reap where I have sown, bitter thoughts will from this bitter treatment grow.[3]

[2] Clinton all this time (August, 1781) [see Note 12, Scene 5], from bogus dispatches intended to be intercepted by him, was satisfied he would be attacked.—*Ridpath; also Weems.*

[3] It was by order of the King, sustaining Germain, that troops were sent to Cornwallis [see Note 2, Scene 5].—*Irving.*

MONCRIEF—Of all the fates inimical to man, only ingratitude would dare to tarnish your renown.

CLINTON—My deeds are my orators, and they must speak for me. Recounting what I have done, my conscience is not my punishment. I divided the angry seas from here to Charleston, and wrenched that jewel from disloyal hands. On the lurid field I have been the last to leave. Since Howe went home, and I became his heir, to fill the urn of royal expectations has been my willing labor. I have not tired, though sustained so miserly, as Truth—Time's eldest daughter—will witness for me.

MONCRIEF—It would tax the State to equal your deserts.

CLINTON—It taxes nothing; for deserts alone go unrewarded. I once reigned in favor of the King. What of it? He who does the work of Princes, at best a glassy scepter wins, which breaks with touching. Cornwallis would have me resign, that he may prosper in my shoes. But I will not do it. From Virginia he sent false Arnold here to taunt me with his presence.[4]

MONCRIEF—My Lord Cornwallis is not so spread over the South as once he was. The Colossus, which only a few months ago bestrode three States, from the mountains to the sea, is shrunken to ship-engirded towns—Charleston, Savannah, and Yorktown.

CLINTON—You were with him on his march back from Richmond?

MONCRIEF—By easy steps he moved down the James to Williamsburg, then to Portsmouth, and finally to Yorktown. There I left him to come hither; and there he is. The time from June to August, Lafayette, Steuben, and Wayne hung upon our rear, even to the end; and now beleaguer our high-thrown parapets. Our march was marked with ruin; indeed, ruin, like a savage fury, lighted each step with flame.

CLINTON—And this is the man, who, within this very camp, lectured me upon the horrors of predatory war. His delicate nerves could never stand the strain of un-

[4] See Note 1, Scene 5.

necessary suffering. Indeed, there was a fear, lest he—in the fullness of his humanity—should exchange the clang of arms for the sound of vesper bells. You stood by and heard him?

MONCRIEF—I well remember.[5]

CLINTON—And since, on the soil to him submitting—among a helpless people—graves and ashes are the symbols of his sway. Here, the wolf moralized upon the sweets of mercy; but in the sheep fold, he is still a wolf. To the rack and gibbet with hypocrisy. Great Antony sold the world for love of Cleopatra: but I would not sell a shred of meanest garment, from such a humor, for this Lord Cornwallis.

Enter a messenger, who hands a dispatch to CLINTON.

CLINTON [*opening and reading*]—Another capture from the enemy. Directions from Washington to Rochambeau: "Have your lines arranged as planned, and before September ushers autumn in, Clinton shall sit at a captive's table." Will he! Will he, indeed! The plot thickens, but finds us undismayed. We here shall win, though by all else betrayed. [*All retire.*

SCENE VII. *A wood near the battlefield of Eutaw Springs, South Carolina. Time: September* 8, 1781.

Enter GEN. GREENE, MARION, COL. CARROLL, *aids and soldiers.*

GREENE—What place is this?

MARION—This is Eutaw Springs.

GREENE [*petulantly*]—And so history will name the fight just lost?

CARROLL—Not lost, General. The field is not ours: but we have the prisoners and the trophies which victors carry.[1]

[5] See Scene 5, Act II.

[1] Rawdon had now, September, 1781, left the army and gone to Charleston, intending to sail for England. Col. Stewart succeeded

GREENE—Now I think of it, you were but lately yourself a prisoner?

CARROLL—And was exchanged. Cornwallis was rudely inhospitable, and packed me off.

Enter two men in sword combat, one an AMERICAN CAPTAIN *and the other an* ENGLISH CAPTAIN. GREENE *steps between them, and, with his own, throws up their swords.*

GREENE [*to* ENGLISH CAPTAIN]—Carried by your zeal far beyond your lines, and surrounded by those who carry hostile arms, prudence compels submission.

ENGLISH CAPTAIN [*to* GREENE]—I yield as prisoner. [*Glaring savagely at his opponent.*] Thank circumstances for your life.

AMERICAN CAPTAIN—I am content. [*Glaring back.*] But for this interference, you had now become a good subject for medical dissection.

GREENE—Put up your swords. [*Looking intently first at one and then at the other.*] Two men more closely matched never met in opposition. Of the same rank; in size and mold as if from the self-same die. This is marvelous! Hair so alike in color, that if intermingled, a mother could not separate the two. Eyes that are as much the same as twin goblets dipped into a crystal spring, then sparkling side by side. [*To the* AMERICAN CAPTAIN.] Capt. Jennings——

[*The* ENGLISH CAPTAIN *drops his sword, staggers as if to fall, when* MARION *supports him.*

MARION—There is here a mystery?

him, and came into collision with Gen. Greene at Eutaw Springs, South Carolina, September 8, 1781. The battle began early in the morning, and the British were routed. Marion, Pickens, Otho H. Williams, Col. Campbell, and Col. William Washington all did heroic service. The shout of triumph, however, changed. The Americans got into the well-provided camp of the enemy, and soon became the victims of intoxication. The English returned, and Greene gave up the field. He held, however, five hundred prisoners, and lost none. The loss of the Americans in killed and wounded was five hundred, and of the British one thousand.—*Carrington.*

ENGLISH CAPTAIN [*reviving—to* AMERICAN CAPTAIN]—Is your name—pardon me—is your name Edmund Jennings? Jennings of Old Kent in Maryland?

AMERICAN CAPTAIN [*petrified with astonishment*]—It is. And you?

ENGLISH CAPTAIN [*staggering toward him with emotion*]—I am your Cousin Harry.

[*They fall into each other's arms.* GREENE *and* MARION *and* CARROLL *turn away to conceal emotion.*

AMERICAN CAPTAIN [*holding his cousin in his arms*]—Oh, cruel, cruel war! that turns the sword of the best beloved against each other. The mother of this man is sister to my father, and from one grandsire are we both descended. We have been taught from infancy to know each other,—though an ocean rolled between,—and the last letter between us was filled with the joy to flow when we should meet. This is that meeting. [*Weeps.*

ENGLISH CAPTAIN [*recovering himself*]—Oh, happy chance that stayed my hand from injury!

GREENE—Of the same blood begotten; this was a suicidal fray, that happily has ended. Here is epitomized this conflict,—most unnatural,—in which England is the common parent, whose children are in arms. Oh, cursed spite, which, instead of embracing love, invokes the heartless fight!

[*Picks up the fallen sword and hands it to the* ENGLISH CAPTAIN.

[*To the* AMERICAN CAPTAIN.] Captain Jennings, we give this prisoner into your care. Do with him as you will. [*The cousins retire, locked in each other's arms.*[2]

[2] At the battle of Eutaw Springs, as its fury ceased, two officers of the same rank became engaged in a desperate sword encounter. The American beat down the guard of his opponent, and made him prisoner. After the battle, there was observed a strong personal resemblance between them. Inquiry developed the fact that they were first cousins. The American officer obtained a furlough and permission to take his captive cousin home. They now were like brother knights of old, and pledged to each other's defense. On their way home they were beset by a party of English soldiers, but

MARION—To-day we have avenged Isaac Hayne.[3] If foul Rawdon—whose hand did this and many other murders—were here, our revenge would be much sweetened by his discomfiture. He has no stomach for further controversy, and has sailed home to England.

CARROLL—The death of Hayne! It was a willful sacrifice of a noble citizen. The enemy is discomfited. At daylight we opened the ball, and the afternoon finds us, if not on it, still near the field. We are in line, and ready to begin again. Col. Stuart led the English.

GREENE—The opening blows were rightly placed, and staggered them. They were routed. When Williams, like a cyclone, broke upon them with the bayonet, they disappeared, as the leaves do when the tempest rages. Campbell, Pickens, Marion, and Kirkwood were each an avalanche. Col. William Washington, Lee, and Hampton kept them company. But oh! the pity of it, that this good fortune, by mischance, should be so suddenly snatched from us.

CARROLL—We hold five hundred prisoners, and left five hundred of the enemy behind us dead. Our loss not one-half. It is misnamed, to call this mischance.

GREENE [*petulantly*]—You console for half a victory: yet this report tinges retreat with honor. We should have the whole opposing army! But some of them got off—we defeated of just deserts by gluttony. Our soldiers, within the enemy's well-provided camp, paused to eat and drink. They changed the patriot to the gourmand, while still over them was hanging the sulphurous canopy of war.

MARION—Every commander struggled against this dissipation.

GREENE—I know! I know! I blame no man. The

the English captive helped his American cousin to beat them off. Great was the joy of the American family in receiving this English kinsman.—"*Romance of the Revolution.*"

[3] When Rawdon reached Charleston, he sanctioned the execution of Col. Isaac Hayne, because after parole he refused, upon command, to join the King's forces. And deeming this demand a violation of his parole, he joined the patriot forces and was captured.—*Frost.*

enemy, gathering hope from this circumstance, came rushing back and swept drunken revelers from their hard-earned ground.

CARROLL—The temptation for our men was very great.

GREENE—I lament, and do not condemn, for that very reason. Hunger is the greatest tyrant. A famished man, though a king,—no other means availing,—will sell his crown for porridge. We still present a front unbroken, and will redeem the error.[4] Ho! for a courier, the swiftest, too, that the tidings of this great day shall go to Washington. [*An aid retires.*

Enter hurriedly a courier, who whispers to GREENE.

GREENE—The English are in full retreat and make for Charleston. No lagging now! Quick to saddle and after them: and the infantry shame the horses with easy foot.[5]

MARION—The South is free! Georgia and the Carolinas, emancipated from the bonds of Lord Cornwallis,—only Charleston and Savannah remaining tied,—will now shake their threatening spears at him in Yorktown. [*To* GEN. GREENE.] Marvelous result by you accomplished! General, to an old soldier, impart the secret of this grand career?

GREENE—"Be watchful, courageous, prudent, and humane."[6] I wrote these four virtues upon my saddle bow. And now, away! away! [*All retire.*

[4] See Note 1.

[5] The British, the night after the battle (Eutaw Springs), destroying their stores, fled to Charleston. Greene pursued, but could not come up with them.—*Marshall.*

[6] See Scene 2, Washington's advice to Greene.

SCENE VIII. *Portico of Mount Vernon, Virginia. Time: September* 12, 1781; *morning.*

Enter WASHINGTON *and* GEN. ROCHAMBEAU.[1]

WASHINGTON—Good-morning, Rochambeau! Is Chastellux still held a prisoner?

ROCHAMBEAU—A willing prisoner to the sluggard, sleep. I have twice aroused him; and twice he has turned himself; then sunk to deeper slumbers.

WASHINGTON—'Tis a morning of rare wine: distilled from stream and plain by nature's alchemy.

ROCHAMBEAU—This is a place which would justify treason to the state—if it be treason to prefer its glowing beauties to public cares.

WASHINGTON—Thanks, Count Rochambeau. Here my youth and manhood ran its thoughtless round; and here I hope to bring the sorrows of maturer years for its assuaging balm, when present storms have passed.

ROCHAMBEAU—All signs portend soon a gentle sky, or I'm no prophet.

WASHINGTON—I am full of hope. Our present enterprise is shod with the nails of care, proof against all slipping. The sea of fortune, like its ever-rolling all-land embracing mate, cannot always ebb. The flood will surely come with that which now we do.

ROCHAMBEAU—Pardon me, your Excellency, if I engage this moment for enlargement upon another matter. Vergennes is persistent for supplanting Adams, and requests this appeal which here I make to you.

WASHINGTON—I understand your inquiry. Franklin has been my correspondent. The Count de Vergennes, long ago, asked our Congress to send someone more acceptable than Adams, as commissioner to treat for peace and commerce. Congress has been slow in action,

[1] Washington (while the army was marching south to Yorktown), with Rochambeau and Chastellux, went for a few days to Mount Vernon.—*Hildreth.*

while the Count has been alert in forcing it. The Count has been too good a friend to remain unappeased.

ROCHAMBEAU—But Adams, he writes, is the promoter of strife—petulant and ungovernable in temper. That, from this infirmity, he embitters any conclave which admits him.

WASHINGTON—The drug which embitters the mass is often its chiefest virtue. The integrity of Adams gives him a giant form ; and, like a mountain towering above its mates, he dominates those beneath. Hence Congress would not willingly release him. These wise men compromised ; and lately revoked the commission to Adams given to treat for commerce ; and with him joined Jay, Franklin, Laurens, and Jefferson, to treat for peace when our arms shall force to the front this happy business.[2]

ROCHAMBEAU—This will carry contentment to our discontented Minister.

WASHINGTON—We are beyond all fear from Clinton ?

ROCHAMBEAU—Our troops, well on the march, in a few days will invest the enemy at Yorktown ; there held for our coming by De Grasse, Steuben, and Lafayette, with native watchdogs aiding. If Clinton moves after us, we can whip him in the open field. He dare not leave New York.

WASHINGTON—Our dispatches—captured by him through our own connivance—have cost him this important game in the play of arms.

ROCHAMBEAU—It was fair strategy. Your Excellency, from small changes this plot of battle might have been revised ? When we conferred at Weathersfield in May, and laid our march, its Southern course, as now pursued, was contingent upon De Grasse entering the Chesapeake. Had his ships come to New York harbor, Clinton, not Cornwallis, would have been the object of

[2] See Notes 9, 10, and 11, Scene 4.

Congress in June, 1781, added to Adams [then sole Commissioner to treat for peace and commerce], Jay, Franklin, Henry Laurens, and Jefferson to treat for peace. And revoked his commission to treat for commerce.—*Kidpath.*

your solicitude. The French marched from Newport for the Hudson, with this thought controlling.

WASHINGTON—You accurately divined my purpose. Through the summer, it has been but the drawing of the longer straw in chance, which of these two commanders should receive our compliments. New York was to be the prize of our first engagement. The urgency of Lafayette inclined my heart, however, to the South, and it is joy to me, that he has triumphed in his desires.[3]

ROCHAMBEAU—The very pearl of noblest men, his desires are always honest.

WASHINGTON—Exhausting the superlative, you defeat me in a higher compliment. May I be indorser of your own?

ROCHAMBEAU—Two weeks ago Count de Grasse, with his fleet, entered the Chesapeake, and there landed three thousand men under Marquis Saint Simon. This venerable soldier, of lofty rank, of noble scars and much experience, gallantly placed himself under the orders of this boy, the Marquis de Lafayette; and so completed the blockade. This compliment excels the first, for deeds convey it.

WASHINGTON—I grant you so. And I am dull, not to have capped your first with this.

Enter a courier, who hands dispatches to WASHINGTON.

WASHINGTON [*breaking the seal and reading*]—Why! this is news that, could we imitate the thunder, should cause the arched skies to vibrate with our approving cheers. Listen! [WASHINGTON *reads.*] "This fleet

[3] The first intentions of Washington (when uniting with Rochambeau in the summer of 1781), were directed against New York. And it was not till he knew that De Grasse would enter the Chesapeake as ordered, with his fleet (which fact [that he had reached there] he heard, September 5), that he changed his mind to Yorktown.—*Frost.*

July 28th came the word to Washington that Admiral De Grasse would sail from St. Domingo, August 3, for the Chesapeake. There was no longer doubt as to the place to attack. Washington then determined upon his Virginia campaign.—*Irving.*

was engaged from four till sundown on September 5th, with the British squadron, which was vanquished at every point; crippled and hopeless, the defeated have sailed away. Signed De Grasse and Lafayette." He also holds Lord Rawdon as his prisoner, captured by his fleet, while sailing hither from the Indies.[4]

ROCHAMBEAU—Huzza! huzza! I will be gay and frivolous in my joy. It is a Frenchman's privilege. The die is thrown, and we are the winners. All that remains to do is to enroll the prisoners, with Cornwallis at the head. And the infamous Rawdon captured!

WASHINGTON—The thirsty traveler—his strength in some great desert spent—who happens suddenly upon a bubbling spring, must feel as I do.

Enter another courier, who hands dispatches to WASHINGTON.

WASHINGTON [*in excitement, breaking the seal and reading*]—Why! Now our blessed angels are on the wing, to overwhelm us with glad tidings. Again, good Rochambeau, listen! This is from Greene. At Eutaw Springs in South Carolina four days ago, in a general engagement, he routed the British, who are now pell-mell in flight to Charleston.

[*Hands the dispatch to* ROCHAMBEAU, *who glances over it.*

[*With much enthusiasm.*] How poor is speech to interpret the heart, so swelling with new-born praise!

ROCHAMBEAU [*musing*]—Here is a phrase inexplicable. My poor wits are not equal to the tax upon them. Thus the reading runs: "The South is free, redeemed,

[4] The first thing De Grasse did was to land three thousand soldiers at Yorktown, under the venerable and military veteran, Saint Simon, who at once placed himself under Lafayette. De Grasse brought in Lord Rawdon, a prisoner, having captured him on the way.—*Carrington.*

On the 5th of September De Grasse encountered in the Chesapeake the English fleet. An action began at four o'clock, and lasted till sunset, and the British were so damaged that their fleet returned to New York.—*Bancroft.*

and undismayed. It is because I wrote, 'Be watchful, courageous, prudent, and humane,' these four virtues, upon my saddle bow." Indeed! These four virtues carried to the end would surely in one man unite a Washington and a Cæsar.

WASHINGTON [*embarrassed*]—No more of this. At some other time, perhaps. Now for action with high ends to win. Our friends are already up and with their armor on. They have struck where the embattled lines are set, and call us to join them. Now for De Grasse! Now for Yorktown! Now for the final charge! To horse! to horse! [*All retire.*

SCENE IX. *The quarterdeck of the Ville de Paris, Flagship of the French fleet in Chesapeake Bay. Time: September* 14, 1781.

Enter ADMIRAL DE GRASSE, *with a staff of naval officers.*

DE GRASSE—His Excellency, Gen. Washington, will soon be here. Let every gun speak his welcome, and from each spar be re-echoed the sulphurous acclaim. From ship-of-war to transport, all will join, for a great man comes upon this deck to-day. All are ready. See to it that no one falters. [*Officers retire.*

Enter GEN. WASHINGTON, KNOX, ROCHAMBEAU *and* CHASTELLUX, *with military suites.*[1] *Cannons boom and sailors cheer.*

DE GRASSE [*to Washington*]—It is an honor to welcome to the fleet of his Majesty, the much-renowned Washington.

[1] The first thing Washington did on reaching Yorktown, was to visit Admiral de Grasse on his flagship, the *Ville de Paris*, to congratulate him on his naval victory. He was accompanied by Gen. Knox, Rochambeau, Chastellux, and Duportail. He was received with great ceremony, naval and military. When he left, the yards of the ships and fleet were manned, and parting salutes were thundered from the flagship. A plan of action was here arranged.—*Irving.*

Count de Grasse had unbounded admiration for Washington.

WASHINGTON [*bowing*]—Your kind words awaken gratitude. But your acts do words impoverish, and for both I thank you. My countrymen, whose speech is figured upon my tongue, would praise, with enduring monument if they could do so, the gallant Admiral of France, who nine days ago upon these waters lowered England's standard in defeat. I thank you for coming here; and being here, again I thank you for that already done.

DE GRASSE—This approving sentence is compensation full for our part. Permit me now to extend my salutations to your attendants.

[*Shaking hands with* KNOX, ROCHAMBEAU, *and* CHASTELLUX.

[*To* ROCHAMBEAU *and* CHASTELLUX.] I greet you both as a loyal Frenchman should ever greet his distinguished countrymen.

ROCHAMBEAU—We bear a sword to be drawn with yours in this great combat—a link of closest brotherhood.

DE GRASSE [*to* KNOX]—Upon the farthest waves of ocean we have heard the roar of your artillery.

KNOX—Long inured to varying fortunes, I am knit into a stouter fiber for future work by the example you have set us.

DE GRASSE—You please me much, so highly to commend for my poor service.

WASHINGTON—Admiral de Grasse, in yonder town Lord Cornwallis holds his force. He is imprisoned till we bid him forth. On the land our armies gird him with a wall of iron, firm set against his hand. To you we assign the duty, and the honor too, of holding him in this grasp of death, escapeless upon the waters, whether westward or toward the sea. Do you accept from me these orders, and this important charge?

DE GRASSE—Freely and willingly. The watery paths, whichever way they run, shall be to his Lordship closed.

(From Curtis' recollections.) As Gen. Washington reached the quarterdeck of the *Ville de Paris*, Admiral de Grasse embraced him, kissing him on each cheek.—*Pumpelly*.

WASHINGTON—The signal given, all will move together for quick surrender or his sure destruction. I am content, and so end this interview.

[WASHINGTON *bows and retires with* KNOX, ROCHAMBEAU, CHASTELLUX, *and military suites, attended with salvos of artillery and the cheers of seamen.*

DE GRASSE—If ever man was sincere in his work, and in deepest conscience rated it for highest human destiny, that man is Washington. I know something of him. The one, solitary, alone, Immortal! Now for a visit through the fleet. [*All retire.*

SCENE X. *Yorktown, Virginia. Quarters of Lord Cornwallis, within the British lines. Time: October* 11, 1781.

Enter LORD CORNWALLIS, COL. TARLETON, *aids, and soldiers.*

CORNWALLIS—So end our vaunted proclamations! Surrender is inevitable. Ruin and disgrace!

TARLETON—Clinton could help you, if he would?

CORNWALLIS—Bah! The burly dolt has no such intention; or, if so, he knows not how to act. He permitted Washington to march around him for my environment, without the interposition of one poor protest. He writes me, to make a diversion in my favor, he sent Arnold, five weeks ago, to New London. This apostate to his earlier energy was thus appointed that he might injure and slay the playmates of his youth. He has done so. On September 6th this Judas of the war wrought such havoc there, that the heart sickens at the recital. Will this divert Washington, or turn from us a single gun? Not one. The militia will be trusted to resist the traitor. Greatest of malefactors! Hunted by

his former friends and despised by his new! Heaven and hell alike reject him.[1]

TARLETON—But Clinton could spare for us both ships and soldiers?

CORNWALLIS—But I say he will not! Nor will he suffer when we march out as prisoners. A month ago I informed him of my danger. He promised aid. After, withdrew his offer; his purpose, to excite a hope before the fall, thus increasing the descent and injury. Oh! I could rush upon yonder belching guns; tear out my eyes; or play good Socrates with the fatal drink, if this would change the end—but it would not.

TARLETON—Do you regard the fight as surely lost?

CORNWALLIS—Of course. We will not be of those who deceive themselves with a logic at war with judgment. From all around, from yonder bellowing ships, and these approaching parallels, a fiery hail for many days has pelted us. This is the 11th of October. Eight days ago, full armed and confident, you tried to break this barrier. The Duke de Lauzun easily trampled you beneath his haughty cavalry. Six days ago yonder blazing trench was opened six hundred yards away,—Heaven knew that was much too near,—and to-day it is but half that distance. Can mortal live before a storm of shot and shell, as fast and many as the drops of a heavy rain? This army is doomed! And I go the way of John Burgoyne, Yorktown supplementing Saratoga.[2]

TARLETON—Will you capitulate to-day?

CORNWALLIS—Not to-day. Some friendly bullet may yet shield me from this fate. All to the ramparts! While British hearts shall throb, the fight continues.

[*All retire.*

[1] To make a diversion, Clinton sent Arnold with a force to New England. He attacked and burned New London, September 6, 1781, and butchered the captured garrison at Fort Griswold. It was a savage assault by the traitor upon the scenes of his youth. Washington faltered not in his Southern plans.—*Fiske.*

[2] The parallels were drawing closer and closer around Cornwallis, and he decided to surrender after all hope was gone.—*Carrington.*

SCENE XI. *Yorktown. Before the British battlements. Time: October* 17, 1781.

[*In the distance are heard booming cannon. Troops of soldiers, American and French, from opposite directions, vociferously cheering as they meet, move across the stage, and retire.*

Enter WASHINGTON, ROCHAMBEAU, *and aids.*

WASHINGTON—Since this month opened the enemy have endured a cyclone of ceaseless fury.

ROCHAMBEAU—They have borne it beyond my prophecy. I looked for an earlier surrender.

WASHINGTON—The fleet has been one blazing fire for weeks. This, united with our own upon the land, must be to the enemy as if Lucifer were king.

ROCHAMBEAU—Your Excellency, we Frenchmen, I trust, are worthy of this honorable alliance.

Enter COURIER *in haste.*

COURIER [*to* WASHINGTON]—Report from Maj. Fish that two guns are dismounted, and the enemy appear in force upon their rampart, facing this mishap.

WASHINGTON—Quickly to Gen. Knox, with my orders for a battery of artillery to the Major.

[*The* COURIER *retires.*

The best way to defeat assault is to prevent it. [*To* ROCHAMBEAU.] Pardon this interruption. So gallantly do you Frenchmen bear your part that we of native birth must rest in fear lest we come last in this day's renown. I would have it, that, like a well-rounded apple cut in twain, the superior portion was undeterminable.

Enter another COURIER *in haste.*

COURIER [*to* WASHINGTON.]—Gen. Lafayette to Gen. Washington: that on the left, where our lines are weak, the English are gathering with dangerous activity.

WASHINGTON—To Gen. Wayne, with orders, to step

into this breach with infantry. Then quickly to Baron Steuben, to renew his fire. [*The* COURIER *retires.*

ROCHAMBEAU—This part of the line—whence comes report from Lafayette—is my special care. I know the situation, and hence am undisturbed.

WASHINGTON—Three days ago, we breached two of their main redoubts. It was a grand achievement. Col. Hamilton, as leader against one, rises to military fame; and linked with him in honor is Lafayette, who led the assault upon the other. Between the two assailing forces, the rivalry was great, but the laurels gained were equal.[1]

ROCHAMBEAU—Having forced their walls, we may enter and compel submission. It is a stubborn enemy.

WASHINGTON—We will so assail, if his Lordship continues longer to contemn good judgment. It is folly to contend against the inevitable; the resultant loss of life is wanton murder. Four years ago, this day, Burgoyne gave up his sword. On such an anniversary, Cornwallis should do something in commemoration.

Enter COL. CARROLL *hurriedly, with an excited following of officers.*

CARROLL [*to* WASHINGTON]—Your Excellency, this way comes a white flag.

[*Cries* "A truce! A truce! A flag of truce!"

CARROLL [*aside*]—I may yet call the roll of prisoners, with Cornwallis at the head. A prophet after all.

WASHINGTON—At last! At last!

[WASHINGTON *and* ROCHAMBEAU *clasp hands in silence.*

Enter CAPT. LOFTUS, *with four British officers.*

LOFTUS—A communication from Gen. Lord Cornwallis to Gen. Washington.

WASHINGTON [*bowing to* LOFTUS]—I am prepared to hear you.

[1] The two main redoubts were stormed and carried by Lafayette, Hamilton, Count de Deux Ponts, and others, and Cornwallis was then indefensible.—*Irving.*

LOFTUS—The General commanding his Majesty's forces, Lord Cornwallis, to save the useless waste of human life, proposes a capitulation. What terms will be acceptable?

WASHINGTON—Unconditional surrender.

LOFTUS—When and where?

WASHINGTON—Within two hours, I wish his Lordship's written word that he submits, himself and army. The soldiers, as prisoners, will then march forth and stack their arms on Friday, the day after to-morrow, upon yonder green.

LOFTUS—I am authorized so to covenant; and so it shall be, after commissioners have arranged details. His Lordship names Col. Dundas and Maj. Ross to speak for him in this consummation.

WASHINGTON—And I name Viscount de Noailles and Col. John Laurens to speak for me in conference suggested. With their work the struggle here is ended.[2]

[LOFTUS *and the British officers bow and retire.*

WASHINGTON [*to aids*]—The signal to the highest peak, and there let it float to tell the fleet and all our forces that, their labors ended, they are now to rest.

[*Aids retire.*

Descending Silence lays her finger upon the iron lips of War, and its noisy riot dies.

ROCHAMBEAU [*taking off his hat and looking up*]—The God of battles has been with us.

WASHINGTON [*humbly bowing his head*]—The God of mercy! The God of human rights has heard the suppliant's cry. The power, which for years,—for so many weary years,—has rioted in injury to this people, now in ruin falls, because it is His will. The nation must recognize it so. For this, throughout the land, every grateful heart as a high cathedral set, shall therein swell its own Te Deum.

[*All retire.*

[2] A flag of truce was sent to Washington, October 17, and Commissioners appointed, who arranged a surrender on the 19th.—*Marshall.*

Washington piously ordered [upon surrender of Yorktown] that it be finished with thanksgiving.—*Weems.*

SCENE XII. *Yorktown. An open green. Time: October 19, 1781; afternoon.*

Enter American forces, who range themselves on one side; French forces enter and take place upon the other. Drums roll and flags of both nations fly.

Enter WASHINGTON, ROCHAMBEAU, LAFAYETTE, DE GRASSE, DUPORTAIL, CHASTELLUX, HAMILTON, KNOX, BARON STEUBEN, WAYNE, LINCOLN, MOULTRIE, CARROLL, *and other officers of the allied forces.*

Enter, of the British, CAPT. LOFTUS *and* MAJ.-GEN. O'HARA.

LOFTUS [*to* WASHINGTON]—Gen. Cornwallis, being by illness prevented, appoints Gen. O'Hara to offer now his sword.

WASHINGTON—I request and appoint Gen. Lincoln to receive it.[1]

[GEN. LINCOLN *steps forward and so does* GEN. O'HARA, *and the latter delivers the sword of* LORD CORNWALLIS *to the former.*

[GEN. LINCOLN *turns to* WASHINGTON *and offers him the sword; upon a sign from* WASHINGTON, LINCOLN *turns and offers it back to* GEN. O'HARA, *who bows and receives it.*

[*British prisoners, in the rear, begin to march across the stage, and stack their arms as they pass by.*

[WASHINGTON *and* ROCHAMBEAU *stand side by side. Over them are waved the flags of the United States and of France. The soldiers cheer. The drums roll. Outside the cannons boom.*

[1] When the British forces marched out as prisoners, October 19, 1781, Cornwallis was ill, as announced to Washington. Gen. O'Hara was ready to surrender his sword. Washington appointed Gen. Lincoln to receive it. The sword was surrendered to Lincoln, and he [with the consent of Washington] returned it to Gen. O'Hara, who received it.—*Ridpath.*

[CURTAIN.]

END OF ACT IV.

ACT V.

SCENE I. *Royal Apartments at Versailles, France. Time: November* 19, 1781.

KING LOUIS XVI., *seated and reading.*

KING—Now France mounts highest among the contending powers. Fleet Mercury, from across the seas, has just whispered in our ears the fall of Yorktown.[1] England must yield to destiny and division. Shorn of so much strength as that which falls away, sequel to this report, her weakness and distress are to us the tidings of a dangerous rival, doomed. This should warm my heart with satisfaction; and yet it does not. Beyond the waters, what new ideas of duty are we helping to plant in the minds of men? Will this seed which we are scattering, teaching political independence, produce a crop to plague us of royal birth? Or do we open wide the door, where monsters wait to tear our high prerogative? Throughout the earth, kings are a brotherhood, by divine appointment set over all remaining. He who wears a crown, and dents that upon another's brow, does his own an injury. The future holds the answer, whether at Britain's humiliation I should laugh or cry.

Enter a PHYSICIAN.

KING—Good-morning, Doctor! How is your patient?[2]

[1] The Duke de Lauzun, chosen to take the news of Yorktown across the Atlantic, reached Versailles with it on the 19th of November, 1781.—*Bancroft.*

The King Louis XVI. was forced to his friendship for the Americans. See Act IV, Part I.

[2] The King, who had just been made happy by the birth of a Dauphin, received the glad news [of Yorktown] in the Queen's apartment.—*Bancroft.*

PHYSICIAN—The Queen is quickly rallying. Her nervousness is past, and nature is advancing to the goal of happy health.

KING—For this, good Doctor, I am your debtor. Aye! to you herein beholden for much more than simple thanks repay. And the child?

PHYSICIAN—A rugged boy: who grows and cries, as if he already knew his birthright.

KING—More than all these sounding cymbals of victorious war, does your report give comfort; that all goes well with this suffering mother and our boy. May you speak as soothingly, when next you have occasion.

[*The* PHYSICIAN *retires.*

[*Musing.*] Our boy! The Dauphin! The heir of France, and so the partner in the pleasure of this hour born of the news just come. A happiness which touches all the orders of our state, and leaves them in the glow of thankfulness. Shall he live to know his heritage in this joy, and coming to it, will he too applaud, as now all others do? The future! Pavilioned within the shade of chance, how like a thick and voiceless cloud, it conceals what is behind!

Enter VERGENNES *and* FRANKLIN.

KING [*bowing to both*]—Welcome to you, Count, and to Dr. Franklin also. You are early to-day; and abroad in time to have your full share in this gaudy hour.

VERGENNES—He is no friend of France, who remains unmoved. How is her Majesty?

KING—All danger is passed; and the Queen and Dauphin both speed on to health; so the physician said just now.

FRANKLIN—Then your Majesty enjoys a brimming cup?

KING—Thanks, that you should say so. What word from Maurepas?[3]

[3] The very last sands of the Count de Maurepas [Prime Minister] were running; but he could still recognize De Lauzun, and the tidings of Yorktown threw a halo around his death-bed.—*Bancroft.*

VERGENNES—His sands of life are nearly run. He knew the Duke de Lauzun, and heard from him—as we had done—the story of Yorktown. It threw a halo around the bed of death, soothing the moments which, now too few, precede the end. The physician says he will cease to live before the day is closed.

KING—So passes into history a wise and loyal minister.

FRANKLIN—I shall ever regard it as a pleasant memory, that he lived to know of America's success.

KING—My people are wild with delight to hear of it. Washington towers higher than ever over the best of men.[4]

FRANKLIN—I have already written to him, that "all the world agrees"—I hold Europe to be politically all the world—"no commander ever better planned or executed than he has done." The blessings flowing from the campaign just ended will be a growing gain to humanity, even to remotest time. In the shapeless marble is the figure hidden, till artistic touches show it. So free America shall advance from chaos to the grandest of empires. Such is my faith. In the name of my countrymen, once more I thank the King of France for his intervention.

KING—What was the strength at Yorktown? De Grasse was there with nearly thirty ships, and Rochambeau with five thousand soldiers. That much I know.

FRANKLIN—De Grasse added three thousand to the five of Rochambeau, and to these Washington six thousand more. Lord Cornwallis confronted with seven thousand—who all marched out as prisoners.

KING—I sigh for peace. So do Spain and Holland, joined with us and you in common quarrel against the Briton. In fact, the Continent, as well as England, is

[4] The joy penetrated all the people. "History," said Vergennes, "offers few examples of a success so great." Franklin wrote Washington: "All the world agrees that no expedition was better planned or better executed. It brightens the glory that must accompany your name to the latest posterity."—*Bigelow.*

worn with this strife. Once engaged, we could not recede before independence fell to you. I trust we all draw near our hopes.

VERGENNES—England is more weary than the rest. All around her is a hostile fire; while in the air above, rejoicing furies—those friends of evil—flap their demon wings, acclaiming her huge injustice. She cannot recruit the army just surrendered. This was possible after Saratoga, but is now impossible. Her people clamor, and the King must yield. The end is here. America free and independent; the rival of France prostrate in defeat! Peace is come, and our arms have helped her hither.

KING—It is now the time for my visit to the Queen.

[*The* KING *bows and retires.*

FRANKLIN—The King is not hilarious, like the rest of us.

VERGENNES—Louis is a King. In your affairs he has always carried a divided heart, and you had only half. We will now seek further confirmation from Lauzun of this glorious budget. [*All retire.*

SCENE II. *London. Royal Audience Chamber, Buckingham Palace (same as Scene 7, Act I). Time: March 21, 1782.*

Enter KING GEORGE III., LORD NORTH, GERMAIN, *and* GEN. SIR WILLIAM HOWE.

KING—The deed is done! and George, the King of England, is humiliated. Think of it, my Lords! That I, a sovereign, and from a famous line descended, should be forced, against my will, to make this Rockingham my Minister. What is it to be a King, if varlets thus flout you as they please? I despise this Rockingham, and all who gather with him; and yet to-day, by my signature, he is made Chief Minister of England. Fox and Pitt are my aversion; still this royal hand, which would rather write the epitaph of each, has just now ad-

vanced them, as though shining stars, to the zenith of the English firmament.[1]

NORTH—My heart beats as heavily, your Majesty.[2]

KING—I know it, North. And so does the heart of each admitted to this audience. Faithful friends! your sympathy is all that is left in England of comfort to him who wears her crown. Counterfeit that it is, it symbolizes power; but a worthless button on a beggar's breast, to the owner stands for strength as great.

GERMAIN—You were spared a direct appeal to Rockingham?

KING—Shelburne saved so much of royal pride.[3] He was voluntary messenger to this man, while I, the King, meekly followed Shelburne in his selection. And, as if to add a further smart to the irritation, this bumptious Rockingham would not become the adviser of the crown until the promise was in writing made, that England's ruler would not veto the Independence of America. I gave such promise, and the new Ministry is installed. My Lords, is this the realm from Great William handed down, whose heir is so abased?

[1] The sentiment of the people of England changed for peace after the news from Yorktown, which reached England, from France, November 21, 1781. The Ministry of Lord North was overthrown in March, 1782. When North first heard the news, in November, "It is all over," said he, many times, in the deepest distress. Shelburne was suggested to the King as the successor of North. He was less offensive than the other friends of America. Shelburne refused, and advised Rockingham. The King kept his mind as well as he could, but his "mind was torn to pieces" by the resolve of the Commons to stop the war. The King could not bring himself to accept Shelburne's advice, and spoke of his low opinion of Rockingham, of his horror of Fox and those with him. He blamed them all for having lost the feelings of Englishmen, and he felt "the cruel usage of all the powers of Europe"; every one of whom adhered to the principles of Catharine's armed neutrality.—*Bancroft.*

[2] See Note 1, as to North's distress.

[3] Shelburne consented to be the bearer of a message from the King to Rockingham, asking him to be Prime Minister. "Necessity," said the King, "forced me to this." Before accepting, Rockingham demanded, in writing, there should be "no veto to the Independence of America." The King, in bitterness of spirit, agreed in writing to this demand. Rockingham and Shelburne, March 21st, both became Ministers.—*Bancroft.*

HOWE—Circumstances, your Majesty, stronger than the props of royalty, have driven you to this pass. Since the news from Yorktown, your subjects have clamored with an alarming tongue; and, behind them, is all Europe leagued against us. Seven years ago we took up the challenge by our Colonies extended, and from Lexington till now it has been a sorry business. Our money, arms, and patience are exhausted; and the Commons, where the meanest pauper has a voice, now issues orders which even a King dare not disobey.

KING [*with fierce vehemence*]—I will be King, and not a shadow! The King is a ruler of his people; and since great Rameses, the scepter has been the badge of headship in the State. The scepter is here, and this hand holds it. Who, then, shall balk this ancient law? If I insist upon a continuance of war against the rebels, who dares resist the King?

HOWE—The united decision of the electors, who make and unmake kings. The day ended long ago when the sovereign's will was law. Assert your prerogative to rule alone, and another Cromwell will thunder at these royal gates.

[KING *sinks into a chair, and buries his face in his hands in grief.*

NORTH—From the Commons we have already had our admonition, and I have yielded.[4] So must we all who have fallen with this ill-starred enterprise to subdue America. Yesterday I resigned as Prime Minister, and my rule then ended.

GERMAIN—Three months ago I laid down the badge of my authority. A lost cause confers no laurels upon the losers. I have been the Minister who went the furthest for unconditional subjugation, and hence fall further than my colleagues. It was a trying hour, in Parliament, when I stood abuse most fierce, upon the offer of my resignation.[5]

[4] See Note 1. The fall of North's Ministry.

It was on March 20, 1782, that North, gaining the floor in the Commons, announced that his administration was at an end.—*Bancroft.*

[5] Lord George Germain resigned in December, 1781. The King

KING [*rising*]—Pardon me, my Lords! Selfishly, I assume to be the only sufferer. All here have had a share, and to endure with you is a regal duty. The inevitable I must accept. The new Ministry is revealed already in their purposes. Clinton recalled, Carleton will him succeed, to perfect peace and to conduct our defeated armies home. Howe, you had your part for years upon this stage—wherein did we miss our purpose?

HOWE—In not understanding the men whom you were leagued to ruin. They were from our own stubborn fiber bred, and, like an oak storm-pressed, gained increase of strength from each recurring gale. When I came home, four years ago, my opinion was recorded that, with the forces used, America could not be subdued.

KING—Until driven to do so, have I yielded aught?

NORTH—Not a tittle. But, step by step, has England's King been forced back from his first line of battle. History will say so much. When first this news of Yorktown stunned our affrighted ears in November last, the Christmas bells had not ceased to ring before your Majesty made known to all, that you would refuse a peace at the cost of separation.[6] Then, in February, followed the address of our Commons, with an order therein written to stop the war. Even then, our Sovereign was obdurate. On March the 4th came the final address, proclaiming that all were enemies of the King and country, who still advised hostilities. To resist this meant the Tower and, perhaps, the headsman's ax.[7]

was at that time saying, while the Christmas bells were ringing, and while the people and Commons were in a ferment over Yorktown, "No difficulties can get me to consent to a separation from America." Yet Germain was compelled to retire from the Cabinet. He was made a peer to palliate his disgrace, and when [as peer] he entered the House of Lords, he was met by reproof for cowardice and incapacity.—*Bancroft.*

[6] See Note 5.

[7] In February, 1782, a resolution for an address to the King [to stop the war] passed the Commons. The answer of the King was equivocal. Then came the address of March 4, that the House would consider as enemies of the King and country all those who would attempt to further prosecute the war in America.—*Irving.*

KING—To hear this from the lips of tried and faithful followers blunts the spear which hatred turns against me. Oh, it is so hard to yield! To consent to the dismemberment of this awe-inspiring realm! Since the glorious day of Hastings, till this time, not an acre of territory gained has been lost. France, in Henry's time, fell away—by the law of heritage reclaimed, not wrenched from us, unwilling. Hard is the fate which makes me the martyr to this new but inglorious rule.

NORTH—To this course we are condemned. The spirit of England, wounded and inflamed, upon us so gives her sentence.

KING—It must be so! America shall be free, and with our consent; since so she will whether we consent or no. It was in this very room, seven years ago, that Franklin, then agent of the Colonies, declared that America would never, never, never be ruled as a subordinate.

NORTH—I well remember the audience, your Majesty.[8]

KING—It seemed to us all but the frothy threatening of a rebellious heart, warmed with treason. The same man, from Paris, now dictates the terms of peace, as though a monarch. We stand before him, a suppliant with hat in hand, and beg for this and that. Will you give here your august approval? Please, good sir, look kindly upon this appeal, and let us go? Great God! can such abasement be to the Monarch of England—England, the grandest of earthly empires—to whom, as humble subject, this same Franklin once bent the willing knee. Because we are human, we feel the sting so keenly. But philosophy is now our shrewd physician. This trouble past, we will think of it no more. What we can't prevent, that must we endure. [*All retire.*

[8] See Part I, Act I, Scene 3.

SCENE III. *Newburg. Portico of the headquarters of Washington. Time: June* 1, 1782.

Enter KNOX, STEUBEN, *and* MOULTRIE.

KNOX—A lovely morning! A Saturday this to be remembered.

STEUBEN—The beauty here proclaims the lavishness of nature.

KNOX [*to* STEUBEN]—She has done no better upon your famous Rhine?

STEUBEN—The Hudson is her sister.

MOULTRIE—The rising mist gradually reveals the marvels which it hides, as if a sudden revelation were too much.

KNOX—And nestling echo awaits the early call.

MOULTRIE—It is surely the dwelling place of all the muses, who daily start from here to touch their votaries with inspiration.

KNOX—I was summoned by our General, to be here.

STEUBEN—And I.

MOULTRIE—And I.

KNOX—This is a period of expectation; and, doubtless, Washington would make known to us the advancing steps of peace.

MOULTRIE—The wounds of war still open their bloody mouths, and will do so till conciliation is proclaimed. Since Yorktown, our squadrons have not been marshaled in the field; nor will they be again, as we believe. Still, our sorrows are not ended. The British are cooped up in New York, Charleston, and Savannah, and on no other spot claim footing. From these centers marauding bands daily issue forth, the Tories aiding, both in the North and South. The air is still befouled with many terrors.

STEUBEN—It is the closing agony of protracted conflict. The worst pains sometimes come in the healing process.

MOULTRIE—Not if the injury is death. Accursed Cunningham! Through all the war this British Provost Marshal of New York, has there been the fiend promised at his beginning. To-day, thousands of his prisoners cry to us in anguish, as loudly as when the war was undetermined. The brutal Fanning, through the Carolinas, in March last, excelled the horrors of active operations between the armies. In the North the same story holds. The Jerseys are the hunting grounds of vindictive Tories.

KNOX—These base villains,—knowing they have lost,—while all are awaiting peace, glut their savage hate.[1]

MOULTRIE—In Monmouth, they tramp with special step, stealthy and murderous. From there came so many of the minute men, who for years have guarded the extended coast: these are now the victims of revenges. Nightly, lurid skies proclaim some patriot home to ashes turned. The war is ended, but suffering has not ceased.[2]

KNOX—There, Huddy was hanged? And Capt. Asgill of the English prisoners, by lot, since selected as reprisal.

MOULTRIE—General, you state correctly; and so unite with truth a story of basest inhumanity. I was present. Washington had sent me into this county, to report upon

[1] The delay of peace prolonged the sorrow of America. British partisans, of the brutal kind, were scouring the country (North and South), plundering and taking life at pleasure. On March 12, 1782, David Fanning, the ruffian leader of one of these bands, wrought havoc in North Carolina, burning houses and shooting down unarmed patriots, men, women, and children. In the North, Col. James De Lancy of Westchester, New York, was equally villainous.—*Bancroft.*

The curse of William Cunningham, while British Provost Marshal of New York, cannot be fully told (see Part I, Act III, Scene 3). Thousands were destroyed by him in his New York prisons, and in his hulks at the Wallabout, by starvation and other cruelties. This was continued on up to 1783, when the city was yielded up to the American arms. The hulk *Jersey* was called "The Hell," by the prisoners; and it is written that over ten thousand American captives died on this one ship.

[2] It was during this period, when the country was standing between war and peace, that Capt. Sam. Allen (grandfather of the author), a minute man, of Monmouth County, New Jersey, had his house burned over his head (as had been done twice before) by a marauding band from New York, aided by resident Tories. He was taken prisoner, but escaped on his way to New York.

these coast defenders. Joshua Huddy, a captain in our service, and a venerable man, marked every year with some good deed which makes some lives a blessing. Captured in April last on the Jersey shore, he was carried to New York. A few days after, Clinton gave him up to the Tory Lippincott,—as vile a brute as ever walked in human form,—and without a trial or excuse, except the tiger's thirst for blood, he was executed. He died where the Neversink rears its shaggy brow, and beckons to its safe retreat from the stormy sea.

KNOX [*grasping his sword*]—How much longer can we endure?

MOULTRIE—Release your sword. It cannot help poor Huddy now. I was unarmed and in disguise, or indignation would have given strength to slay a regiment. Mounted upon a barrel, and with the noose around his neck, he called for paper, and there wrote his will. Had he been dressed for some pleasant game, he could not have held the pen with a firmer hand.[3]

STEUBEN—Our Washington was stirred to retaliation. From Clinton, Lippincott was demanded, and by him refused. Then came the drawing among the prisoners at Lancaster, and Asgill, receiving the fatal mark, is now a special prisoner. Our Chief is resolved in this: and unless punishment falls upon Huddy's murderers, this young scion of a noble house will surely die.[4]

[3] Capt. Joshua Huddy, who was captured in Monmouth County, and held as a prisoner of war in New York, was given over to a Tory named Capt. Lippincott, of the same county. He was taken to the Highlands of Neversink, and there, April 8, 1782, without a trial or excuse, he was hanged. A brave and venerable man, and esteemed by all. While on the barrel, with the noose around his neck, he called for paper, and with a firm hand wrote his will.—*Lossing.*

[4] For the execution of Huddy [see Note 3] reparation was demanded by the American people, and Washington responded to the appeal. He wrote to Clinton and demanded that Lippincott be surrendered for punishment. This was refused. Orders were given to draw by lot from among the prisoners of the rank of Captain, then at Lancaster, Pa., a subject for retaliation. In May, 1782, the drawing was had, and Capt. Charles Asgill drew the fatal chance. Lady Asgill, his mother, appealed to Vergennes in France for mercy, and he, supported by Louis XVI. and Queen Marie Antoinette, appealed to

MOULTRIE—It is the law of war, and a righteous law when it leads to mercy. This is the motive of our Chief: to prevent such cruel wrongs, by this law's enforcement. What is the latest news from Europe?

KNOX—Yesterday, his Excellency gave me, to read, his last dispatches. The King—though reluctantly—yields to his subjects and moves for peace. Rockingham, our friend, is chief of the Cabinet; and Shelburne, officially joined with him, is even more pronounced than he, that this cruel war shall end.[5] Gen. Sir Guy Carleton, ordered to New York, is already there, superseding Clinton, who, displaced, is now sailing home.

STEUBEN—Carleton has not arrived too soon. He is a man of large humanity, which good judgment rules.[6]

KNOX—I echo you, Steuben! Carleton is charged with conducting away from us the English army. So the advices run. One Oswald—the British commissioner for peace—meets our Franklin in daily conference at Paris. Various questions, involving much to both,—the boundaries, the fisheries with others,—keep the argument alive. But on one question, all are agreed; that is the independence of these United States.[7]

MOULTRIE—And that issue enwraps all the others, and shrivels their importance, in my diplomacy.

KNOX—All will be well. But from Adams comes rare news, and you shall know it. Henry Laurens, our Minister to the Netherlands, gripped by English cruisers, was carried to London. In the Tower, he has perhaps meditated upon Raleigh and his end. However, no such end has come to him, and Yorktown gave a reprieve for-

Washington. The promise of peace eased the necessity of an example, and Washington gladly referred the whole matter to Congress. In November, 1782, Congress ordered Asgill's release.—*Lossing.*

[5] See Note 3, Scene 2.

[6] Sir Guy Carleton, on the 5th of May, 1782, superseded Clinton in command, arrived at New York, and moved at once to end hostilities of all kinds.—*Irving.*

[7] Since the Ministry of Rockingham began [see Note 3, Scene 2] Oswald, as chief Commissioner for Great Britain, had been in conference with Franklin and other powers in Paris, arranging peace.—*Bancroft.*

ever. Adams was made the Minister succeeding. Now mark you, what waits upon the enthusiasm of sincerity. After Yorktown, Adams quickly, and at the opening of this year, presented himself to the ruling authority of the Netherlands, and demanded instant recognition. It was no beggar's plea which he put forth, but as his right insisted that then and there his credentials should be received as the representative of a sister state. This meant the recognition of American independence. It was audacity born of self-conviction that he was right, when he so boldly made this just claim. He won! He won!

STEUBEN [*in great excitement*]—So the Netherlands has acknowledged us?

MOULTRIE [*in greater excitement*]—I know not whether to cry or dance for joy.

KNOX—Then, on the 19th of April, just seven years after Lexington, and the next nation following France, the Hollanders recognized the United States as an independent power.

MOULTRIE—This conclusion gained, John Adams herewith has plucked a laurel in the field of fame, worthy to lie with the many which Washington has gathered. Steuben, aren't you sorry you were not born a Dutchman?

STEUBEN—I am first cousin; and even that is a comfort. It required the fierce egotism of John Adams to do so great a work.

MOULTRIE—It was the egotism of the patriot, and one with lofty purposes. I like bluff John Adams! Many there are who do not. He may fail in suavity, but not in the brain and muscle of a man. In honesty he is just, and for justice he is fearless. When fixed in faith, he's stubborn for the right; then strips in noble eagerness to fight.[8]

[8] After Henry Laurens had been seized upon the ocean and carried a prisoner to London, John Adams was made in his place Minister to the Netherlands. Because of Yorktown, Adams, in January, 1782, left Paris and presented his credentials to the President of the States-General, "and demanded a categorical answer" to his claim of rec-

STEUBEN—This news, since April, has come to us upon swiftest wings.

KNOX—Our cruisers, with favoring winds, are now monthly messengers. We have done much to lessen the time of an ocean journey, since this war began.

MOULTRIE—The history of our navy is worthy of an epic! Would you like to hear it, while waiting for his Excellency? I have given it some study.

STEUBEN—Yes, indeed; it will be a pleasure.

KNOX—And I will be all attention.

MOULTRIE—Then to proceed.[9] That was a good beginning, when in May, '75, our daring water-dogs of Maine seized from the English the armed *Margaretta* at Machias. In October following, Washington sent forth six privateers from Boston. Then Congress did a noble work, standing forth like a towering shaft of honor. In December, '75, it ordered thirteen sloops of war, one for each of the Colonies. I speak from memory, but years of danger have whetted it to accuracy. Over this fleet Eseke Hopkins was made the Commodore. In this same December, upon the quarterdeck of his flagship, the man-of-war *Alfred*, in the Delaware, he saluted the first American ensign, raised by the hands of his Lieutenant, John Paul Jones.

STEUBEN—How the name of this Lieutenant stirs the blood!

MOULTRIE—And many others have since been trumpeted. There is Nicholson, and Barry, Biddle, Barney,

ognition. He then visited the chief cities of Holland, and made a like demand. Alone and unsupported, it was a novel and bold procedure. On the seventh anniversary of Lexington [April 19, 1782], he was received as the Minister of the United States, and the Dutch Republic thus became the second power in the world [France first] to recognize the independence of America.—*Bancroft.*

Conceiving it to be of the first importance to obtain, if possible, an acknowledgment of the independence of the United States by the Dutch, he [John Adams] made up his mind to push for it, and to take a daring step to accomplish his great object. He ranked his success in this as the greatest triumph of his life.—*Adams.*

[9] This statement in reference to the navy of the Revolution is from Lossing.

Williams, Talbot, Dale,—the list with length throttles repetition—who are all famous Captains. In France, Franklin made almost as many commanders as Congress did. This privilege to him, was authority to safe hands intrusted. And our inland seas have not been neglected. In October, '76, Arnold, on Lake Champlain, fought Carleton back till crushed by greater numbers. And so, upon both land and water, he won his charter to immortality, before he fell. Since our alliance, Louis has kept us company with many cruisers. But more than stately crafts of either power, our privateers have damaged England.

KNOX—They were the hornets of the ocean; and their sting was most uncomfortable.

MOULTRIE—When our war began, there were seven thousand British keels afloat; before it closed, these hornets destroyed one-third of this vast fleet. Now for the thrilling tales of each of our men-of-war, which——

KNOX—Which you will postpone, for here comes the General.

Enter WASHINGTON, *holding a letter in his hand, followed by military attendants.*

WASHINGTON [*bowing to all*]—Gentlemen, I have summoned you here upon a matter personal to myself. [*To an aid.*] Say to Col. Nicola that I await him.

[*Aid retires.*

[*Turning to* KNOX *and his fellow officers.*] I think I can call you all to witness for me, that since I have commanded the armies of America, selfishness has not been the spirit of my conduct.

KNOX [*with indignation*]—Who otherwise would intimate, is with the truth no friend.

Enter COL. NICOLA, *who bows to* WASHINGTON; WASHINGTON *does so in return.*

WASHINGTON—Col. Nicola, you have borne a good part with our soldiers, and it grieves me much to be your

accuser of impropriety.[10] Stern duty drives me to this act, since I know not how far among your comrades a poison has extended, from your distilling. This is your letter, in secrecy sent to me. To it you have my answer. Yet for public reasons, I prefer a more public judgment. With a hardihood born, I hope, from no inviting act of mine, you have dared to offer me a crown ; with subtle argument have herein set forth "how smoother would be the paths of peace," if upon my head should rest this title of a King. And the further information added—to me as abhorrent as insulting—that such ideas exist throughout our army. I now command you, and all with you confederated, never to communicate to me again a sentiment so ignoble. I served to little purpose, if my associates in arms do thus regard me. Have our people pressed onward these weary years—repelling the elements, the savage, and famine's lawless rage—that at last the gain should center upon me? Or have they done so that all the world should permitted be, to drink in happiness from our flowing spring of freedom? He is false to me who favors what I now in bitterness condemn. If I have won from my countrymen the right to choose my own reward, let me now beg from them and history, a higher honor than your title of a King: the honor of

[10] This affair of Col. Nicola is covered in history by correspondence. As correspondence of length cannot well be given in drama, it is presented from the correspondence, as in the text, by authority of dramatic license. The following letters passed upon this subject:

"COL. WILLIAM L. STONE:

"As a leading writer upon things pertaining to the Revolution, will you tell me if there is any evidence that Washington ever made a public rebuke to Col. Nicola, when the latter offered him the crown at Newburg? "Yours very truly,

"ETHAN ALLEN."

"*Dear Sir:* I don't think Washington ever made any public rebuke to Col. Nicola. It was a matter confined to letters. Still, if you stick to the historic facts as this correspondence gives them, I think dramatic liberty fully justifies you in presenting it as a scene in public. "Yours very truly,

"WILLIAM L. STONE."

having lived and died an honest man. [*Sternly to Nicola.*] Go! [*Nicola retires, bowing to the others*] You will pardon me for the warmth of this occasion: but from that just passed, you know how great was the provocation. I thank you for your attendance.

[WASHINGTON *retires.*

[KNOX, STEUBEN, *and* MOULTRIE *look at each other in astonishment.*

KNOX—Thrice the crown was offered to Great Cæsar; and thrice he did refuse.

STEUBEN—And after that accepted.

MOULTRIE—Once the crown was offered to English Richard; and he did once refuse.

STEUBEN—And then took it; as the hypocrite all the while intended.

KNOX—In the whirl of time, Nature has given but a single Washington. [*All retire.*

SCENE IV. *Room of Count de Vergennes, Versailles, France* (*same as Scene* 5, *Act III*). *Time: November* 30, 1782.

Enter VERGENNES *and* FRANKLIN.

VERGENNES—Let him who can, refuse to prick this day as one of honor on the calendar of time. This is Saturday, November 30. The last day of the week; the last day of the month; and the last of your labors for independence. I congratulate you!

FRANKLIN [*much affected*]—How easy has it been for the lame to walk, with such a prop as you! Your name must ever remain associated with this glorious consummation.

VERGENNES—Of whatever worth my aid has been, it was a tribute to your greater worth; which has made you the Colossus of this great enterprise, since first you came to France.

FRANKLIN—To the charter of our independence, the signature and seal in preliminaries were set to-day. Nationality and peace are here. In a sort of daze, I wonder if I dream ?[1]

VERGENNES—Nothing is more real than the solid structure of political power which, helping Washington, your hands upreared.

FRANKLIN—It has been upon this land a six years' engagement. What weary years !

VERGENNES—And the last as tiresome to you as any that went before.

FRANKLIN—Peace-making with the pen has been as slow as peace-winning with the sword.

VERGENNES—You have borne needless burdens through the intervention of others. Jay would not have peace unless one contracting party was styled the "United States," and not the "Colonies." And then, he would have independence first, and the treaty afterward. The shadow, and not the substance, of the controversy engrossed his thoughts.[2]

FRANKLIN—I know ! I know ! It endangered all. Yet he was a commissioner ; though it was August before he took part in the negotations.

VERGENNES—And Adams came still later in the scene.[3]

[1] On November 30, 1782, a preliminary treaty of independence and peace was made between England and the United States in Paris. Out of respect to the alliance between the United States and France, the treaty was not to be definitive until terms of peace should be agreed upon between Great Britain and France. With this reservation the treaty of peace was signed and sealed by the commissioners of both countries.—*Bancroft.*

[2] Jay said, "he would not treat at all till the independence of the United States, as such, had been irrevocably acknowledged." But at last he consented to be satisfied with other methods. Franklin saw, with dismay, that delay from this might lose the chance for peace.—*Bancroft.*

[3] Jay came to Paris, June, 1782, but because of illness did not take any part in negotiations till August. October 25, 1782, John Adams, the chief commissioner, came to Paris. He once had been sole commissioner. He ascribed the change to the French government and Franklin. Toward Franklin he never relented. Adams came

FRANKLIN—Adams in the Netherlands did a grand work, and thence came here. He was the chief of us commissioners ; and as such head we all acknowledged him.

VERGENNES—It is only a month ago when you so received him. Since Yorktown, you have been active, though alone. And the first thing Adams did on coming, was to join with Jay against you, in proposing to recognize, by treaty, ancient financial obligations which the new government could not enforce, being no party to them. This was a grave danger, and you averted it : but it was burdensome to correct the many follies of colleagues, ill-advised.[4]

FRANKLIN—Laurens—released from imprisonment—came not to us till to-day ; and Jefferson not at all. The results are so glorious, I will not quarrel with the journey to obtain them.

VERGENNES—But I have been a party to these proceedings,—since peace with France is with your own involved,—and am entitled to a hearing. Your generous Jay wanted to concede to England the free navigation of the Mississippi. That empire had not the hardihood to ask for what was so freely pushed upon her. She might as well have equal control in your growing cities, as to sail unquestioned into the very heart of your possessions. Spain, scenting her advantage, sought the same ; and over the heads of all appealed to Shelburne, in London. Shelburne, your friend, as he surely is, doubtless bewildered at so much diplomatic kindness, hesitated ; but not till on the verge of full compliance. This was a moment of appalling danger. Again, your great influence, with your wisdom joined,—in weight more than all the field opposed,—leaped this chasm to

fresh from a grand achievement in the Netherlands. [See Note 8, Scene 3]. Laurens came not till the very day the treaty was signed. Jefferson not at all.—*Bancroft.*

[4] November 4th Adams and Jay together overruled Franklin by consenting to recognize in treaty, the validity of debts contracted before the war : thus involving the country in difficulties, because the United States had no power to give effect. Franklin saw and averted the danger.—*Bancroft.*

the bank of safety. Thanks to Franklin, the Mississippi is the boundary of the United States, and its waters hers.[5]

FRANKLIN—We are out of all peril now. I am too much rejoiced to look behind and count the hills which I have surmounted. Rockingham was our friend.

VERGENNES—Your friend! Aye, indeed! Your friend, when they were few. Your friend, before he became Prime Minister in March. Your friend when, last July, he died. It was he who forced the King of England to grant you independence.

FRANKLIN—And, following the lamented Rockingham, Shelburne equaled him in kindness to America. Oswald was never alien to his direction, which was toward peace and independence.

VERGENNES—It will be relief from great anxiety to know that young Asgill survives this day, in which the savage law of retaliation dies. His mother has plead successfully to their Majesties and to me. In the name of all, I have appealed for mercy to your Washington.[6]

FRANKLIN—An appeal never made in vain, if justice stays not his hand. Here come my colleagues.

[5] Jay sent a special envoy to Shelburne [now Prime Minister; Rockingham having died in July, 1782], proposing to give Great Britain the free navigation of the inland lakes and rivers of America. "And in future, the navigation of the Mississippi," he said, "would be as important to Great Britain as to the United States." In this unsolicited intercourse with the chief minister of Great Britain, Jay offered to give away the equal right to navigate the Mississippi. When the articles were agreed upon finally between Franklin and Shelburne, Jay added the gratuitous concession of the free navigation of the Mississippi. He pleaded in favor of the future commerce of England as if her counsel. The Spanish ambassador [in Paris], to gain advantage from the conduct of Jay, set off for London to establish a good understanding with Shelburne with regard to Spanish rights upon the Mississippi. "Spain wants complete control of the Gulf of Mexico," said he to Shelburne. Shelburne was true to Franklin, and made no reply to these insinuations. Franklin, having the fullest respect of Shelburne, interfered, and again averted the danger.—*Bancroft.*

[6] In this very month of November Congress had released Asgill, in deference to Vergennes, and the King and Queen of France. See Note 4, Scene 3.

Enter ADAMS, JAY, *and* HENRY LAURENS.

VERGENNES [*bowing to all*]—Gentlemen! Congratulations, which I have given to Dr. Franklin, I now extend to you. To-day you have sunk into the ocean,—fathoms deep,—the bloody head of war. The world everywhere rejoices.

ADAMS—Can all the ocean wash out the stains upon this horrid head?

JAY—Say, rather, all the horrid heads. For, hydra-like, in many empires they have blasted peace.

LAURENS—Though having as many heads as the sands of the sea, all are now severed, and in perdition lost. In turn we congratulate France, through her great Minister, the Count de Vergennes. She, too, is weary of the roll of martial drums.

VERGENNES—I acknowledge it. France, Spain, the Netherlands, and England too, fling the white banner out, folding up the red. You raise your song of harmony, and all sing with you this pleasing melody.

FRANKLIN—The order has gone forth from England, calling her legions home. In July last, Savannah was given up, and Charleston received her retiring guard. Soon, Charleston and New York following, the last British soldier turns his back in leaving.

VERGENNES—When Congress and Parliament have ratified your labors of to-day,—a formality,—you will begin your career as a sovereign power, new-born into the world. May your future glory be worthy of your illustrious past, and present promise. 'Tis now the hour, by their Majesties appointed, for your reception.

[VERGENNES *offers his arm to* FRANKLIN. *All retire.*

SCENE V. *Newburg. Assembly Hall in the New Building. Time: March* 15, 1783; *noon. One chair in the room.*

Enter Gens. GREENE, KNOX, WAYNE, MOULTRIE, CARROLL; *and following*, GATES, LINCOLN, PUTNAM, KOSCIUSKO, *and many officers of the army of all grades.*

WAYNE [*to* GEN. GREENE]—Is the war ended, or is it not?

GREENE—It ought to be. Last November, the Commissioners of the powers signed peaceful treaties in Paris. It is now a month since we shouted ourselves hoarse over the report—just then at hand—that the King in December said to his opening Parliament that—the treaties ratifying—he had granted independence; further, had given official proclamation of the signing; and later had directed that hostilities cease from January 20th, when treaties became effective. What further assurance can there be that the war is ended?[1]

WAYNE—It is a year and a half since Yorktown; this lazy inactivity is bad for our army; more, it is dangerous. Strong men will seek engagement; and the devil will furnish it, if the saints do not.

KNOX—Wayne, you closed the strife. The Maryland line of your command, in September, six months ago, assaulted John's Island. Here Capt. Wilmot fell, expiring in the gallant Kosciusko's arms. In regular combat he the dismal record ended. On the soil of Massachusetts the first sacrifice to liberty, and on that of South Carolina the last, found heroic graves.[2] Charleston was abandoned to us in December. Only New York City holds to-day an English soldier.

[1] See Note 1, Scene 4.

[2] September, 1782, an attack was made on John's Island, South Carolina, and Capt. Wilmot was killed. He died in the arms of Kosciusko. He was the last to fall during the war.—*Lossing.*

December 14, 1782, Charleston was evacuated, as Savannah had been the 11th of July before.—*Fiske.*

WAYNE—The record is as you have stated. It is likely now to remain unchanged, until New York is free.

GREENE—Has Asgill suffered? In the South I heard of this affair.

KNOX—The King and Queen of France plead for him: and Vergennes was also advocate with them. Washington, thus beset, asked Congress to decide; by their decree, in November last, Asgill was released, and lives. But for peace and its healing, ere this, he were chambered with the worms.[3]

MOULTRIE—It is not reconciliation and future amity with former enemies which engross us now. Are we at peace at home?

CARROLL—This gathering answers you that we are not.

MOULTRIE—And why not?

CARROLL—The army is clamoring for payment. The soldiers expected it with the final decrees. It has not come; but this meeting has.

WAYNE—The soldier is entitled to what he now demands. If he has not earned his hire, was there ever man who did?

KNOX—No one will dispute your allegation. But if Congress has not the means, then the impossible cannot be done; and so the warrior must wait like others.

GREENE—One complaint is that Congress is dumb to all appeals. Months ago, it was petitioned from the army; nothing has been done thereon.[4]

KNOX—And shall that justify our mutiny?

GREENE—Never! The army may not now, Saturn-like, destroy its offspring. Still, this assembly gives token of deep feeling. The best are here! Yonder is Kosciusco. Illustrious engineer! His embankments were our shield at Saratoga, and on every field in the Carolinas. To me his ready spade was often worth

[3] See Note 4, Scene 3, and Note 6, Scene 4.

[4] The army, about to be dissolved [now March, 1783], was clamoring for payment. In January, 1783 [and theretofore] they had sent an address to Congress, but nothing came of it.— *Irving.*

more than batteries.[5] There is Lincoln, the conservative, yet now excited with the rest; and Putnam, and Gates, who——

MOULTRIE—I have observed that when any deviltry was brewing, Gates was in it. At Valley Forge, as I remember, there was once great outcry made against our Washington. The voice of Gates was heard. Now again Washington is secretly assailed.

GREENE—Not so! By Heavens, I say, not so! Who dares attack our General?

MOULTRIE—Look at your circular—this anonymous address to the army, which is foundation for this conclave.[6]

[*Takes from his pocket a printed circular address. So do the other officers. Many of the assembled group have them in their hands, and are reading them and discussing them* (*in pantomime*) *among themselves.*

I observe you all have the document. So have the others. See!

[*Sweeps his hand toward the group of officers, who are reading and debating in secret.*

This paper has been well distributed, and become the fashion of the time. What is it but a secret bid for mutiny? During many weeks, discontent has been encouraged even to the verge of madness, and boldly has the threat been made that we who are here in arms would not sheathe the sword till we were paid.

WAYNE—A good resolve, if payment is a possibility; infamous, if it is not.

MOULTRIE—There spoke a wise man and a patriot. But to resume. While the blood of all is flowing at red-heat, comes this address which in your hands

[5] Kosciusko was with Greene all through his Southern campaign.

[6] Various addresses were sent anonymously at this time [March, 1783], through the army, arousing them to a sense of their alleged wrongs. The soldiers were told to enforce their demands upon Congress. To appeal to its [Congress] fears, and to suspect the man who advised any other way. [This clearly meant Washington.]—*Frost; also Weems.*

you hold. We are therein told that "we must appeal to the fears of Congress; force the agents of the people to do this thing demanded." What call you this? I pause for an answer.

KNOX AND WAYNE [*in unison*]—It is treason! treason against the state.

MOULTRIE—You have spoken well. We have given birth to a grand political power. It may be the grandest of the earth. We are now advised to throttle it. Refusing to disband and go quietly to our homes, we are urged to tramp the country as armed bands, and take at will.

CARROLL—Our defeat by England would have been a blessing against this consummation.

MOULTRIE [*reading from the circular address*]—This precious document recites: "Is the country willing to reward your services, or rather to insult your cries? If you have sense enough, while still you wear your swords, to oppose tyranny, awake to the situation!"

GREENE—This is damnable! I have not earlier grasped this controversy.

[*Loud mutterings are heard from the group of officers. A voice:* "We will be compensated or be avenged!" *Many cry:* "We will! We will!"

MOULTRIE [*pointing to the group*]—Listen to that, you leaders! Tremble for your country, though crowned with victory. Your ears tell you how closely this subtle poison creeps to the heart of patriots. Let me further read. Precious paper, who loaded you with thought I know not; but this I know, he was at heart a villain. [*Continues his reading.*] "Appeal"—lose not this, I beg! —"appeal from the justice, to the fears of the Government, and suspect the man who would advise forbearance." Who is this man to be suspected? Again, I pause.

KNOX, CARROLL, AND GREENE [*in unison*]—Washington! Washington!

MOULTRIE [*looking up*]—Oh, God of justice! has it

come to this? That he, who from the first until the end has stood foremost, ready, if demanded, to make his body the bulwark of the state, should, as his reward, reach the goal of foul suspicion. He is to be suspected, if he favors not revolt?

GREENE—You have made good your words. Washington herein is secretly assailed.

CARROLL—Fear not. This meeting was to assemble on Tuesday last. Our chief apprised,—and ready for any danger when apprised,—forbade the meeting then, and called it for to-day, at noon. This is Saturday, the 15th of March, and I will never more prediction make if he scatters not this infamy.

WAYNE—Will Washington attend?

CARROLL—He will. He is due already.

[*The assembled officers arrange themselves, as if to be in order for business, and* GEN. GATES *assumes the chair as president of the meeting.*

CARROLL [*looking toward the entrance*]—His Excellency, Gen. Washington.

[GATES *winces with surprise, and all are startled.*

Enter WASHINGTON.[7]

WASHINGTON [*looking around the room and laying off cloak, which* MOULTRIE *receives*]—Gentlemen, if any apology is needed for my presence, it is that while a great calamity is impending, I may not be silent. This anonymous address which, with others, calls us into meeting here, is fit to proceed from no one but a British

[7] A meeting of the officers was to be held March 11, 1783. Washington adjourned the meeting till March 15, at noon, in the "New Building," Newburg. Washington came unexpectedly to the meeting, and Gates winced at his presence. Gates was called to the chair, and Washington addressed them. Advised moderation and offered to do what he could for them within the law and reason. When he put on his spectacles to read a letter from a member of Congress and said, "I have grown gray in your service, and now find myself growing blind," there were many in tears. Washington having concluded his remarks, retired, and upon motion of Knox, seconded by Gen. Putnam, the meeting unanimously agreed to follow the advice of Washington.—*Irving; also Bancroft.*

emissary. It has stirred your hearts profoundly, for the author is skilled in rhetoric. A word upon your grievances. I know, they are many and are just. But would you do a greater wrong because a lesser one prevails? I was among the first to embark in the cause of our country! I have never left your side. I cannot be indifferent to your distresses. Compulsion now will further remove the attainment of your ends. In all legal ways, you may command my services. But let me conjure you, as you value your honor, to put away with horror the man who attempts to open the flood-gates of civil discord and to deluge our rising empire in blood. Congress is well disposed toward the army, and the proof is in my hand from a member of that body, which I will read.

[*Takes a letter from his pocket, attempts to read it, and fails. Then draws from his pocket a pair of spectacles.*

[*To the audience.*] You will pardon me, I know, that I am compelled to pause to put these glasses on. [*Puts on the glasses.*] I have grown gray in your service, and now find myself growing blind. [*Reads*] "I will say that Congress is powerless to do as the army demands; but it is the firm resolve, that so far as possible, the soldiers shall be justly dealt with." [*Looking over the audience.*] I have no more to say. There can be no need of more. [WASHINGTON *retires.*

[*Many of the officers are in tears. Some cry,* "Washington! Washington!"

KNOX—I offer this resolution: "The officers of the American army view with abhorrence, and reject with disdain, the infamous propositions contained in the late anonymous address to them."

[*Loud cheering and cries of* "Yes! Yes!"

KNOX—Clearly, the resolution prevails, and this meeting ends. [*All retire.*

SCENE VI. *New York City. Reception room in Fraunce's tavern (same as Scene 4, Act II). Time: December 4, 1783.*

Enter GEN. WAYNE, STUEBEN, *and* CARROLL.

WAYNE—We are in advance of our comrades. Surely, it is not because we would hasten this sad hour.

STEUBEN—To me the heaviest of years.

CARROLL—It gives no bouyancy to the heart to part—perhaps forever—from our Washington. How well I remember his last meeting with the officers in March. It was after the Newburg addresses had been circulated, advising mutiny. Washington said—like his only Greater Prototype: "Peace, be still," and youthful treason slunk away.[1]

WAYNE—He has since done a work as grand!

STEUBEN—Great deeds fall from him, like seeds from a farmer's palm. Still, I know not to what you specially refer.

WAYNE—In April last, Congress gave forth the official proclamation, that the war was ended. On the 19th was this announcement made; the anniversary of Lexington, and the eighth year thereafter.

STEUBEN—I well remember that.

WAYNE—Hardly had the ink released the absorbing sands upon this document, when Washington issued his circular letters to the Governors. It was in June that his ever watchful soul, through the eyes of care, saw the dangers now quickly gathering over the infant republic. He spoke for a stronger union. This has long been his text. Unless he is heeded, we may all yet be charged with being fools, for years engaged in making a fool's great holiday.[2]

[1] See Notes 6 and 7, Scene 5.

[2] After peace was formally declared by Congress on April 19, 1783, the eighth anniversary of Lexington, Washington issued a circular letter to all the Governors of the States, advocating a stronger union of the States, and for a central supreme power to enforce legislation nd execute its laws.—*Irving.*

CARROLL—I do regard this as a step of supreme moment. His appeal was to the Governors of every State. I now recall the pith: "It is indispensable that there should be lodged somewhere a supreme power to govern the republic, without which the Union cannot long endure, and all things tend to anarchy." The statesman here rises to the zenith, the soldier having gone with the brightest laurels that the sword had ever won.

STEUBEN—This is Thursday, and the 4th of December. Nine days ago the Briton gave us his parting blessings and sailed away. Then our triumphant Washington came in.[3] That was a day as bright with sunshine as this is dark. For the day is dark to me, that brings the command—and so this is charged—to say farewell to Washington. Now he says, "Good-by" to us, and then to Congress in Annapolis he will forthwith yield up his commission. Such is his intention.

Enter Gens. GREENE, LINCOLN, KOSCIUSKO, MOULTRIE, GATES, LEE, PUTNAM, STARK, GEO. CLINTON, HAMILTON, *and thirty more. All stand in silence.*

Enter WASHINGTON, *who takes his place beside a table with a decanter of wine and glasses upon it.*

WASHINGTON [*in silence pouring out a glass of wine, and raising it*][4]—With this pledge of enduring affection, I greet you for the last time. [*Drains the glass and sets it down.*] With a heart full of love and gratitude, I now

[3] November 25, 1783, the British under Carleton evacuated New York City, and with them the last British soldier left American soil. Washington, on the same day, riding by the side of George Clinton, the Governor of the State, came into and took possession of the city. —*Ridpath.*

[4] The officers of the army were gathered in Fraunce's Tavern, December 4, when Washington entered. There was absolute silence. Washington pouring out a glass of wine, drank it as a pledge of affection. He then said, "With a heart full of love and gratitude, I now take leave of you. May your latter days be prosperous and happy as your former ones have been glorious! I shall be obliged if each of you will come and take me by the hand." Knox (his eyes in tears) stepped forward and they embraced and kissed and so did all, in perfect silence to the end. December 23, 1783, Washington resigned his commission to Congress at Annapolis.—*Irving.*

take leave of you. May your latter days be as prosperous and happy as your former ones have been glorious! I shall be obliged if each of you will come and take me by the hand.

[KNOX (*tears rolling down his cheeks*) *steps forward and they embrace and kiss each other. Then so with all.* WASHINGTON *in silence withdraws. Two by two in linked arms, all retire.*

SCENE VII. *Drawing Room, Mount Vernon.*[1] *Time: March* 28, 1785; *afternoon. A center table and chairs in the room.*

Enter TWO COMMISSIONERS *of the State of Virginia, and three of Maryland.*

FIRST COMMISSIONER—Here in the home of Washington must we seek for the prescription to heal the disorders of the state.

SECOND COMMISSIONER—We shall not seek unadvisedly. Washington has long been committed to the only remedy, a strong union of States, with power to enforce its laws. This "confederation," born in '81, has run its course to failure. It did well as the first step, but not for the second.

FIRST COMMISSIONER—The first step was one of sentiment, the sentiment of brotherhood: that we would stand together in union for the war. The war is over and this sentiment is now a worthless sham, since it extends to this Confederation no authority for self-protection.

SECOND COMMISSIONER—The Confederation under which we exist cannot raise a dollar nor force the enlist-

[1] Much more than a year had now run (March, 1785) since Washington had given up his military commission, and come home to Mount Vernon as a private citizen. The country was meantime ruled by Congress and departmental bureaus, and was gradually drifting into anarchy. Foreigners were predicting the experiment of free government must fail. But for the efforts of Washington in peace, as important as were those in war, it might have done so.

ment of a single soldier. That nation is the sport of the winds that carries not the purse in one hand and the sword in the other. The one to pay its way, and the other to clear the road.[2]

Enter MARTHA WASHINGTON.

[MRS. WASHINGTON *bows to the* COMMISSIONERS, *who bow in return.*

MRS. WASHINGTON—You have business with the General?

FIRST COMMISSIONER—We have. Business of great moment.

MRS. WASHINGTON—When you were announced, I supposed as much, and straightway dispatched a servant to summon him from the fields. To-day he is riding over the estates. It is the spring season, when thrifty planters set things in order to win autumn's bounty.[3]

SECOND COMMISSIONER—We thank you, madam, for so much consideration.

MRS. WASHINGTON—I was tutored to it through the war. I am a veteran in arms; and though I did not bear them, I had from them my share of tribulation. Will all be seated?

[MRS. WASHINGTON *and all the* COMMISSIONERS *sit.*

FIRST COMMISSIONER—We all regret it if we have disturbed your plans.

MRS. WASHINGTON—You have disturbed nothing. I am always delighted to meet compatriots. You were in the army?

[2] The "Confederation and Perpetual Union," which was the civil government adopted in 1781, was a loose union of independent Commonwealths. From the very first the inadequacy of this government was manifest. Congress could only recommend, not enforce. For three years after peace, affairs bordered on chaos.—*Ridpath.*

[3] At Mount Vernon Washington took personal charge. His frequent rides over his estates, his planting and constant supervision, are well known. It was his custom after breakfast to mount his horse and ride to different parts of his estate to see that all were at the post of duty.—*Irving.*

SECOND COMMISSIONER—Some of us played our parts in battles which now are famous.

MRS. WASHINGTON—And so did I. Not in your way, perhaps, but in my own. I was with the General in camp at Cambridge. That was ten years ago. It seems an age in time, because the few years following were a century in suffering. Then was the green-leaf season, when soldiers were inexperienced. The army was without discipline,—I think that is what they called it,—and nothing aggressive could be done. Yet we frightened Howe away from Boston.

SECOND COMMISSIONER—A pitched battle could have done no more.

MRS. WASHINGTON—I remember the General said as much. The next year came that awful march across New Jersey, and that fight at Trenton in the storm. I was not with my husband then; but felt these trials, as if in the din. I have never forgiven Gen. Lee—I mean Charles Lee—for his conduct at that time, and I never will. I hope I am telling no forbidden secrets, in the absence of the General? [*Laughing.*

FIRST COMMISSIONER—It is history now.

MRS. WASHINGTON—And Valley Forge! The horrors of that winter! Through nearly all I was in camp. We occupied the house of Isaac Potts; a good Quaker soul. I can now shut my eyes, and see the panorama, painted with the brush of tragedy. In our woe, Congress was active with complaints and sluggish with needed aid. It was then that cruel men added conspiracy to our many burdens.[4]

FIRST COMMISSIONER—It was a base conspiracy to supersede Washington.

MRS. WASHINGTON—And through it all he was so uncomplaining! I lost my patience, if he did not his. Oh, how differently would I have reckoned with those men!

SECOND COMMISSIONER—The world knows his sufferings; and time will not outrun its memory. He knew his

[4] The Conway-Mifflin cabal. See Note 12, Scene 3, Act I.

course, and kept it undismayed. So some tall ship sails on a glassy sea, and still straight onward goes, regardless of the ice cakes which gather round her prow.

MRS. WASHINGTON—In every happy thought violets bloom. I thank you for your sentiment. Morristown gave me shelter in that awful winter. Then Mrs. Ford's mansion was our home. I cannot tell you of all my visits to the army, nor do you care to know. I supped my full cup of horrors. At New Windsor and at Newburg I was the season through. The fright that came to me when mutiny was in the air! I tremble, even now, referring to it. The trouble it brought the General was surpassed by no other trial.[5] Not even Arnold's treason weighed more heavily; and that is much to say. I may whisper to you, in confidence, that at Tappan, the night before poor André died, my husband walked the portico all night long, in agony.[6]

FIRST COMMISSIONER—Indeed, madam, we now comprehend that you are, in truth, a veteran in arms, and have had your share of tribulations.

MRS. WASHINGTON—The war is over now; let us hope, never to be revived upon this stricken land. More than a year has passed since my husband, to Congress at Annapolis, gave his commission back. How thankful I was for that! In this retreat we since have found that pleasant peace which puts gratitude ill at ease, when for repayment it is limited to words. I am jealous lest this peace may be again invaded. I hope you come with no such intention. Excuse me if I ask, what is your business with the General?

FIRST COMMISSIONER—Your fears are pardonable; and so we all do pardon them. Be not disturbed. In substance, we seek to take from here nothing more weighty than his advice. You will be no poorer from this loss, though the nation will be much richer from gaining it.

MRS. WASHINGTON—This is a relief to know.

[5] Referring to the excitement over the anonymous addresses at Newburg. See Notes 6 and 7, Scene 5.

[6] See Note 1, Scene 10, Act III.

THIRD COMMISSIONER—Other sorrows than André's execution often forbade sleep to Washington?

MRS. WASHINGTON—The world will never know how many, nor how heavy those sorrows were. The suffering of the army was his own. The dangers of the state were his personal misfortunes. Do what I could, he always made them so. How many hundred times, like some dark sentinel within our room, he has kept his weary tread till break of day, Heaven and I alone have the record! This rest-disturbing grief came at periods of disaster, as woe invades the helpless flocks in seasons of great storms. I suppose it was to be, and for the best ordained. Indeed, I hope so. I often wonder if posterity will appreciate our labors or be worthy of them.

FOURTH COMMISSIONER—If a just God rules,—and Holy Writ so teaches,—great must be the punishment if it does not.

Enter GEN. WASHINGTON. *All rise to receive him.*

WASHINGTON [*bowing to all*]—Gentlemen, if I have kept you waiting, you have not failed of entertainment, as I see. [*Bows with deference to* MRS. WASHINGTON.

FIFTH COMMISSIONER—And so agreeable, that to end it is a pleasure suddenly cut off.

[MRS. WASHINGTON *bows and retires.*

WASHINGTON—Again be seated. [*All sit down.*] You have traveled far, good friends,—for I know where stand the homes you came from,—to visit me.

THIRD COMMISSIONER—We are Commissioners, from the States of Virginia and Maryland accredited, to quiet matters upon the Chesapeake. These waters wash two States, and conflicting interests bring forth the ugly fact that these two States are to each other foreign territory.[7]

[7] Certain questions arose between Maryland and Virginia as to the respective rights of each State over the waters of the Chesapeake. They appointed Commissioners to meet at Alexandria, to settle these questions, in March, 1785. These Commissioners, March 28, 1785, made a visit to Washington at Mount Vernon, and there in consultation with

WASHINGTON—I comprehend your mission. Trade demands laws fixed and safe for her enlargement. The thirteen colonies, each jealous of the others' jurisdiction, still confine commerce within bonds which it strains to bursting. In the end, this must surely terminate the Confederation of these States,—useless as this has now become,—and then the signal fly for standing armies in each petty province with clashing systems of foreign politics. Since peace was proclaimed, we have drifted like a huge hulk at sea, without sails or rudder. Congress, with its bureaus, has governed, and poorly, as we all know. This cannot long continue.

FOURTH COMMISSIONER—He who conducted us safely through the ways of war is best equipped to open the paths of peace. This equipment is the confidence of his countrymen. We ask from Washington the remedy for our confederated ills. What shall it be?

Washington entered into more important plans. This was the first step towards the Constitution of the United States. By advice of Washington an appeal was made to Virginia, and this State invited all the others into a convention to promote commerce and their mutual interests. Such a convention assembled at Annapolis, September, 1786, but found itself powerless to accomplish what all desired. This convention, however, agreed upon a report, and laid it before Congress, recommending that body to call a general convention of all the States, with power to amend the "Articles of Confederation." Congress approved of this recommendation, and called a general convention of the States, which met at Philadelphia, May, 1787. This was the Constitutional Convention of the nation, which gave us our present Constitution. Its deliberations closed September 17, 1787, and the Constitution proposed was laid before Congress [then sitting in New York City], and by Congress submitted to the States for approval, and to be ratified and operative when nine States voted for it. It was then a fearful fight for and against it in all the States. Washington was a Hercules for its approval. The ninth State was New Hampshire, which approved it June 21, 1788, and the "Constitution of the United States" was born. By it the election for President and Vice President was to be held in January, 1789. The election was held as directed by law, and electors chosen. The new Government was to go into operation March 4, 1789. But such was the delay that Congress did not come together to count the electoral vote till April. It was then found that George Washington was unanimously chosen President, and John Adams had a majority for Vice President. These officers were inaugurated April 30, 1789.—(*Condensed*) *Frost.*

WASHINGTON—Upon one platform I have ever stood: For a strong and central government, which can legislate for all, and with the power to enforce its legislation. This, and this alone, will make us a nation. For this I pleaded while the war was on; and ever since have urged it. We are a united people or we are not! If the former, in matters of general importance, let us act as a nation. If the States separately attempt to regulate affairs—common to each—then a many-headed monster will devour us.

FIFTH COMMISSIONER—These views,—to which all here assent,—if enforced, will give a shield of safety. But how to give them action?

WASHINGTON—By a general convention of the States, which shall arrange a written compact acceptable; and under which all unite as one. Virginia may be induced to take this first step—the invitation that others join her in this consultation.

FIFTH COMMISSIONER—May it be heralded that Washington so advises?

WASHINGTON—It may. And to this, upon proper occasions, I will further endorsements give.

FOURTH COMMISSIONER—At best, two years shall come and go before accomplishment. The States, aroused to duty, must through their Legislatures speak, and so a year will run. The Convention—if assembled—will tax another year, in work and ratification.

WASHINGTON—It may be so! But if that is the best, then do it. We dare not wait for some better time to come! Yesterday we were not; to-morrow we will not be; only to-day is ours. Then to-day press the work demanded from our hands. Thus acting, we are loyal to ourselves and duty.

FOURTH COMMISSIONER [*looking inquiringly at his associates*]—We are all contented here to take our cue, and push this matter as to-day instructed.[8]

[*All bow in acquiescence.*

[8] See Note 7.

Enter three servants, bearing cake, wine, and fruits, which they place upon the center table. They hand filled glasses of wine and cake and fruits to all the guests (who accept) and last to WASHINGTON, *who accepts a glass of wine.*

WASHINGTON—This wine, gentlemen, was imported, and must speak for itself; the fruits are my own raising, and for them I will speak in pride and praise.[9]

FIRST COMMISSIONER—[*raising his glass*]—I ask you [*looking toward his colleagues*] to join me, in the wish of long and happy years to General and Mrs. Washington.

[*They all drain their glasses, which the waiter receives.*

WASHINGTON—You are very kind to us. Before you go, I must show you over my many acres. Nature, I think, has endowed me with my share of boasting, and here I lavish it. I will take you to bubbling springs of sweetest waters; to plants which exude the juices of the tropics; to bowers of rarest flowers, breathing odors forth that make the air ambrosial.

FIFTH COMMISSIONER—We shall regard it as a day to be marked with a white stone, ever suggestive of sweetest memories, to be thus indulged. We have all heard much of the rural excellence of Mount Vernon: its stock incomparable, and many other things.

WASHINGTON—You shall see them for yourselves. I am proud of my horses, my cattle, and my flocks; which though few,—as becomes a Virginia planter,—are the source of daily pleasure.[10] My broad tobacco fields lie close to the heart, for in importance their yield crowns all the rest.[11] He who loves agriculture, loves the grandest of human occupations. The first shovel-maker leads all benefactors.[12] You shall go with me to my favorite

[9] Washington took the greatest delight in his fruits, his groves, and shrubbery.—*Irving.*

[10] On his four farms Washington had 54 horses, 12 mules, 317 head of black cattle, and 360 sheep, with a large number of swine.—*Irving.*

[11] The staple yield of Mount Vernon was tobacco.

[12] "I am more and more pleased with agriculture," he wrote. "I find no pursuit so filled with satisfaction. How much more delight-

oak, which, born about my time, has with my years kept friendly pace; under its shade Lafayette and Rochambeau have given company. But, too much like the world, it now requites my care with haughty head and proud up-standing, while I creep, bending, to its side. Please to follow me. [*All retire.*

SCENE VIII. *Philadelphia. Vestibule in Independence Hall. Time: September* 14, 1788.

Enter WASHINGTON, FRANKLIN, THOMAS MIFFLIN, JOHN ADAMS, *and* JAY.

FRANKLIN—We have passed three years of great anxiety, and come forth the victors. In peace or in war, this people find equal favor.

MIFFLIN—Strong men have opposed our labors.

ADAMS—And being narrow-minded and short of vision have been floored, as was the proper thing. In '85, the King of England received me as the Minister of a nation tied with a rotten string. Now—should I return to him again—he would receive me as an agent of a power firm-bound in iron.

JAY—I was early for the Constitution.

WASHINGTON—Yesterday, Congress, in New York, completed the civic arch of power, by fixing upon the 7th of January next for the general election; and the 4th of March as the day, when—by inauguration of the Executive-elect—our new compact shall become a living force.[1]

MIFFLIN—It took Congress two months after the Constitution was born to do this little. Thankful we should be that a new body of representatives, with duties well defined, give promise of more activity.

ful the task of making improvements on the earth, than all the vain glory from a career of conquest!"—*Irving*.

[1] See Note 7, Scene 7. Congress was sitting in New York, September, 1788, and on the 13th, under the ratified Constitution, selected January, 1789, as the time for a general election.

FRANKLIN—The steps, though slow, have been deliberate and sure, to our present station. In September, '86, the Commissioners at Annapolis, whom Washington pushed forward to feel the way, gave their advice for a General Convention. It was the first great step, and this is always the step that counts. Congress gave its sanction, and the General Convention of all the people met here in Philadelphia—in May, '87.[2]

JAY—These dates are correct.

ADAMS—And deliberations here extended from May until September of that year, when the Constitution came forth a grand achievement. Not of the Convention, I am permitted to praise it.

JAY—Nor was I a member. But great men were there. It is enough to say that Washington [*bows to* WASHINGTON] guided it as helmsman, and that Franklin [*bows to* FRANKLIN] laid the course. Madison, Monroe, Hamilton, and other giants were there of a younger generation.

WASHINGTON—Monroe was with me at Trenton; Madison and Hamilton bore arms. Their years are proving their youth.

FRANKLIN—Approved by Congress and submitted to the States, then came the surprising struggle for the year ensuing. Surprising that so many opposed who should have given hearty commendation. Patrick Henry and Harry Lee assailed it. Hamilton and Madison offset them in this year of combat. So the contest was divided between men of all degrees. The hand of Washington was raised for approval, and this hand beat all the others down. [WASHINGTON *bows.*] Nine States were required to ratify, and June 21, '88, New Hampshire completed this number. Happy day and happy State to set the magic wheels in motion, which should now roll onward, while time shall run!

WASHINGTON—Anxiety drops like a mantle from shoulders weary of their burden. Nothing but suicidal

[2] See Note 7, Scene 7.

hands, self-nurtured for self-slaughter, can shake the nation now from its broad foundations. My labors of this life are done.

JAY—Labors that sap life with exciting fears are doubtless done. May they be so! for of such you have borne a part colossal, like that of Hercules. But other labors more agreeable, which run in the paths of peace, I doubt if they are done.

FRANKLIN—And so I doubt.

MIFFLIN—And I.

ADAMS—And I. [*All retire.*

SCENE IX. *New York City. Balcony of City Hall, on Wall Street, facing Broad. Time: April* 30, 1789.

[*A table with a crimson cover stands within the balcony. Upon the table an open Bible. The street in front is lined with soldiers, and back of them filled with cheering people.*

Enter (*upon the balcony*) ROBERT R. LIVINGSTON, *Chancellor of the State of New York, dressed in his robes of office, and* GEN. KNOX.

KNOX—The people spoke at the late election, as was foreseen. Washington had no competitor for President. A wise and just selection.

LIVINGSTON—A smaller vote fell to Adams for second place; but it was enough. Already he has taken the oath, and is Vice President, before the Chief Executive has sworn.

KNOX—Washington had a longer road to travel, and was delayed?

LIVINGSTON—Delayed by flowers with which affection clogged his way. That was a reception at Trenton, which shall become memorable.

KNOX—The 4th of March is fixed by the Constitution for inauguration.

LIVINGSTON—But not till April 6th was the Senate, in assembled quorum, ready to count the votes, in the presence of the nation's representatives. Behold in this delay, upon a matter of such weight, the vastness of our domain! There is a full month of after-time, because of the many miles from circumference to this spot, to-day the all-important center.

[*Great cheering is heard, and drums roll along the military lines.*

KNOX—That is the signal. The President-elect is here!

[LIVINGSTON *takes his position beside the table upon which lies the Bible.*

[*The cheering continues.*

Enter (*upon the balcony*) WASHINGTON, *escorted by* JOHN ADAMS, *and followed by Generals, Senators, and Representatives.*

[ADAMS *conducts* WASHINGTON *to the table, on the opposite side of which stands* LIVINGSTON. ADAMS *takes position on the right of* WASHINGTON. KNOX *stands behind him with* STEUBEN *and many others. Vociferous cheering from the street below.* LIVINGSTON *raises his hand to the people, and all are still.*

LIVINGSTON [*to* WASHINGTON]—The time has come for you to take the oath of office as President of the United States.

WASHINGTON—I am ready.

LIVINGSTON—Will you lay your hand upon the Bible [WASHINGTON *does so*], and repeat the oath prescribed by the Constitution?

WASHINGTON [*repeats the oath as follows*]—"I do solemnly swear, that I will faithfully execute the office of President of the United States, and will, to the best of my ability, preserve, protect, and defend the Constitution

of the United States." [WASHINGTON *adding to the oath.*] So help me God!

[WASHINGTON *bows reverently and kisses the open Bible.*

LIVINGSTON [*stepping forward and facing the multitude in the street*]—Long live George Washington, President of the United States!

[*Vociferous cheering; flags wave; drums roll; bells ring and cannons boom.*

[CURTAIN FALLS.]

END OF ACT V. AND PART II.

FINIS.

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